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The Letters of  
CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

FIRST COMPLETE EDITION







CHARLES LAMB (AGED 59) AND MARY LAMB (AGED 70)

*From the Painting by F. Stephen Cary in the  
National Portrait Gallery*

THE  
LETTERS *of* CHARLES LAMB

*to which are added those of his sister*

MARY LAMB

*Edited by*

E. V. LUCAS

VOLUME THREE

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561. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 6th April 1825.]

My spirits are so tumultuary with the novelty of my recent emancipation, that I have scarce steadiness of hand, much more mind, to compose a letter.

I am free, B. B.—free as air.

The little bird that wings the sky  
Knows no such Liberty!

I was set free on Tuesday in last week at 4 o'Clock.

I came home for ever!

I have been describing my feelings as well as I can to Wordsworth in a long letter, and don't care to repeat. Take it briefly that for a few days I was painfully oppressed by so mighty a change, but it is becoming daily more natural to me.

I went and sat among 'em all at my old 33 years desk yester morning; and deuce take me if I had not yearnings at leaving all my old pen and ink fellows, merry sociable lads, at leaving them in the Lurch, fag, fag, fag.

The comparison of my own superior felicity gave me any thing but pleasure.

B. B., I would not serve another 7 years for seven hundred thousand pounds!

I have got £441 net for life, sanctioned by Act of Parliament, with a provision for Mary if she survives me.

I will live another 50 years; or, if I live but 10, they will be thirty, reckoning the quantity of real time in them, *i.e.* the time that is a man's own.

Tell me how you like 'Barbara S.'—will it be received in atonement for the foolish Vision, I mean by the Lady?

*Apropos*, I never saw Mrs. Crauford in my life, nevertheless it's all true of Somebody.



Address me in future

Colebrook Cottage, Islington.

I am really nervous (but that will wear off) so take this brief announcement.

Yours truly

C. L.

['The little bird.' From Lovelace's lines 'To Anthea.'

'Barbara S.' The *Elia* essay relating an incident in the early life of Miss Kelly. Lamb states that the anecdote was given to him by Mrs. Crawford.]

## 562. TO DR. STODDART

[No date: *Early April 1825*.]

(*Concluding part only*).

My friend Allsop waits on you to know if you can insert the inclosed.

I am going to send you a Review-plet or little critique on Hood's pleasant little volume. Can you find room?

C. LAMB.

Dr. Stoddart, Doctor's Commons.

[Dr. Stoddart, Hazlitt's brother-in-law, was now editing the *New Times*, to which Lamb had been contributing the 'Lepus' papers. (See my edition of Lamb's *Works*.) Hood's *Odes and Addresses to Great People* came out in 1825 and was reviewed by Lamb on April 12th. (Again see my edition.) It had drawn from Coleridge the following letter:

## S. T. COLERIDGE TO CHARLES LAMB

MY DEAR CHARLES,

[*Spring 1825*.]

This afternoon, a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems, printed on dingy outsides, lay on the table, which the cover informed me was circulating in our book-club, so very Grub-streetish in all its exteriors, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no *motive* in play) I came to look into it. Least of all, the title, *Odes and Addresses to Great Men*, which connected itself in my head with *Rejected Addresses* and all the Smith and Theodore Hook squad. But my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you, or under you, or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly, supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gillman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to *Peter Bell*, the Ode to the Great Unknown, and to Mrs. Fry—he speaks doubtfully of Reynolds and Hood. But here come Irving and Basil Montagu.

*Thursday night, 10 o'clock.*—No! Charles, it is you. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have anon'd the book. The puns are nine in ten good, many excellent, the *Newgatory* transcendent! And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities, and contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses—saving and except perhaps in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your *lays*. If not a triumph over him, it is at least an ovation. Then moreover and besides, to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed?

Here's Gillman come up to my garret, and driven back by the guardian spirits of four huge flower-holders of omnigenous roses and honeysuckles (Lord have mercy on his hysterical olfactories! What will he do in Paradise? I must have a pair or two of nostril plugs or nose-goggles laid in his coffin), stands at the door, reading that to McAdam, and the washerwoman's letter, and he admits *the facts*. You are found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say; so, Mr. Charles, hang yourself up, and send me a line by way of token and acknowledgment. My dear love to Mary. God bless you and your

Unshamabramizer,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

### 563. TO SARAH HUTCHINSON

DEAR MISS HUTCHINSON

[P.M. 18th April 1825.]

You want to know all about my gaol delivery. Take it then. About 12 weeks since I had a sort of intimation that a resignation might be well accepted from me. This was a kind bird's whisper. On that hint I spake. Gilman and Tuthill furnished me with certificates of wasted health and sore spirits—not much more than the truth, I promise you—and for 9 weeks I was kept in a fright—I had gone too far to recede, and they might take advantage and dismiss me with a much less sum than I had reckoned on. However Liberty came at last with a liberal provision. I have given up what I could have lived on in the country, but have enough to live here by management and scribbling occasionally. I would not go back to my prison for seven years longer for £10000 a year. 7 years after one is 50 is no trifle to give up. Still I am a young *Pensioner*, and have served but 33 years, very few I assure you retire before 40, 45, or 50 years' service.

You will ask how I bear my freedom. Faith, for some days I was staggered. Could not comprehend the magnitude of my deliverance, was confused, giddy, knew not whether I was on my

head or my heel as they say. But those giddy feelings have gone away, and my weather glass stands at a degree or two above

## CONTENT

I go about quiet, and have none of that restless hunting after recreation which made holydays formerly uneasy joys. All being holydays, I feel as if I had none, as they do in heaven, where 'tis all red letter days.

I have a kind letter from the Words<sup>with</sup> *congratulatory* not a little.

It is a damp, I do assure you, amid all my prospects that I can receive *none* from a quarter upon which I had calculated, almost more than from any, upon receiving congratulations. I had grown to like poor M. more and more. I do not esteem a soul living or not living more warmly than I had grown to esteem and value him. But words are vain. We have none of us to count upon many years. That is the only cure for sad thoughts. If only some died, and the rest were permanent on earth, what a thing a friend's death would be then!

I must take leave, having put off answering [a load] of letters to this morning, and this, alas! is the 1st. Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Monkhouse and believe us

Yours most Truly,

C. LAMB.

[On 22nd April 1825 Crabb Robinson called and found both Charles and Mary in excellent spirits. 'He says he would not be condemned to a seven years' return to his office for a hundred thousand pounds.']

## 564. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

[P.M. 2nd May 1825.]

I send you a trifle; you have seen my lines, I suppose, in the 'London.' I cannot tell you how much I like the 'St. Chad's Well.'

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

P.S. Why did you not stay, or come again, yesterday?

[These words accompany Lamb's contribution, 'Remarkable Correspondent,' to Hone's *Every-Day Book* (which had just begun publication). Lamb was helping Hone in his new venture as much as he was able; and Hone in return dedicated the first volume to him. 'St. Chad's Well' refers to an article by Hone in the number for 2nd March.]

## 565. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DEAR W.,

[No date: May 1825.]

I write post-haste to ensure a frank. Thanks for your hearty congratulations. I may now date from the 6th week of my Hegira or Flight from Leadenhall. I have lived so much in it, that a Summer seems already past, and 'tis but early May yet with you and other people. How I look down on the Slaves and drudges of the world! its inhabitants are a vast cotton-web of spin spin spinners. O the carking cares! O the money-grubbers—sempiternal muckworms!

Your Virgil I have lost sight of, but suspect it is in the hands of Sir G. Beaumont. I think that circumstances made me shy of procuring it before. Will you write to him about it? and your commands shall be obeyed to a tittle.

Coleridge has just finished his prize Essay, which if it get the Prize he'll touch an additional £100 I fancy. His Book too (commentary on Bishop Leighton) is quite finished and *penes* Taylor and Hessey.

In the London which is just out (1st May) are 2 papers entitled the *Superannuated Man*, which I wish you to see, and also 1st Apr. a little thing called Barbara S—— a story gleaned from Miss Kelly. The L. M. if you can get it will save my enlargement upon the topic of my manumission.

I must scribble to make up my hiatus crumenæ, for there are so many ways, pious and profligate, of getting rid of money in this vast city and suburbs that I shall miss my third: but couragio. I despair not. Your kind hint of the Cottage was well thrown out. An anchorage for *age* and school of economy when necessity comes. But without this latter I have an unconquerable terror of changing Place. It does not agree with us. I say it from conviction. Else—I do sometimes ruralize in fancy.

Some d——d people are come in and I must finish abruptly. By d——d, I only mean *deuced*. 'Tis these suitors of Penelope that make it necessary to authorise a little for gin and mutton and such trifles.

Excuse my abortive scribble.

Yours not in more haste than heart

C. L.

Love and recollects to all the Wms. Doras, Maries round your Wrekin.

Mary is capitally well.

Do write to Sir G. B. for I am shyish of applying to him.

[Coleridge had been appointed to one of the ten Royal Associateships of the newly chartered Royal Society of Literature, thus becoming entitled to an annuity of 100 guineas. An essay was expected from each associate. Coleridge wrote on the *Prometheus of Æschylus*, and read it on 18th May. His book was *Aids to Reflection*. See note on page 417 of vol. ii.]

'Hiatus crumenæ.' A reference to his loss of income (a third) through his retirement. For 'thirds,' says Mrs. Anderson, 'see Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*, where Silky says: "I must come in for my thirds." See also Letter to Mary Betham, 5th June 1833: "we will take our thirds."'

'Some d——d people.' A hint for No. XII of Lamb's *Popular Fallacies*, 'That Home is Home,' soon then to be written. The suitors of Penelope, as Telemachus complained, 'resorting to our house day by day, sacrifice oxen and sheep and fat goats and make merry, and drink the dark wine recklessly.'—*Odyssey*, ii. 55.

'Round your Wrekin.' Lamb repeats this phrase twice in the next few months. He got it from the Dedication to Farquhar's play, *The Recruiting Officer*—'To all friends round the Wrekin.']

#### 566. TO J. A. HESSEY

[No date: ? *Middle of May 1825*.]

I am very poorly indeed and fear I shall have nothing this month. Pray Excuse me, if nothing comes by Wednesd. morning.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I venture to date it thus because in May 1825 the 18th (last day for sending in contributions) was a Wednesday, and we know that just at this time Lamb's nervous fever was beginning, increased, as H. C. R. says, by the illness and death of Mrs. John Lamb, who was buried on 27th May, and left Lamb her executor.']

#### 567. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

*Tuesday, May 29, 1825.*

DEAR A.,

I am as mad as the devil—but I had engaged myself and Mary to accompany Mrs Kenny to Kentish-Town to dinner at a common friend's on Friday, before I knew of Mary's engaging you.

Can you and Mrs A. exchange the day for Sunday, or what other.

Write.

Success to the Gnomes!

C. LAMB.

['The Gnomes.' I have not tracked this. Possibly a play in which Mrs. Allsop was appearing.]

568. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[No date: *Summer 1825.*]

May I trouble your kindness (a pretty phrase and new) to transmit for me the accompanying farce (which I leave open for your *amusement*) to Terry, with the enclosed, at the Adelphi; or his own house, if it can be there learned, and is not far distant, still better. I have no messenger, and am crippled for going so far. The letter must go with it. I return, with the farce, three books. Pick out the *Cobbler*.

Yours, 'every day,'

C. L.

Mr Hone, With four Books.

[The farce was *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*.]

569. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR C.,

[P.M. 2nd July 1825.]

We are going off to Enfield, to Allsop's, for a day or 2, with some intention of succeeding them in their lodging for a time, for this damn'd nervous Fever (vide Lond. Mag. for July) indisposes me for seeing any friends, and never any poor devil was so befriended as I am. Do you know any poor solitary human that wants that cordial to life—a true friend? I can spare him twenty, he shall have 'em good cheap. I have gallipots of 'em—genuine balm of cares—a going—a going—a going. Little plagues plague me a 1000 times more than ever. I am like a disembodied soul—in this my eternity. I feel every thing entirely, all in all and all in etc. This price I pay for liberty, but am richly content to pay it. The Odes are 4-5<sup>ths</sup> done by Hood, a silentish young

man you met at Islinton one day, an invalid. The rest are Reynolds's, whose sister H. has recently married. I have not had a broken finger in them.

They are hearty good-natured things, and I would put my name to 'em chearfully, if I could as honestly. I complimented them in a Newspaper, with an abatement for those puns you laud so. They are generally an excess. A Pun is a thing of too much consequence to be thrown in as a makeweight. You shall read one of the addresses over, and miss the puns, and it shall be quite as good and better than when you discover 'em. A Pun is a Noble Thing per se: O never lug it in as an accessory. A Pun is a sole object for reflection (vide *my* aids to that recessment from a savage state)—it is entire, it fills the mind: it is perfect as a Sonnet, better. It limps ashame'd in the train and retinue of Humour: it knows it should have an establishment of its own. The one, for instance, I made the other day, I forget what it was.

Hood will be gratify'd, as much as I am, by your mistake. I liked 'Grimaldi' the best; it is true painting, of abstract Clownery, and that precious concrete of a Clown; and the rich succession of images, and words almost such, in the first half of the Mag. Ignotum. Your picture of the Camel, that would not or could not thread your nice needle-eye of Subtilisms, was confirm'd by Elton, who perfectly appreciated his abrupt departure. Elton borrowed the 'Aids' from Hessey (by the way what is your Enigma about Cupid? I am Cytherea's son, if I understand a tittle of it), and return'd it next day saying that 20 years ago, when he was pure, he *thought* as you do now, but that he now thinks as you did 20 years ago. But E. seems a very honest fellow. Hood has just come in; his sick eyes sparkled into health when he read your approbation. They had meditated a copy for you, but postponed it till a neater 2d Edition, which is at hand.

Have you heard *the Creature* at the Opera House—Signor Non-vir sed VELUTI Vir?

Like Orpheus, he is said to draw stocks &c. *after* him. A picked raisin for a sweet banquet of sounds; but I affect not these exotics. Nos DURUM genus, as mellifluous Ovid hath it.

Fanny Holcroft is just come in, with her paternal severity of aspect. She has frozen a bright thought which should have follow'd. She makes us marble, with too little conceiving.

'Twas respecting the Signor, whom I honour on this side idolatry.  
Well, more of this anon.

We are setting out to walk to Enfield after our Beans and  
Bacon, which are just smoking.

Kindest remembrances to the G.'s ever.

From Islinton,

2d day, 3d month of my Hegira

or Flight from Leadenhall.

C. L. Olim Clericus.

['To Allsop's.' Allsop says in his *Letters . . . of Coleridge* that he and the Lambs were housemates for a long time.

'Vide Lond. Mag. for July.' Where the *Elia* essay 'The Convalescent' was printed.

'The Odes.' *Odes and Addresses to Great People*, 1825.

Reynolds was John Hamilton Reynolds. According to a marked copy in the possession of the late H. Buxton Forman, Reynolds wrote only the odes to Mr. M'Adam, Mr. Dymoke, Sylvanus Urban, Elliston, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

The 'Mag. Ignotum' was the *Ode to the Great Unknown*, the author of the Scotch novels. In the same paper on 8th January 1825 Lamb had written an essay called 'Many Friends' (see my edition of his *Works*) a little in the manner of this first paragraph.

'Your picture of the Camel.' Probably the story of a caller told by Coleridge to Lamb in a letter.

'Your Enigma about Cupid.' Possibly referring to the following passage in the *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, pages 277-8:

From the remote East turn to the mythology of Minor Asia, to the Descendants of Javan who dwelt in the tents of Shem, and possessed the Isles. Here again, and in the usual form of an historic Solution, we find the same Fact, and as characteristic of the Human Race, stated in that earliest and most venerable Mythos (or symbolic Parable) of Prometheus—that truly wonderful Fable, in which the characters of the rebellious Spirit and of the Divine Friend of Mankind (*Θέος φιλόανθρωπος*) are united in the same Person: and thus in the most striking manner noting the forced amalgamation of the Patriarchal Tradition with the incongruous Scheme of Pantheism. This and the connected tale of Io, which is but the sequel of the Prometheus, stand alone in the Greek Mythology, in which elsewhere both Gods and Men are mere Powers and Products of Nature. And most noticeable it is, that soon after the promulgation and spread of the Gospel had awakened the moral sense, and had opened the eyes even of its wiser Enemies to the necessity of providing some solution of this great problem of the Moral World, the beautiful Parable of Cupid and Psyche was brought forward as a rival FALL OF MAN: and the fact of a moral corruption connatural with the human race was again recognized. In the assertion of ORIGINAL SIN the Greek Mythology rose and set.

'Have you heard the Creature?' Giovanni Battista Velluti (1781-1861), an Italian *castrato* with a lovely voice, who first appeared in England on 30th



June 1825, in Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*. He received £2,500 for five months' salary. Leigh Hunt wrote a long anonymous poem in the *Examiner* defending Velluti from the attacks of the press.

'Non-vir . . .': Not a man but something of the sort.

'Nos durum genus.' From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 414: 'Inde genus durum sumus experiensque laborum': Hence we are a hard race well versed in toil.

'On this side idolatry.' Ben Jonson's phrase regarding Shakespeare in *Timber*.

'Olim clericus': Formerly a clerk.]

## 570. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 2nd July 1825.]

My nervous attack has so unfitted me, that I have not courage to sit down to a Letter. My poor pittance in the London you will see is drawn from my sickness. Your Book is very acceptable to me, because most of it [is] new to me, but your Book itself we cannot thank you for more sincerely than for the introduction you favoured us with to Anne Knight. Now cannot I write Mrs. Anne Knight for the life of me. She is a very pleas—, but I won't write all we have said of her so often to ourselves, because I suspect you would read it to her. Only give my sister's and my kindest rememb<sup>ers</sup> to her, and how glad we are we can say that word. If ever she come to Southwark again I count upon another pleasant BRIDGE walk with her. Tell her, I got home, time for a rubber; but poor Tryphena will not understand that phrase of the worldlings.

I am hardly able to appreciate your volume now. But I liked the dedicat<sup>a</sup> much, and the apology for your bald burying grounds. To Shelley, but *that* is not new. To the young Vesper-singer, Great Bealing's, Playford, and what not?

If there be a cavil it is that the topics of religious consolation, however beautiful, are repeated till a sort of triteness attends them. It seems as if you were for ever losing friends' children by death, and reminding their parents of the Resurrection. Do children die so often, and so good, in your parts? The topic, taken from the considerat<sup>a</sup> that they are snatch'd away from possible vanities, seems hardly sound; for to an omniscient eye their conditional failings must be one with their actual; but I am too unwell for Theology.

Such as I am, I am yours and A. K.'s truly

C. LAMB.

1825

JOHN AITKEN

['My poor pittance.' 'The Convalescent.'

'Your Book.' Barton's *Poems*, 4th edition, 1825. The dedication was to Barton's sister, Maria Hack.

'Anne Knight.' A Quaker lady, who kept a school at Woodbridge.]

571. TO JOHN AITKEN

DEAR SIR,

Colebrooke Cottage, Islington, July 5, 1825.

With thanks for your last No. of the *Cabinet*—as I cannot arrange with a London publisher to reprint 'Rosamund Gray' as a book, it will be at your service to admit into the *Cabinet* as soon as you please.

Your hble. servt,

CHS. LAMB.

EMMA, eldest of your name,  
Meekly trusting in her God  
Midst the red-hot plough-shares trod,  
And unscorch'd preserved her fame.

By that test if *you* were tried,  
Ugly flames might be defied;  
Though devouring fire's a glutton,  
Through the trial you might go  
'On the light fantastic toe,'  
Nor for plough-shares care a BUTTON.

[Aitken was an Edinburgh bookseller who edited the *Cabinet*; or, *The Selected Beauties of Literature*, 1824, 1825, and 1831. The particular interest of the letter is that it shows Lamb to have wanted to publish *Rosamund Gray* a third time in his life. Hitherto we had only his statement that Hessey said that the world would not bear it. Aitken printed the story in the *Cabinet* for 1831. Previously he had printed 'Dream Children' and 'The Inconveniences of being Hanged.'

I have been told (but have had no opportunity of verifying the statement) that the Buttons, for one of whom the appended acrostic was written, were cousins of the Lambs.

Here should come an unpublished letter to Miss Kelly, dated 6th July 1825, thanking her for tickets to see Miss Grey in the opera, and continuing about Mr. Arnold:]

572. TO FANNY KELLY

(Fragment)

. . . Pray thank him, and tell him we mean to avail ourselves of his kindness, and have only to wish he would move his

Theatre to the present site of Sadlers Wells, to which we are fain now and then to pay respects in the absence (or distance rather) of better theatres.

. . . P.S. (for Mr. Arnold only) there, don't *you* read any further. Dear Arnold, Liston is going to bring out a certain Pawnbroker's Daughter, whom some folks were so delicate about. She will take!

[*The Pawnbroker's Daughter* was a new farce by Lamb. It was not, however, performed.]

## 573. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

*Thursday, [14th July 1825.]*

DEAR ALLSOP,

We are bent upon coming here to-morrow for a few weeks. Despatch a Porter to me this evening, or by nine to-morrow morning, to say how far it will interfere with your proposed coming down on Saturday. If the house will hold us, we can be together while we stay.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

After a hot walk.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I date this 14th July, because on 7th July H. C. R. notes in his diary that he called on Lamb, who was evidently at home that Thursday.'

'Here' is very confusing. Lamb means 'to Enfield.']

## 574. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

*[About 20th July 1825.]*

DEAR ALLSOP,

It is too hot to write. Here we are, having turned you out of your beds, but willing to resign in your favour, or make any shifts with you. Our best Love's to Mrs Allsop, from Mrs Leishman's, this warm Saturday.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

This damned afternoon sun! Thanks for your note, which came in more than good time.

[Mrs. Anderson discovered that the temperature on the 16th had reached 83° in the shade. Under its influence Lamb wrote the letter called 'Dog Days'

for Hone's *Every-Day Book* which will be found in my edition of the *Works*. With it went to Hone, to whom Colebrook Cottage had been lent, the following note:]

## 575. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

I think this, preceded by a short acct. of the Canicular Days, might serve, or can't you make more of it? Both pretty well.

C. L.

Enfield, Saturday.

Mr. Hone, Mr. Lamb's, Colebrooke Cottage, Islington.

## 576. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[Enfield, 25th July 1825.]

The Quotidian came in as pleasantly as it was looked for at breakfast time yesterday. You have repaid my poor stanzas with interest. This last interlineation is one of those instances of affectation rightly applied. Read the sentence without it, how bald it is! Your idea of 'worsted in the dog-days' was capital.

We are here so comfortable that I am confident we shall stay one month, from this date, most probably longer; so if you please, you can cut your out-of-town room for that time. I have sent up my petit farce altered; and Harley is at the theatre now. It cannot come out for some weeks. When it does, we think not of leaving here, but to borrow a bed of you for the night.

I write principally to say that the 4th of August is coming,—Dogget's Coat and Badge Day on the water. You will find a good deal about him in *Cibber's Apology*, octavo, facing the window; and something haply in a thin blackish quarto among the plays, facing the fireside.

You have done with mad dogs; else there is a print of Rowlandson's, or somebody's, of people in pursuit of [one] in a village, which might have come in: also Goldsmith's verses.

Mary's kind remembrance.

C. LAMB.

Mr. Hone, Colebrook Cottage, Islington.

[This letter calls for full comment. In the *Every-Day Book* for 9th July appeared the following 'Quatrains,' quoted from the *London Magazine* of May 1825:

## QUATRAINS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'EVERY-DAY BOOK'

(From the *London Magazine*)

I like you, and your book, ingenuous Hone!  
 In whose capacious, all-embracing leaves  
 The very marrow of tradition's shown;  
 And all that history—much that fiction—weaves.

By every sort of taste your work is graced.  
 Vast stores of modern anecdote we find,  
 With good old story quaintly interlaced—  
 The theme as various as the reader's mind.

Rome's lie-fraught legends you so truly paint—  
 Yet kindly—that the half-turn'd Catholic  
 Scarcely forbears to smile at his own saint,  
 And cannot curse the candid Heretic.

Rags, relics, witches, ghosts, fiends, crowd your page;  
 Our father's mummeries we well-pleased behold;  
 And, proudly conscious of a purer age,  
 Forgive some fopperies in the times of old.

Verse-honouring Phœbus, Father of bright *Days*,  
 Must needs bestow on you both good and many,  
 Who, building trophies to his children's praise,  
 Run their rich Zodiac through, not missing any.

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—  
 The title only errs, he bids me say:  
 For while such art—wit—reading—there are shown.  
 He swears, 'tis not a work of *every day*.

C. LAMB.

To these 'poor stanzas' Hone appended the following quatorzains—which I print in full, for their good nature and appreciation of Lamb and also as a proof that one at least of Lamb's friends pronounced 'Elia' as he did himself—as 'Elia,' although he might not approve of the Cockney rhyme. Modern usage has 'Elia,' rhyming to 'Celia,' and the true stress will probably never return.

## QUATORZAINS

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'QUATRAINS'

In feeling, like a stricken deer, I've been  
 Self-put out from the herd, friend Lamb; for I  
 Imagined all the sympathies between  
 Mankind and me had ceased, till your full cry

Of kindness reach'd and roused me, as I lay  
 'Musing—on divers things foreknown': it bid  
 Me know, in you, a friend; with a fine gay  
 Sincerity, before all men it chid,  
 Or rather, by not chiding, seem'd to chide  
 Me, for long absence from you; re-invited  
 Me, with a herald's trump, and so defied  
 Me to remain immured; and it requited  
 Me, for others' harsh misdeeming—which I trust is  
 Now, or will be, known by them, to be injustice.

I am 'ingenuous': it is all I can  
 Pretend to be; it is all I wish to be;  
 Yet, through obliquity of sight in man,  
 From constant gaze on tortuosity,  
 Few people understand me: still, I am  
 Warmly affection'd to each human being;  
 Loving the right, for right's sake; and, friend Lamb,  
 Trying to see things as they are; hence, seeing  
 Some 'good in ev'ry thing' however bad,  
 Evil in many things that look most fair,  
 And pondering on all: this may be madness,  
 But it is my method; and I dare  
 Deductions from a strange diversity  
 Of things, not taught within a university.

No schools of science open'd to my youth;  
 No learned halls, no academic bowers;  
 No one had I to point my way to truth,  
 Instruct my ign'rance, or direct my powers:  
 Yet I, though all unlearned p'rhaps may aid  
 The march of knowledge in our 'purer age,'  
 And, without seeming, may perchance persuade  
 The young to think,—to virtue some engage.  
 So have I hoped, and with this end in view,  
 My little *Every-Day Book* I design'd;  
 Praise of the work, and of its author too,  
 From you, friend Lamb, is more than good and kind:  
 To such high meed I did not dare aspire  
 As public honour, from the hand of ALLWORTHY ELIA.

As to the message from your friend above:—  
 Do me the favour to present my best  
 Respects to old 'Dan Phoebus,' for the 'love'  
 He bears the *Every-Day Book*: for the rest,  
 That is, the handsome mode he has selected  
 Of making me fine compliments by you, 'tis

So flatt'ring to me, and so much respected  
 By me, that, if you please, and it should suit his  
 Highness, I must rely upon you, for  
 Obtaining his command, to introduce me  
 To him yourself, when quite convenient; or  
 I trust, at any rate, you'll not refuse me  
 A line, to signify, that I'm the person known  
 To him, through you, friend Lamb, as

*Your Friend*

WILLIAM HONE.

Hone's 'last interlineation' I cannot trace. 'Dog Days' appeared against 14th July, and in the same number Hone, settled for the moment in Colebrook Cottage, wrote a facetious account of the heat from which Islington was also suffering, in which the phrase 'worsted in the Dog Days' will be found:

### A HOT LETTER

FOR CAPTAIN LION, BRIGHTON

MY DEAR SIR,

I anticipated a sojournment in your 'neat little country cottage' during your absence, with more pleasure than I expressed, when you made me the offer of it. I imagined how much more comfortable I should be there, than in my own out-of-town single-room. I was mistaken. I have been comfortable nowhere. The malignity of an evil star is against me; I mean the dog-star. You recollect the heat I fell into during our Hornsey walk. I have been hot ever since, 'hissing hot—think of that Master Brook'; I would that thou wert really a brook; I would cleave thy bosom, and, unless thou wert cool to me, I would not acknowledge thee for a true friend.

After returning from the coach wherein you and your lady-cousin departed, I 'larded the lean earth' to my own house in town. That evening I got into a hackney coach to enjoy your 'cool' residence; but it was hot; and there was no 'cool of the evening'; I went to bed hot, and slept hot all night, and got up hot to a hot tea-breakfast looking all the while on the hot print opposite, Hogarth's 'Evening,' with the fat hot citizen's wife sweltering between her husband and the New River, the hot little dog looking wistfully into the reachless warm water, her crying hot boy on her husband's stick, the scolding hot sister, and all the other heats of that ever-to-be-warmly-admired engraving. The coldest picture in the room, to my heated eye, was the fruit-piece worked in worsted—worsted in the dog-days!

How I got through that hot day I cannot remember. At night, when, according to Addison, 'evening shades prevail,' the heat prevailed; there were no 'cool' shades, and I got no rest; and therefore I got up restless, and walked out and saw the morning star, which I suppose was the dog-star, for I sought coolness and found it not; but the sun arose, and methought there was no atmosphere but burning beams; and the metropolis poured out its heated thousands towards the New River, at Newington; and it was filled

with men, and boys, and dogs; and all looked as 'comfortable' as live eels in a stew pan.

I am too hot to proceed. What a summer! The very pumps refuse 'spring' water; and, I suppose, we shall have no more till next spring.

My heart melts within me, and I am not so inhuman as to request the servant to broil with this letter to the post-office, but I have ordered her to give it to the newsman, and ask him to slip it into the first letter-box he passes, and to tell him, if he forgets, it is of no consequence, and in no hurry; he may take it on to Ludgate Hill, and Mr. Hone, if he please, may print it in his *Every-Day Book*. I dare say he is too hot to write, and this may help to fill up; so that you'll get it, at any rate. I don't care if all the world reads it, for the hot weather is no secret. As Mr. Freeling cannot say that printing a letter is privately conveying it, I shall not get into hot water at the post-office.

I am, my dear sir,

Your warmest friend till winter,

Coleman Cottage,  
Sun Day.

I. FRY.

P.S. I am told the sight of the postmen in their scarlet coats is not bearable in London; they look *red-hot*.

#### 577. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR A.,

Enfield [? July 1825.]

Mary is afraid lest the calico and Handkerchiefs have mis-carried which you were to send. Have you sent 'em?

Item a bill with 'em including the former silks, & balance struck in a Tradesman-like way.

Yours truly,

C. L.

#### 578. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

[P.M. 21st July 1825.]

Mrs Leishman gives us hopes of seeing you all on Sunday. We shall provide a bit of beef or something on that day, so you need not market. We are very comfortable here. Our kindest remembrances to Mrs Allsop and the chits. We lying-in people go out on Saturday, Mrs L. bids me say, and that you may come that evening and find beds, &c.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I think Lamb means only that they are going out



for the night—on a visit somewhere—on Saturday, not that they are leaving for good, because they evidently mean to be there on the Sunday. Besides, it was on a *Friday* they left Enfield—Friday, 19th August, I think, and Lamb was taken ill on Monday, 21st.’

Mrs. Leishman was the keeper of the lodgings. Later Lamb took a house there.]

## 579. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 10th August 1825.]

We shall be soon again at Colebrook.

DEAR B. B.,

You must excuse my not writing before, when I tell you we are on a visit at Enfield, where I do not feel it natural to sit down to a Letter. It is at all times an exertion. I had rather talk with you, and Ann Knight, quietly at Colebrook Lodge, over the matter of your last. You mistake me when you express misgivings about my relishing a series of scriptural poems. I wrote confusedly. What I meant to say was, that one or two consolatory poems on deaths would have had a more condensed effect than many. Scriptural—devotional topics—admit of infinite variety. So far from poetry tiring me because religious, I can read, and I say it seriously, the homely old version of the Psalms in our Prayer-books for an hour or two together sometimes without sense of weariness.

I did not express myself clearly about what I think a false topic insisted on so frequently in consolatory addresses on the death of Infants. I know something like it is in Scripture, but I think humanly spoken. It is a natural thought, a sweet fallacy to the Survivors—but still a fallacy. If it stands on the doctrines of this being a probationary state, it is liable to this dilemma. Omniscience, to whom possibility must be clear as act, must know of the child, what it would hereafter turn out: if good, then the topic is false to say it is secured from falling into future wilfulness, vice, &c. If bad, I do not see how its exemption from certain future overt acts by being snatched away at all tells in its favor. You stop the arm of a murderer, or arrest the finger of a pickpurse, but is not the guilt incurred as much by the intent as if never so much acted? Why children are hurried off, and old reprobates of a hundred left, whose trial humanly we may think was complete at fifty, is among the obscurities of

providence. The very notion of a state of probation has darkness in it. The all-knower has no need of satisfying his eyes by seeing what we will do, when he knows before what we will do. Methinks we might be condemn'd before commission. In these things we grope and flounder, and if we can pick up a little human comfort that the child taken is snatch'd from vice (no great compliment to it, by the bye), let us take it. And as to where an untried child goes, whether to join the assembly of its elders who have borne the heat of the day—fire-purified martyrs, and torment-sifted confessors—what know we? We promise heaven methinks too cheaply, and assign large revenues to minors, incompetent to manage them. Epitaphs run upon this topic of consolation, till the very frequency induces a cheapness. Tickets for admission into Paradise are sculptured out at a penny a letter, twopence a syllable, &c. It is all a mystery; and the more I try to express my meaning (having none that is clear) the more I founder. Finally, write what your own conscience, which to you is the unerring judge, seems best, and be careless about the whimsies of such a half-baked notionist as I am. We are here in a most pleasant country, full of walks, and idle to our hearts' desire. Taylor has dropt the London. It was indeed a dead weight. It has got in the Slough of Despond. I shuffle off my part of the pack, and stand like Xtian with light and merry shoulders. It had got silly, indecorous, pert, and every thing that is bad. Both our kind *rememb<sup>ces</sup>* to Mrs. K. and yourself, and stranger's-greeting to Lucy—is it Lucy or Ruth?—that gathers wise sayings in a Book.

C. LAMB.

[The *London Magazine* passed into the hands of Henry Southern in September 1825. Lamb's last article for it was in the August number: 'Imperfect Dramatic Illusion,' reprinted in the *Last Essays of Elia* as 'Stage Illusion.']

The obscurity of Providence concerning children was developed later, by Lamb, in the exquisite poem on the death of Hood's child, *On an Infant dying as soon as born.*]

580. TO WILLIAM HONE

[10th August 1825.]

DEAR H.,

Will you direct these from Miss Hazlitt to Mr Thelwall, whose address I know not?

I have returned the Shakspeare *errata*, finding much nonsense;

good principles of correction, but sad wildness in the application of them. No magazine, as magazines go, would pay for the inclosed. Thelwall may take them for friendship's sake.

Yours, as before.

C. LAMB.

Mr Hone, 45, Ludgate Hill.

[John Thelwall had been the editor of the *Champion* and, in addition to his merits as a man, he interested Lamb as a practical helping friend to those who stammered and stuttered at his school of oratory, first in Lincoln's Inn Fields and later at Brixton.

I have not traced the Shakespeare errata, or the enclosures.]

### 581. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

[12th August 1825.]

Your books are right acceptable. I did not write farther about Dogget, because on second thoughts the book I mean does not refer to him. A coach from the 'Bell,' or 'Bell and Crown,' sets off to Enfield at half-past four. Put yourself in it *to-morrow* afternoon and come to us; take a bed at an inn, and waste all Sunday with us. We desire to show you the country here. If we are out when you come, the maid is instructed to keep you upon tea and proper bread and butter till we come home. Pray secure me the last number of the *Every Day Book*, that which has S. R[ay] in it, which by mistake *has never come*. Did our newsman not bring it on Monday? Don't send home for it, for if I get it hereafter, (so I have it at last,) it is all I want. Mind, we shall expect you Saturday night or Sunday morning. There are Edmonton coaches from Bishopsgate every half hour. The walk thence to Enfield is easy, across the fields; a mile and a half.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

This invitation is 'ingenuous.' I assure you we want to see you here. Or will Sunday night and all day Monday suit you better? The coach sets you down at Mr Leishman's.

Friday. Mr Hone, Colebrook Cottage, Islington.

[The article by S. R. was entitled 'My Holiday'; it appeared under date of 26th July, and described a visit to the Dulwich picture gallery.

'This invitation is "ingenuous."' A recollection of Lamb's adjective for Hone in his verses above.]

## 582. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

[No date: ? 12th August 1825.]

I sent you a note by post to day, but this comes sooner by a friend. Put yourself in the coach ('Bell,' Holborn) to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, half-past four. Come and take a bed at an inn, and waste Sunday with us gloriously. We have dainty spots to show you. If you can't come, come Sunday and stay Monday. Coaches to Edmonton go hourly from Bishopgate, but we shall hope for you on Saturday (to-morrow) evening.

C. LAMB.

Friday, Mrs. Leishman's, The Chase, Enfield.

Pray send the inclosed, and burn what comes inclosed in the *post* letter. Put *last week's Every Day* in your pocket, which we have missed; that which has S. R.

Mr. Hone, Colebrook Cottage.

## 583. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

DEAR SOUTHEY,

August 19, 1825.

You'll know who this letter comes from by opening slap-dash upon the text, as in the good old times. I never could come into the custom of envelopes; 'tis a modern foppery; the Plinian correspondence gives no hint of such. In singleness of sheet and meaning then I thank you for your little book. I am ashamed to add a codicil of thanks for your 'Book of the Church.' I scarce feel competent to give an opinion of the latter; I have not reading enough of that kind to venture at it. I can only say the fact, that I have read it with attention and interest. Being, as you know, not quite a Churchman, I felt a jealousy at the Church taking to herself the whole deserts of Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, from Druid extirpation downwards. I call all good Christians the Church, Capillarians and all. But I am in too light a humour to touch these matters. May all our churches flourish! Two things staggered me in the poem (and one of them staggered both of us). I cannot away with a beautiful series of verses, as I

protest they are, commencing 'Jenner.' 'Tis like a choice banquet opened with a pill or an electuary—physic stuff. T'other is, we cannot make out how Edith should be no more than ten years old. By'r Lady, we had taken her to be some sixteen or upwards. We suppose you have only chosen the round number for the metre. Or poem and dedication may be both older than they pretend to; but then some hint might have been given; for, as it stands, it may only serve some day to puzzle the parish reckoning. But without inquiring further (for 'tis ungracious to look into a lady's years), the dedication is eminently pleasing and tender, and we wish Edith May Southey joy of it. Something, too, struck us as if we had heard of the death of John May. A John May's death was a few years since in the papers. We think the tale one of the quietest, prettiest things we have seen. You have been temperate in the use of localities, which generally spoil poems laid in exotic regions. You mostly cannot stir out (in such things) for humming-birds and fire-flies. A tree is a Magnolia, &c.—Can I but like the truly Catholic spirit? 'Blame as thou mayest the Papist's erring creed'—which and other passages brought me back to the old Anthology days and the admonitory lesson to 'Dear George' on the 'The Vesper Bell,' a little poem which retains its first hold upon me strangely.

The compliment to the translatress is daintily conceived. Nothing is choicer in that sort of writing than to bring in some remote, impossible parallel,—as between a great empress and the inobtrusive quiet soul who digged her noiseless way so perseveringly through that rugged Paraguay mine. How she Dobrizhoffer'd it all out, it puzzles my slender Latinity to conjecture. Why do you seem to sanction Landor's unfeeling allegorising away of honest Quixote! He may as well say Strap is meant to symbolise the Scottish nation before the Union, and Random since that act of dubious issue; or that Partridge means the Mystical Man, and Lady Bellaston typifies the Woman upon Many Waters. Gebir, indeed, may mean the state of the hop markets last month, for anything I know to the contrary. That all Spain overflowed with romancical books (as Madge Newcastle calls them) was no reason that Cervantes should not smile at the matter of them; nor even a reason that, in another mood, he might not multiply them, deeply as he was tinctured with the

essence of them. Quixote is the father of gentle ridicule, and at the same time the very depository and treasury of chivalry and highest notions. Marry, when somebody persuaded Cervantes that he meant only fun, and put him upon writing that unfortunate Second Part with the confederacies of that unworthy duke and most contemptible duchess, Cervantes sacrificed his instinct to his understanding.

We got your little book but last night, being at Enfield, to which place we came about a month since, and are having quiet holydays. Mary walks her twelve miles a day some days, and I my twenty on others. 'Tis all holiday with me now, you know. The change works admirably.

For literary news, in my poor way, I have a one-act farce going to be acted at the Haymarket; but when? is the question. 'Tis an extravaganza, and like enough to follow 'Mr. H.' 'The London Magazine' has shifted its publishers once more, and I shall shift myself out of it. It is fallen. My ambition is not at present higher than to write nonsense for the playhouses, to eke out a somewhat contracted income. *Tempus erat*. There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when the Muse, &c. But I am now in Mac Fleckno's predicament,—

'Promised a play, and dwindled to a farce.'

Coleridge is better (was, at least, a few weeks since) than he has been for years. His accomplishing his book at last has been a source of vigour to him. We are on a half visit to his friend Allsop, at a Mrs. Leishman's, Enfield, but expect to be at Colebrook Cottage in a week or so, where, or anywhere, I shall be always most happy to receive tidings from you. G. Dyer is in the height of an uxorious paradise. His honeymoon will not wane till he wax cold. Never was a more happy pair, since Acme and Septimius, and longer. Farewell, with many thanks, dear S. Our loves to all round your Wrekin.

Your old friend,

C. LAMB.

[In the letter to Barton of 20th March 1826, Lamb continues or amplifies his remarks on his own letter-writing habits.

'Capillarians.' The *Oxford English Dictionary* gives Lamb's word in this connection as its sole example, meaning without stem, but a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 22nd July 1905, suggests that Lamb really meant chapel-goers.

'The poem.' Southey's *Tale of Paraguay*, 1825, which begins with an address to Jenner, the physiologist:

Jenner! for ever shall thy honour'd name,

and is dedicated to Edith May Southey:

Edith! ten years are number'd, since the day.

Edith Southey was born in 1804. The dedication was dated 1814.

John May was Southey's friend and correspondent. It was not he that had died.

'The Vesper Bell.' *The Chapel Bell*, which was not in the *Annual Anthology*, but in Southey's *Poems*, 1797. 'Dear George' would perhaps be Burnett, who was at Oxford with Southey when the verses were written.

'The compliment to the translatress.' Southey took his *Tale of Paraguay* from Dobrizhoffer's *History of the Abipones*, which his niece, Sara Coleridge, had translated. Southey remarks in the poem that could Dobrizhoffer have foreseen by whom his words were to be turned into English, he would have been as pleased as when he won the ear of the Empress Queen.

'Landor's . . . allegorising.' Landor, in the conversation between 'Peter Leopold and the President du Paty,' makes President du Paty say that Cervantes had deeper purpose than the satirizing of knight-errants, Don Quixote standing for the Emperor Charles V and Sancho Panza symbolizing the people. Southey quoted the passage in the Notes to the Proem. Lamb's *Elia* essay on the 'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty' amplifies this criticism of Don Quixote.

'A one-act farce.' This was *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*, although that is in two acts.

'My dear Cornwallis.'

There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when  
The Muse would take me on her airy wing.

From a poem by Sneyd Davis to the Hon. and Rev. F. C. in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by Several Hands*.

'Mac Fleckno's predicament.' See Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, line 182.

'Acme and Septimius.' The fond lovers of Catullus in the 45th *Carmen*.]

#### 584. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[P.M. 22nd August 1825.]

You may answer this by a sort of compliment to the King for changing the Day to do good for trade &c.

[This note accompanied the 'Humble Petition of an Unfortunate Day,' printed in the *Every-Day Book* against 12th August, the day in question—unfortunate because although the birthday of the king, George IV, and formerly, before his accession, honoured as such, since his accession the

anniversary of his birth was kept wrongly, on 23rd April or St. George's Day. The article will be found in all editions of Lamb's works.

Hone rose to the occasion and composed an ingenious reply.]

## 585. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

[P.M. 9th September 1825.]

We are exceedingly grieved for your loss. When your note came, my sister went to Pall Mall, to find you, and saw Mrs. L. and was a little comforted to find Mrs. A. had returned to Enfield before the distressful event. I am very feeble, can scarce move a pen; got home from Enfield on the Friday, and on Monday follows was laid up with a most violent nervous fever second this summer, have had Leeches to my Temples, have not had, nor can not get, a night's sleep. So you will excuse more from

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Islington, 9 Sept.

Our most kind remembrance to poor Mrs. Allsop. A line to say how you both are will be most acceptable.

[Allsop's loss was, I imagine, the death of one of his children.]

## 586. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

Enfield. [P.M. 14th September 1825.]

Your kindness pursues us everywhere. That 8l. 4s. 6d. is a substantial proof, I think; I never should have ask'd for it. Pray keep it, when you get it, till we see each other. I have plenty of current cash; thank you over and over for your offer.

We came down on Monday with Miss James. The 1st night I lay broad awake like an owl till 8 o'clock, then got a poor doze. Have had something like sleep and a forgetting last night. We go on tolerably in this deserted house. It is melancholy, but I could not have gone into a quite strange one.

Newspapers come to you here. Pray stop them. Shall I send what have come?



Give mine and Mary's kindest love to Mrs Allsop, with every good wish to Elizabeth and Rob. This house is not what it was. May we all meet chearful some day soon.

Yours gratefully and sincerely,

C. LAMB.

How long a letter have I written with my own hand.

Jane says she has sent a cradle yesterday morning; she does for us very well.

['A sleep and a forgetting.' From Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.]

587. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

[No date: ? *September 1825*.]

With pain and grief, I must entreat you to excuse us on Thursday. My head, though externally correct, has had a severe concussion in my long illness, and the very idea of an engagement hanging over for a day or two, forbids my rest; and I get up miserable. I am not well enough for company. I do assure you, no other thing prevents my coming. I expect Field and his brother this or to-morrow evening, and it worries me to death that I am not ostensibly ill enough to put 'em off. I will get better, when I shall hope to see your nephew. He will come again. Mary joins in best love to the Gillmans. Do, I earnestly entreat you, excuse me. I assure you, again, that I am not fit to go out yet.

Yours (though shattered),

C. LAMB.

Tuesday.

[Coleridge's nephew may have been one of several. I fancy it was the Rev. Edward Coleridge. Henry Nelson Coleridge had already left, I think, for the West Indies.]

588. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

[P.M. *24th September 1825*.]

Come not near this unfortunate roof yet a while. My disease is clearly but slowly going. Field is an excellent attendant. But Mary's anxieties have overturned her. She has her old Miss

James with her, without whom I should not feel a support in the world. We keep in separate apartments, and must weather it. Let me know all of your healths. Kindest love to Mrs. Allsop.

C. LAMB.

Saturday.

Can you call at Mrs. Burney 26 James Street, and *tell her*, & that I can see no one here in this state. If Martin return—if well enough, I will meet him some where, *don't let him come*.

[Field was Henry Field, Barron Field's brother.]

### 589. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

30 Sept. [1825].

I came home in a week from Enfield, worse than I went. My sufferings have been intense, but are abating. I begin to know what a little sleep is. My sister has sunk under her anxieties about me. She is laid up, deprived of reason for many weeks to come, I fear. She is in the same house, but we do not meet. It makes both worse. I can just hobble down as far as the 'Angel' once a day; further kills me. When I can stretch to Copenh[agen] Street I will. If you come this way any morning I can only just shake you by the hand. This gloomy house does not admit of making my friends welcome. You have come off triumphant with Bartholomew Fair. Yours, (writ with difficulty,)

C. LAMB.

Mr Hone, Ludgate Hill.

['Bartholomew Fair' was in the number of the *Every-Day Book* dated 5th September but issued about 27th September.]

### 590. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

DEAR AYRTON,

Tuesday [2 3rd October 1825.]

I am not nor can be forgetful of you. All this Summer almost I have been ill. I have been laid up (the second nervous attack) now six weeks. I have only known what sleep is, and that imperfect, for a week past. I have a medical attendant on me daily, and am brought low, though recovering. In the midst of

my sufferings Mary was overcome with anxiety and nursing, and is ill of her old complaint which will last for many weeks to come, she is with me in the house. I have neither place at present to receive old friends, but for a minute's chat or so, nor strength for some time I fear to stretch to them. Mr Burney, who is come home, will corroborate this. But I hope again to see you, and Mrs A. for whose restoration I heartily pray. No longer reproach me, who never was but yours truly

C. LAMB.

## 591. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

Oct. 5, 1825.

DEAR A.,

Have received your drafts. We will talk that over Sunday morning. I am strongish, but have not good nights, and cannot settle my inside.

Farewell till Sunday.

I have no possible use for the 1st draft, so shall keep them as above.

Yours truly,

C. L.

I only trouble you now because, if the drafts had miscarried, any one might have cash'd 'em. Remember at home.

Ludlow is charming.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'It will be noticed that at beginning of next quarter (26th January) Lamb again acknowledges money (£81 11s. 3d.) from Allsop. This represents over £320 a year, so could scarcely be interest on Lamb's own savings, since he left less than £1,500. I think it was probably money in trust for Mrs. John Lamb's daughter.'

I have no idea to what 'Ludlow' refers.]

## 592. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[P.M. 18th October 1825.]

The first bit of writing I have done these many weeks—The quotations from both the Colliers are correct, I assure you.

C. LAMB, getting well,  
but weak.

[I take it that this note accompanied Lamb's article for the *Every-Day Book*, 5th October, called 'The Ass,' containing quotations from John Dyer Collier's *Poetical Decameron* and Jeremy Collier's *Essay on Music*. The following letter refers to the same article.]

## 593. TO WILLIAM HONE

[P.M. 24th October 1825.]

I send a scrap. Is it worth postage? My friends are fairly surprised that you should set me down so unequivocally for an ass, as you have done, Page 1358.

HERE HE IS

what follows?

THE ASS

Call you this friendship?

Mercy! What a dose you have sent me of Burney!—a perfect opening<sup>1</sup> draught.

[The new scrap was called 'In re Squirrels,' printed in the *Every-Day Book*, 17th October.]

## 594. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[5th December 1825.]

DEAR A.,

You will be glad to hear that we are at home to visitors; not too many or noisy. Some fine day shortly Mary will surprise Mrs. Allsop. The weather is not seasonable for formal engagements.

Yours most ever,

Satrd.

C. LAMB.

## 595. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO THOMAS MANNING

December 10, 1825.

MY DEAR M.,

We have had sad ups and downs since you saw us, but we are at present *in* untroubled waters though not *by* them, for our old New River has taken a jaundice of the muds and rains, and looks as yellow as Miss —.

Your red trunk (not *bose*, tho' a flame-coloured pair was once esteemed a luxury) is safe deposited at the Peacock, who by the

---

<sup>1</sup> A Pun here is intended.—C. L.

by is worth your seeing. She has had her tail brushed up, and looks as pert as *A-goose* with a hundred eyes in *My-thology*: I don't know what *yours* says of it. Your gown will be at the Bell, Totteridge, by the Telegraph on Monday; time enough, I hope, to go out to the curate's to an early Tea in it. We have a corner at *double dumbee* for you, whenever you are disposed to change your Inn.

Believe us, yours as ever,

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

From Colebrook, this Saturday, the 10th of December 1825.

['*A-goose.*' Argus, I fear.]

596. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR O.,

[No date: ? December 1825.]

I leave it *entirely* to Mr. Colburn; but if not too late, I think the Proverbs had better have L. signed to them and reserve *Elia* for Essays *more Eliacal*. May I trouble you to send my Magazine, not to Norris, but H. C. Robinson Esq. King's bench walk instead.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

My friend Hood, a prime genius and hearty fellow, brings this.

[Lamb's Popular Fallacies began in the *New Monthly Magazine* in January 1826. Henry Colburn was the publisher of that magazine, which later was to obtain Lamb's regular services. The nominal editor was Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was assisted by Cyrus Redding. Ollier seems to have been a sub-editor.]

597. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

[P.M. 17th January 1826.]

I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a draft on Messrs. Wms. for £81: 11: 3 which I haste to cash in the present alarming state of the money market. Hurst and Robinson gone. I have imagined a chorus of ill-used authors singing on the occasion:

What should we when Booksellers break?

We should rejoice

da Capo.

1825

THOMAS ALLSOP

We regret exceedingly. Mrs. Allsop's being unwell. Mary or both will come and see her soon. The frost is cruel, and we have both colds. I take Pills again, which battle with your wine & victory hovers doubtful. By the bye, tho' not disinclined to presents I remember our bargain to take a dozen at sale price and must demur. With once again thanks and best loves to Mrs. A.

Turn over—Yours,

C. LAMB.

[These were days of financial crises and panics. According to Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, 770 banks stopped payment in 1825-6.

Hurst and Robinson were the publishers whose failure ruined Sir Walter Scott. Lamb took the idea for his chorus from Davenant's version of *Macbeth*, which he described in the *Spectator* in 1828 (see my edition of the *Works*). It is there a chorus of witches:

We should rejoice when good kings bleed.]

598. TO CHARLES OLLIER

Colebrook Cottage, Colebrook Row,

Tuesday [Probably 17th January 1826].

DEAR OLLIER,

I send you two more proverbs, which will be the last of this batch, unless I send you one more by the post on THURSDAY; none will come after that day; so do not leave any open room in that case. Hood sups with me to-night. Can you come and eat grouse? 'Tis not often I offer such delicacies.

Yours most kindly,

C. LAMB.

[The two proverbs were probably the Popular Fallacies, No. xiv, 'That we should rise with the lark,' and No. xiii, 'That you must love me and love my dog.']

599. TO CHARLES OLLIER

January 18, 1826.

DEAR O.,

We lamented your absence last night. The grouse were piquant, the backs incomparable. You must come in to cold mutton and oysters some evening. Name your evening; though I have qualms at the distance. Do you never leave early? My head is very queerish, and indisposed for much company; but

we will get Hood, that half Hogarth, to meet you. The scrap I send should come in AFTER the 'Rising with the Lark.'

Yours truly.

Colburn, I take it, pays postages.

[The scrap was the Popular Fallacy, No. xv, 'That we should lie down with the Lamb,' which has perhaps the rarest quality of the series.

I insert here another letter to Ollier and a fragment probably addressed to him, which answers a query often made. The text of the first is from the New York Public Library.]

## 600. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR SIR,

[No date.]

I return Forman &c with thanks. What you were so good as to wish me to do about Country Neighbours, I feel I cannot. I thought of putting a *few lines* into the Examiner about it, & that is all I *could*. I have written to M. Burney—It is enough once for all to assure you, that I never could succeed in anything proposed to me to do, & I wont strive against my poor obstinate grain—

Yours and your brothers

truly C. LAMB.

Can you let Becky have Forman 3<sup>d</sup> vol.

[There are two Formans to whom Lamb might be alluding: Simon Forman (1522–1611), the astrologer, and Andrew Forman (*d.* 1522), the Archbishop of St. Andrews, diplomatist and theological writer.

I do not find in the *Examiner* any article on County Neighbours.]

## 601. TO MRS. MORGAN

DEAR MRS. M.,

[P.M. 19<sup>th</sup> January 1826.]

do not expect us this week,  
we have both severe colds.  
We will come and spend a Sunday  
with you both shortly.

Yours Truly

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Morgan, 11, Cobourg Place, Vauxhall Road.

[The Morgans were Coleridge's friends.]

## 602. TO CHARLES OLLIER

January 1826.

DEAR O.,

I send you eight more jests, with the terms which my friend asks, which you will be so kind as to get an answer to from Mr Colburn, that I may tell him whether to go on with them. You will see his short note to me at the end, and tear it off. It is not for me to judge, but, considering the scarceness of the materials, what he asks is, I think, mighty reasonable. *Do not let him be even known as a friend of mine.* You see what he says about five going in first as a taste, but these will make thirteen in all. Tell me by what time he need send more; I suppose not for some time (if you do not bring them out this month).

Keep a place for me till the middle of the month, for I cannot hit on anything yet. I mean nothing by my crotchets but extreme difficulty in writing. But I will go on as long as I can.

C. LAMB.

[This letter, following one which I have not found, refers to Chinese jests prepared for English readers by Manning. They were printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* for March, April, and June.]

## 603. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[No month: ? February 1826.]

You have also—‘that handsome is that handsome does’—a whimsical account of Mrs. Conrady, which I am disappointed at not seeing printed. . . . Mrs. C. is purely imaginary, name and character.

[The text is from a sale catalogue of May 1897. The Fallacy mentioned is placed No. 10 in *The Last Essays of Elia*. Nos. 13, 14, and 15 appeared in the February number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, but this was, for some reason, kept back for the March number. Mrs. Conrady, as a miracle of ugliness, runs through the Fallacy like a refrain. Editors have sought a prototype for her. Here Lamb explains that she is pure fiction.]



## 604. TO MR. HUDSON

Colebrooke Row, Islington,  
1st Feb., 1826.

SIR,

I was requested by Mr Godwin to enquire about a nurse that you want for a lady who requires constraint. The one I know does not go out now; but at Whitmore House, Mr Warburton's, Hoxton, (to which she belongs), I dare say you may be very properly provided. The terms are eight-and-twenty shillings a week, with her board; she finding her beer and washing: which is less expensive than for a female patient to be taken into a house of that description with any tolerable accommodation.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

C. LAMB.

Mr. Hudson, Legacy Office, Somerset House.

[‘Mr. Hudson,’ probably J. C. Hudson, the author of a tract on chimney-sweepers.]

## 605. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[4th February 1826.]

DEAR O.,

I send a proverb, and a common saying, which is all I shall have against next month. What may I say of *terms* to my Chinese friend? He will be on the fret, thinking he has ask'd more than Mr C. will give, and he won't know whether to go on translating. Be explicit. Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Don't lose these: I keep no copies

Remember I don't want to palm a friend upon the Mag.

I am quite content with my single reception in it.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: ‘The proverb and common saying were probably “Home is Home,” and “Sulky Temper.” “Home is Home” appeared in March with “Handsome is as Handsome does” and “Genteel Style.” “Sulky Temper” was held over till September.’]

## 606. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 7th February 1826.]

My kind remembrances to your daughter and A. K. always.

DEAR B. B.,

I got your book not more than five days ago, so am not so negligent as I must have appeared to you with a fortnight's sin upon my shoulders. I tell you with sincerity that I think you have completely succeeded in what you intended to do. What is poetry may be disputed. These are poetry to me at least. They are concise, pithy, and moving. Uniform as they are, and unhistorify'd, I read them thro' at two sittings without one sensation approaching to tedium. I do not know that among your many kind presents of this nature this is not my favourite volume. The language is never lax, and there is a unity of design and feeling, you wrote them *with love*—to avoid the *coxcomical* phrase, *con amore*. I am particularly pleased with the 'Spiritual Law,' page 34-5. It reminded me of Quarles, and Holy Mr. Herbert, as Izaak Walton calls him: the two best, if not only, of our devotional poets, tho' some prefer Watts, and some *Tom Moore*.

I am far from well or in my right spirits, and shudder at pen and ink work. I poke out a monthly crudity for Colburn in his magazine, which I call 'Popular Fallacies,' and periodically crush a proverb or two, setting up my folly against the wisdom of nations. Do you see the New Monthly?

One word I must object to in your little book, and it recurs more than once—FADELESS is no genuine compound; loveless is, because love is a noun as well as verb, but what is a fade?—and I do not quite like whipping the Greek drama upon the back of 'Genesis,' page 8. I do not like praise handed in by disparagement: as I objected to a side censure on Byron, etc., in the lines on Bloomfield: with these poor cavils excepted, your verses are without a flaw.

C. LAMB.

[Barton's new book was *Devotional Verses: founded on, and illustrative of Select Texts of Scripture*, 1826.

'Holy Mr. Herbert.' Writing to Lady Beaumont in 1826 Coleridge says: 'My dear old friend Charles Lamb and I differ widely (and in point of taste

and moral feeling this is a rare occurrence) in our estimate and liking of George Herbert's sacred poems. He greatly prefers Quarles—nay, he dislikes Herbert.'

Barton whipped the Greek drama on the back of Genesis in the following stanza, referring to Abraham's words before preparing to sacrifice Isaac:

Brief colloquy, yet more sublime,  
To every feeling heart,  
Than all the boast of classic time,  
Or Drama's proudest art:  
Far, far beyond the Grecian stage,  
Or Poesy's most glowing page.

For Lamb's reference to Byron, see Letter 487.]

## 607. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[No date: But must be early *March 1826.*]

(*Incomplete.*)

I send 2 proverbs, which with the one in hand on Sulkiness will suffice for a 'Popular Fallacies.'

I also send another paper (not to be signed Elia) which if objected to, send me back, as I have a minor vent for it.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The "other paper" would be the "Religion of Actors," as Lamb says to B. B. (page 38), "a little thing without name." The two proverbs would be, I think, "That we must not look a gift horse in the mouth," and "That a deformed person is a lord." "Gift horse" appeared in April, "Deformed person" in June, "Sulky temper" not till September.']

## 608. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[P.M. 16th *March 1826.*]

DR. OLLIER,

If not too late, pray omit the last paragraph in 'Actor's Religion,' which is clumsy. It will then end with the word Muggle-tonian. I shall not often trouble you in this manner, but I am suspicious of this article as lame.

C. LAMB.

['The Religion of Actors' was printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* for April 1826. The essay ends at 'Muggle-tonian.' See my edition of Lamb's *Works.*]

## 609. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 20th March 1826.]

You may know my letters by the paper and the folding. For the former, I live on scraps obtained in charity from an old friend whose stationery is a permanent perquisite; for folding, I shall do it neatly when I learn to tye my neckcloths. I surprise most of my friends by writing to them on ruled paper, as if I had not got past pothooks and hangers. Sealing wax, I have none on my establishment. Wafers of the coarsest bran supply its place. When my Epistles come to be weighed with Pliny's, however superior to the Roman in delicate irony, judicious reflexions, etc., his gilt post will bribe over the judges to him. All the time I was at the E. I. H. I never mended a pen; I now cut 'em to the stumps, marring rather than mending the primitive goose quill. I cannot bear to pay for articles I used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamos, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing. When I write to a Great man, at the Court end, he opens with surprise upon a naked note, such as Whitechapel people interchange, with no sweet degrees of envelope: I never inclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understand the rationale of it. Once only I seald with borrow'd wax, to set Walter Scott a wondering, sign'd with the imperial quarterd arms of England, which my friend Field gives in compliment to his descent in the female line from O. Cromwell. It must have set his antiquarian curiosity upon watering.

To your questions upon the currency, I refer you to Mr. Robinson's last speech, where, if you can find a solution, I cannot. I think this tho' the best ministry we ever stumbled upon. Gin reduced four shillings in the gallon, wine 2 shillings in the quart. This comes home to men's minds and bosoms.

My tirade against visitors was not meant *particularly* at you or A. K. I scarce know what I meant, for I do not just now feel the grievance. I wanted to make an *article*. So in another thing I talkd of somebody's *insipid wife*, without a correspondent object in my head: and a good lady, a friend's wife, whom I really *love* (don't startle, I mean in a licit way) has looked shyly on me ever

since. The blunders of personal application are ludicrous. I send out a character every now and then, on purpose to exercise the ingenuity of my friends. 'Popular Fallacies' will go on; that word concluded is an erratum, I suppose, for continued. I do not know how it got stuff'd in there. A little thing without name will also be printed on the Religion of the Actors, but it is out of your way, so I recommend you, with true Author's hypocrisy, to skip it.

We are about to sit down to Roast beef, at which we could wish A. K., B. B., and B. B.'s pleasant daughter to be humble partakers. So much for my hint at visitors, which was scarcely calculated for droppers in from Woodbridge. The sky does not drop such larks every day.

My very kindest wishes to you all three, with my sister's best love.

C. LAMB.

[Mr. E. V. Knox's note: "'Gilt post.'" The younger Pliny's gilt post is that part of his mail, or correspondence, addressed to the Emperor Trajan when Pliny was Governor of Bithynia. This correspondence, which is largely about what to do with the sect of Christians, would presumably be despatched by the imperial postal service (not used by private individuals), and being addressed to the emperor, might be given by C. L. the honorific title of "gilt." There is one other very long shot. The turning posts round which the chariots were driven in the circus races were gilded. But I can't see any logical excuse for saying that a turning post in a race can bribe a judge.]

'Or,' says another critic, 'Lamb might merely be using the term "gilt post" for "a size of writing-paper, the half sheet of which when folded forms the ordinary quarto letter-paper."'

'Mr. Robinson's last speech.' Frederick John Robinson, afterwards Earl of Ripon, then Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Earl of Liverpool. The Government had decided to check the use of paper-money by stopping the issue of notes for less than £5; and Robinson had made a speech on the subject on 10th February. The motion was carried, but to some extent was compromised. It was Robinson who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, found the money for building the new British Museum and purchasing Angerstein's pictures as the beginning of the National Gallery.

'Minds and bosoms.' The phrase runs: 'Come home to men's business and bosoms.' From the Dedication to Bacon's *Essays*.

'My tirade against visitors.' The Popular Fallacy 'That Home is Home,' in the *New Monthly Magazine* for March.

'Somebody's insipid wife.' In the Popular Fallacy 'That You must love Me and love my Dog,' in the February number, Lamb had spoken of Honorius's 'vapid wife.'

Barton and his daughter visited Lamb at Colebrook Cottage somewhere

about this time. Mrs. FitzGerald, in 1893, wrote out for me her recollections of the day for incorporation in my *Life of Lamb*, where they may be found. Lamb, who was alone, opened the door himself. He sent out for a luncheon of oysters. The books on his shelves, Mrs. FitzGerald remembered, retained the price-labels of the stalls where he had bought them. She also remembered a portrait over the fire-place. This would be the Milton. In the *Gem* for 1831 was a poem by Barton, *To Milton's Portrait in a Friend's Parlour*.]

## 610. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR C.,

March 22nd, 1826.

We will with great pleasure be with you on Thursday in the next week early. May we venture to bring Emma with us? Your finding out my style in your nephew's pleasant book is surprising to me. I want eyes to descry it. You are a little too hard upon his morality, though I confess he has more of Sterne about him than of Sternhold. But he saddens into excellent sense before the conclusion. Your query shall be submitted to Miss Kelly, though it is obvious that the pantomime, when done, will be more easy to decide upon than in proposal. I say, do it by all means. I have Decker's play by me, if you can filch anything out of it. Miss Gray, with her kitten eyes, is an actress, though she shows it not at all, and pupil to the former, whose gestures she mimics in comedy to the disparagement of her own natural manner, which is agreeable. It is funny to see her bridling up her neck, which is native to F. K.; but there is no setting another's manners upon one's shoulders any more than their head. I am glad you esteem Manning, though you see but his husk or shrine. He discloses not, save to select worshippers, and will leave the world without any one hardly but me knowing how stupendous a creature he is. I am perfecting myself in the 'Ode to Eton College' against Thursday, that I may not appear unclassic. I have just discovered that it is much better than the 'Elegy.'

In haste,

C. L.

P.S. I do not know what to say to your *latest* theory about Nero being the Messiah, though by all accounts he was a 'nointed one.

['Your nephew's pleasant book.' Henry Nelson Coleridge's *Six Months in*

*the West Indies in 1825.* In the last chapter but one of the book is an account of the slave question, under the title 'Planters and Slaves.'

'Saddens into . . . sense.' Adapted from Coleridge's *Songs of the Pixies*.

'Sternhold.' Thomas Sternhold, the coadjutor of Hopkins in paraphrasing the Psalms.

'The pantomime.' Coleridge seems to have had some project for modernizing Dekker for Fanny Kelly. Mr. Dykes Campbell suggested that the play to be treated was *Old Fortunatus*.

'Manning.' Lamb was consistent about his friend. We remember that as long ago as twenty-five years he had described him, to Robert Lloyd, as: 'A man of great power—an enchanter almost. Far beyond Coleridge or any man in power of impressing—when he gets you alone he can act the wonders of Egypt. . . . I know no man of genius at all comparable to him.'

'Against Thursday.' Coleridge was 'at home' on Thursday evenings. Perhaps Coleridge's brother Edward, a master at Eton, might be expected. Hence the reference to Gray's ode.

'Your latest theory'—merely a joke.]

#### 611. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR O.,

[No date: March 1826.]

pray insert in my account of Grimaldi's religion the word spiritualised in Italics, which I think I omitted.

'a fanciful illustration derived from the accidents & habits of his past calling *spiritualised* &c.'

I pay this Letter, as is proper.

ELIA.

Mr. Ollier, Mr. Colburn's, New Burlington Street.

['The Religion of Actors,' an elaborate piece of 'flam,' appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for April. The whole passage on Grimaldi as a theologian must be quoted, for Lamb was never more ingeniously impish:

Mr. Grimaldi, Senior, after being long a Jumper, has lately fallen into some whimsical theories respecting the Fall of Man; which he understands, not of an allegorical, but a *real tumble*, by which the whole body of humanity became, as it were, lame to the performance of good works. Pride he will have to be—nothing but a stiff-neck; irresolution—the nerves shaken; an inclination to sinister paths—crookedness of the joints; spiritual deadness—a paralysis; want of charity—a contraction in the fingers; despising of government—a broken head; the plaster—a sermon; the lint to bind it up—the text; the probers—the preachers; a pair of crutches—the old and new law;

a bandage—religious obligation: a fanciful mode of illustration derived from the accidents and habits of his past calling *spiritualised*, rather than from any accurate acquaintance with the Hebrew text, in which report speaks him but a raw scholar. Mr. Elliston, from all that we can learn, has his religion yet to choose; though some think him a Mu[g]letonian.]

## 612. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[April 1826.]

DEAR O.,

Will you let the fair Bearer have a magazine for me for this month (April)—and can you let me have for my Chinese friend one of last month (March) and of this (in case only that something of his is inserted). Is such a privilege conceded to occasional contributors of having the numbers they appear in?—I do not want it, if not usual . . . and send a line if he may go on with the jests.

Yours

C. LAMB.

Write, if but a line.

1 Mag for me, Apr.

1 for Chinaman, March

1 Do. (if jests are in) Apr.

---

 3 books or at  
least 1 for me.

If you are out, I'll call to-morrow.

[I wish I knew who the fair bearer was. We know that Miss Lamb occasionally went on such errands.]

## 613. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[P.M. ? 10th April 1826.]

DR. O.,

I think I send you a *tolerably good Essay* or Proverb. I think you'll like it. Let it go in after the 2 others, if you have a voice in it: more of the jests when I receive them in a day or two.

N.B. I like what I send; so you see I do not always affect to undervalue my things. I agree with you as to the small jest of



omitting the 2 jests, but my friend had not seen all you've printed, & might think you would have too much.

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The tolerably good essay was, I think, "That Great Wit is allied to Madness," which was afterwards turned into "The Sanity of True Genius."']

On 23rd April Crabb Robinson called on Lamb.]

# 614. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[No date: Probably about 1st May 1826.]

DEAR O.,

Pray let me have one Magaz'e—two if the Chinese Jestis are in; and send word if you think the editor will bear any more of them. I send a fresh batch, which is nearly all; and is the best you have had yet.

Tell me explicitly on this head, for it teases me to seem to be saddling the Magaz. with other people's things. You must speak loud to the bearer who is as deaf as a post.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

In case this finds you OUT, pray send my Mag. to H. C. Robinson, Esq., Kings Bench Walks, Temple.

In that case the Jestis won't be left.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I think Lamb is referring to the May number, but 8 appeared in June, and then no more. Manning's Chinese Jestis were distributed thus:

'1826. *New Monthly Magazine* :

March. 5 jests "as a taste" with prefatory remarks.

April. 26 jests (6-31).

May. None.

June. 9 jests (32-40).

'Lamb's proverbs, etc., appeared thus:

1826. January:

(1) That a bully is always a coward.

(2) That ill-gotten gain never prospers.

(3) That a man may not laugh at his own jest.

(4) That such a one shows his breeding, that it is easy to perceive he is no gentleman.

- (5) That the poor copy the vices of the rich.
- (6) That enough is as good as a feast.
- (7) Of two disputants, the warmest is generally in the wrong.
- (8) That verbal allusions are not wit, because they will not bear translation.
- (9) That the worst puns are the best.

February:

- (1) Love me, love my dog.
- (2) Rise with the lark.
- (3) Lie down with the lamb.

March (concluded from February):

- (4) Handsome is as does.
- (5) Genteel style.
- (6) Home is home. One must not look a gift horse in the mouth.

April. Religion of Actors (not signed).

May. Great wit allied to madness.

June. Juke Judkins. Deformed person.

July and August. None.

September. Sulky Temper.

'N.B. "The Illustrious Defunct" was in the *New Monthly* for January 1825.']

## 615. TO LEIGH HUNT

*Thursday, May 4th 1826.*

DEAR HUNT,

It was in my mind to have made one among ye tomorrow among the fields, but my ears are opprest with a cold to extreme & pitiable deafness, and I dare not trust 'em to the bare North East. They will thaw redeunte Favonio & I am with you then for the heath flowers. My kindest love to all your party and project. Do you never come this way? We shall be most glad to see you over a bit of mutton.

Yours Ever,

C. LAMB.

I write, that you mayn't wait for us.

Leigh Hunt, Top of Highgate Hill by the Kentish Town Road.

[*'Redeunte Favonio'*: On the return of the zephyrs of spring.]

## 616. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR N.,

[P.M. 9th May 1826.]

You will not expect us to-morrow, I am sure, while these damn'd North Easters continue. We must wait the Zephyrs' pleasures. By the bye, I was at Highgate on Wensday, the only one of the Party.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

*Summer*, as my friend Coleridge waggishly writes, has set in with its usual severity.

Kind rememb<sup>ers</sup> to Mrs. Novello &c.

## 617. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR O.,

[P.M. 12th May 1826.]

In the *Reminiscences* I sent you yesterday, pray scratch through one sentence, 'the sexual inclinations I believe usually begin to operate not much later than that period.' Scratch it quite out. It occurs where Judkins apologises for his early falling in Love at 27.

Your troublesome

C. LAMB.

You have 2 little Proverbs yet unprinted, on 'Sulkiness' & 'Crooked people Lords.' This is a Paid Letter.

[A reference to Lamb's curious study of a mean man, 'Reminiscences of Juke Judkins, Esq., of Birmingham,' which began in the *New Monthly Magazine*, June 1826, but was never 'continued.']

## 618. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 16th May 1826.]

I have had no spirits lately to begin a letter to you, though I am under obligations to you (how many!) for your neat little poem. 'Tis just what it professes to be, a simple tribute in chaste verse, serious and sincere. I do not know how Friends will relish it, but we out-lyers, Honorary Friends, like it very well. I have had my head and ears stuff'd up with the East

winds. A continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, or The Spheres touchd by some raw Angel. It is not George 3 trying the 100th psalm? I get my music for nothing. But the weather seems to be softening, and will thaw my stunnings. Coleridge writing to me a week or two since begins his note—'Summer has set in with its usual Severity.' A cold Summer is all I know of disagreeable in cold. I do not mind the utmost rigour of real Winter, but these smiling hypocrites of Mays wither me to death. My head has been a ringing Chaos, like the day the winds were made, before they submitted to the discipline of a weathercock, before the Quarters were made. In the street, with the blended noises of life about me, I hear, and my head is lightened, but in a room the hubbub comes back, and I am deaf as a Sinner. Did I tell you of a pleasant sketch Hood has done, which he calls *Very Deaf Indeed?* It is of a good naturd stupid looking old gentleman, whom a footpad has stopt, but for his extreme deafness cannot make him understand what he wants; the unconscious old gentleman is extending his ear-trumpet very complacently, and the fellow is firing a pistol into it to make him hear, but the ball will pierce his skull sooner than the report reach his sensorium. I chuse a very little bit of paper, for my ear hisses when I bend down to write. I can hardly read a book, for I miss that small soft voice which the idea of articulated words raises (almost imperceptibly to you) in a silent reader. I seem too deaf to see what I read. But with a touch or two of returning Zephyr my head will melt. What Lyes you Poets tell about the May! It is the most ungenial part of the Year, cold crocuses, cold primroses, you take your blossoms in Ice, a painted Sun—

Unmeaning joy around appears,  
And Nature smiles as if she sneers.

It is ill with me when I begin to look which way the wind sits. Ten years ago I literally did not know the point from the broad end of the Vane, which it was the [?] that] indicated the Quarter. I hope these ill winds have blowd *over* you, as they do thro' me. Kindest rememb<sup>ces</sup> to you and yours. C. L.

['Your neat little poem.' It is not possible to trace this poem. Probably, I think, the *Stanzas written for a blank leaf in Sewell's History of the Quakers*, printed in *A Widow's Tale*, 1827.

'George 3.' Byron's *Vision of Judgment* thus closes:

King George slipp'd into Heaven for one;  
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,  
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

This is Hood's sketch in his *Whims and Oddities* :



'VERY DEAF INDEED'

'Unmeaning joy around appears . . .' I have not found this, but fancy it is in Cotton.]

# 619. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR COLERIDGE,

June 1st, 1826.

If I know myself, nobody more detests the display of personal vanity which is implied in the act of sitting for one's picture than myself. But the fact is, that the likeness which accompanies this letter was stolen from my person at one of my unguarded moments by some too partial artist, and my friends are pleased to think that he has not much flattered me. Whatever its merits may be, you, who have so great an interest in the original, will have a satisfaction in tracing the features of one that has so long esteemed you. There are times when in a friend's absence these graphic representations of him almost seem to bring back the man himself. The painter, whoever he was, seems to have taken me in one of those disengaged moments, if I may so term them, when the native character is so much more honestly displayed

than can be possible in the restraints of an enforced sitting attitude. Perhaps it rather describes me as a thinking man than a man in the act of thought. Whatever its pretensions, I know it will be dear to you, towards whom I should wish my thoughts to flow in a sort of an undress rather than in the more studied graces of diction.

I am, dear Coleridge, yours sincerely,

C. LAMB.

[The portrait to which Lamb refers was etched by Brook Pulham of the India House. It was this picture which so enraged Procter when he saw it in a printshop (probably that referred to by Lamb in a later letter) that he reprimanded the dealer. There are two versions, one far superior to the other.]

620. TO HENRY COLBURN (?)

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 14th June (? 1826).]

I am quite ashamed, after your kind letter, of having expressed any disappointment about my remuneration. It is quite equivalent to the value of any thing I have yet sent you. I had Twenty Guineas a sheet from the London; and what I did for them was more worth that sum, than any thing, I am afraid, I can now produce, would be worth the lesser sum. I used up all my best thoughts in that publication, and I do not like to go on writing worse & worse, & feeling that I do so. I want to try something else. However, if any subject turns up, which I think will do your Magazine no discredit, you shall have it at *your* price, or something between *that* and my old price. I prefer writing to seeing you just now, for after such a letter as I have received from you, in truth I am ashamed to see you. We will never mention the thing again.

Your obliged friend & Serv<sup>t</sup>

June 14.

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I think above letter was enclosed in the following one to Ollier.']

621. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR OLLIER,

[? 14th June 1826.]

I have received a most friendly letter from Mr. Colburn, and you will be kind enough to give him the enclosed answer. It

needs no reply; it is impossible that any misunderstanding can arise. I shall have nothing to send him for this month, but when I feel in a proper mood, he shall have the best my suck'd brains can bring forth.

Yours most truly

C. L.

I have written to the Jester, though I scarce know where to direct to him.

[Manning had become very erratic and eremitical in his habits.]

622. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: 1826.]

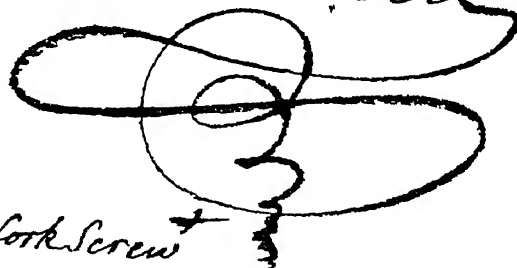
DEAR H.,

I send (for Mrs. Hood) a copy, which I keep for lending, the sole one saved out of the Ollieric Wreck of 'my works' & *his* Effects: Ros: Gray may amuse her if she never *see* it. C. LAMB.

I'd call, but my Ears are wretched; & Mary is gone to Colburns for the Mag. instead of me, who da'rent venture my ears to the aerial pillory.

You may cut the Leaves: & the Book too if you find it tedious.

*Mrs Hood*



*+ This is a Cork Screw +*

## 623. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

DEAR D., *Friday, some day in June, 1826. [P.M. 30th June 1826.]*

My first impulse upon opening your letter was pleasure at seeing your old neat hand, nine parts gentlemanly, with a modest dash of the clerical: my second a Thought, natural enough this hot weather, Am I to answer all this? why 'tis as long as those to the Ephesians and Galatians put together—I have counted the words for curiosity. But then Paul has nothing like the fun which is ebullient all over yours. I don't remember a good thing (good like yours) from the 1st Romans to the last of the Hebrews. I remember but one Pun in all the Evangelry, and that was made by his and our master: Thou art Peter (that is Doctor Rock) and upon this rock will I build &c.; which sanctifies Punning with me against all gainsayers. I never knew an enemy to puns, who was not an ill-natured man. Your fair critic in the coach reminds me of a Scotchman who assured me that he did not see much in Shakspeare. I replied, I dare say *not*. He felt the equivoke, lookd awkward, and reddish, but soon returnd to the attack, by saying that he thought Burns was as good as Shakspeare: I said that I had no doubt he was—to a *Scotchman*. We exchanged no more words that day.—Your account of the fierce faces in the Hanging, with the presumed interlocution of the Eagle and the Tyger, amused us greatly. You cannot be so very bad, while you can pick mirth off from rotten walls. But let me hear you have escaped out of your oven. May the Form of the Fourth Person who clapt invisible wet blankets about the shoulders of Shadrach Meshach and Abednego, be with you in the fiery Trial. But get out of the frying pan. Your business, I take it, is bathing, not baking.

Let me hear that you have clamber'd up to Lover's Seat; it is as fine in that neighbourhood as Juan Fernandez, as lonely too, when the Fishing boats are not out; I have sat for hours, staring upon a shipless sea. The salt sea is never so grand as when it is left to itself. One cock-boat spoils it. A sea-mew or two improves it. And go to the little church, which is a very protestant Loretto, and seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit, who was at once parishioner and a whole parish. It is



not too big. Go in the night, bring it away in your portmanteau, and I will plant it in my garden. It must have been erected in the very infancy of British Christianity, for the two or three first converts; yet hath it all the appertenances of a church of the first magnitude, its pulpit, its pews, its baptismal font; a cathedral in a nutshell. Seven people would crowd it like a Caledonian Chapel. The minister that divides the word there, must give lumping pennyworths. It is built to the text of two or three assembled in my name. It reminds me of the grain of mustard seed. If the glebe land is proportionate, it may yield two potatoes. Tythes out of it could be no more split than a hair. Its First fruits must be its Last, for 'twould never produce a couple. It is truly the strait and narrow way, and few there be (of London visitants) that find it. The still small voice is surely to be found there, if any where. A sounding board is merely there for ceremony. It is secure from earthquakes, not more from sanctity than size, for 'twould feel a mountain thrown upon it no more than a taper-worm would. Go and see, but not without your spectacles. By the way, there's a capital farm house two thirds of the way to the Lover's Seat, with incomparable plum cake, ginger beer, etc.

Mary bids me warn you not to read the Anatomy of Melancholy in your present *low way*. You'll fancy yourself a pipkin, or a headless bear, as Burton speaks of. You'll be lost in a maze of remedies for a labyrinth of diseasements, a plethora of cures. Read Fletcher; above all the Spanish Curate, the Thief or Little Nightwalker, the Wit Without Money, and the Lover's Pilgrimage. Laugh and come home fat. Neither do we think Sir T. Browne quite the thing for you just at present. Fletcher is as light as Soda water. Browne and Burton are too strong potions for an Invalid. And don't thumb or dirt the books. Take care of the bindings. Lay a leaf of silver paper under 'em, as you read them. And don't smoke tobacco over 'em, the leaves will fall in and burn or dirty their namesakes. If you find any dusty atoms of the Indian Weed crumbled up in the Beaumont and Fletcher, they are *mine*. But then, you know, so is the Folio also. A pipe and a comedy of Fletcher's the last thing of a night is the best recipe for light dreams and to scatter away Nightmares. *Probatum est*. But do as you like about the former. Only cut

the Baker's. You will come home else all crust; Rankings must chip you before you can appear in his counting house. And my dear Peter Fin Junr., do contrive to see the sea at least once before you return. You'll be ask'd about it in the Old Jewry. It will appear singular not to have seen it. And rub up your Muse, the family Muse, and send us a rhyme or so. Don't waste your wit upon that damn'd Dry Salter. I never knew but one Dry Salter, who could relish those mellow effusions, and he broke. You knew Tommy Hill, the wettest of dry salters. Dry Salters, what a word for this thirsty weather! I must drink after it. Here's to thee, my dear Dibdin, and to our having you again snug and well at Colebrooke. But our nearest hopes are to hear again from you shortly. An epistle only a quarter as agreeable as your last, would be a treat.

Yours most truly

C. LAMB.

Timothy B. Dibdin, Esq., No. 9, Blucher Row, Priory, Hastings.

[Dibdin, who was in delicate health, had gone to Hastings to recruit, with a parcel of Lamb's books for company. He seems to have been lodged above the oven at a baker's. This letter contains Lamb's crowning description of Hollington Rural church.

'Twould feel a mountain.' This may be a reminiscence of Swift (*Remarks upon a Book*, etc.): 'Like flinging a mountain upon a worm, which, instead of being bruised, by the advantage of its littleness lodgeth under it unhurt.'

'Headless bear.' In the verses prefixed to the *Anatomy* beginning, 'When I go musing all alone.'

'Rankings.' Dibdin's firm.

'A Caledonian Chapel.' Referring to the crowds that listened to Irving.

'Peter Fin.' A character in Richard ('Gentleman') Jones's *Peter Finn's Trip to Brighton*, 1822, as played by Liston.

'Tommy Hill.' In the British Museum is preserved the following brief note addressed to Mr. Thomas Hill—probably the same. The date is between 1809 and 1817:]

DR. SIR, 624. TO THOMAS HILL

It is necessary *I see you sign*, can you step up to me 4 Inner Temple Lane this evening. I shall wait at home.

Yours, C. LAMB.

[I have no notion to what the note refers. It is quite likely, Mr. J. A. Rutter suggested to me, that Hill the drysalter, a famous busybody, and a friend of Theodore Hook, stood for the portrait of Tom Pry in Lamb's 'Lepus

Papers.' S. C. Hall, in his *Book of Memories*, says of Hill that 'his peculiar faculty was to find out what everybody did, from a Minister of State to a stable-boy.']

## 625. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[No date: *Summer 1826.*]

DEAR O.,

We are in *great straits*, our maid sick a bed, we without one. I cannot write. Judkins must sleep. You have one article yet. The Pleasures of Sulkiness, a 'Popular Fallacy'; I can send you no better than I take *that* to be, with respects to Mr. C[olburn].

Yours faithfully,

C. LAMB.

Kind rem<sup>bces</sup> always to Mrs. O.

Thursday.

[This refers to Lamb's inability to finish his story of the miser Juke Judkins. There is, in the *Table Book*, another uncompleted story entitled 'Mr. Ephraim Wagstaff: His Wife and Pipe,' signed Nemo, which Mr. Dykes Campbell thought was Lamb's, and I agree.

Patmore says, in *My Friends and Acquaintances*, that he spent the evening of 13th July at Leigh Hunt's where the Lambs and Mrs. Shelley were among the company. All was going well, and Lamb in his best form, when Crabb Robinson arrived: 'To put a stop to further conversation—by keeping it to himself.']

## 626. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 14th July 1826.]

Because you boast poetic Grandsire,  
And rhyming kin, both Uncle and Sire,  
Dost think that none but *their* Descendings  
Can tickle folks with double endings?  
I had a Dad, that would for half a bet  
Have put down thine thro' half the Alphabet.  
Thou, who would be Dan Prior the second,  
For Dan Posterior must be reckon'd.  
In faith, dear Tim, your rhymes are slovenly,  
As a man may say, dough-baked and ovenly;  
Tedious and long as two Long Acres,  
And smell most vilely of the Baker's.  
(I have been cursing every limb o' thee,  
Because I could not hitch in *Timothy*.  
Jack, Will, Tom, Dick's, a serious evil,  
But Tim, plain Tim's—the very devil.)  
Thou most incorrigible scribbler,  
Right Watering place and cockney dribbler,

What *child*, that barely understands A  
 B. C, would ever dream that Stanza  
 Would tinkle into rhyme with 'Plan, Sir'?  
 Go, go, you are not worth an answer.  
 I had a Sire, that at plain Crambo  
 Had hit you o'er the pate a damn'd blow.  
 How now? may I die game, and you die brass,  
 But I have stol'n a quip from Hudibras.  
 'Twas thinking on that fine old Suttler,  
 That was in faith a second Butler;  
 Had as queer rhymes as he, and subtler.  
 He would have put you to't this weather  
 For rattling syllables together;  
 Rhym'd you to death, like 'rats in Ireland,'  
 Except that he was born in High'r Land.  
 His chimes, not cramp't like thine, and rung ill,  
 Had made Job split his sides on dunghill.  
 There was no limit to his merryings  
 At christ'nings, weddings, nay at buryings.  
 No undertaker would live near him,  
 Those grave practitioners did fear him;  
 Mutes, at his merry mops, turned 'vocal,'  
 And fellows, hired for silence, 'spoke all.'  
 No *body* could be laid in cavity,  
 Long as he lived, with proper gravity.  
 His mirth-fraught eye had but to glitter,  
 And every mourner round must titter.  
 The Parson, prating of Mount Hermon,  
 Stood still to laugh, in midst of sermon.  
 The final Sexton (smile he *must* for him)  
 Could hardly get to 'dust to dust' for him.  
 He lost three pall-bearers their livelyhood,  
 Only with simp'ring at his lively mood:  
 Provided that they fresh and neat came,  
 All jests were fish that to his net came.  
 He'd banter Apostolic castings,  
 As you jeer fishermen at Hastings.  
 When the fly bit, *like me*, he leapt-o'er-all,  
 And stood not much on what was scriptural.

P.S.

I had forgot, at Small Bohemia  
 (Enquire the way of your maid Euphemia)  
 Are sojourning, of all good fellows  
 The prince and princess,—the *Novellos*—  
 Pray seek 'em out, and give my love to 'em;  
 You'll find you'll soon be hand and glove to 'em.

In prose, Little Bohemia, about a mile from Hastings in the Hollington road, when you can get so far. Dear Dib, I find relief in a word or two of prose. In truth my rhymes come slow. You have 'routh of 'em.' It gives us pleasure to find you keep your good spirits. Your Letter did us good. Pray heaven you are got out at last. Write quickly.

This letter will introduce you, if 'tis agreeable. Take a donkey. 'Tis Novello the Composer and his Wife, our very good friends.

C. L.

[Dibdin must have sent the verses which Lamb asked for in the previous letter, and this is Lamb's reply. Pride of ancestry seems to have been the note of Dibdin's effort. Probably there is a certain amount of truth in Lamb's account of the resolute merriment of his father. It is not inconsistent with his description of Lovel in the *Elia* essay 'The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.'

'I have stol'n a quip.' What he stole was the rhyme:

Another with his flambeau  
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damned blow.'

'Rats in Ireland.' The reference is obviously to *As You Like It*, III. ii. 187.]

#### 627. TO THE REV. EDWARD COLERIDGE

DEAR SIR,

[19th July, 1826.]

It was not till to-day that I learned the extent of your kindness to my friend's child. I never meant to ask a favour of that magnitude. I begged a civility merely, not *an important benefit*. But you have done it, and S. T. C., who is about writing to you, will tell you better than I can how I feel upon the occasion. It is an alleviation to any uneasy sense of obligation, which will sometimes be uppermost, to reflect that you could not have served a more worthy creature than I believe Samuel Bloxam to be. That must be my poor comfort.

I remain,

Your faithful beadsman,  
In less honest phrase, tho' less homely,  
Your obliged humble Servt.,

Colebrooke Cottage, 19th July, 1826.

CH. LAMB.

The Rev. Edward Coleridge, Eton College, Berks.

[The Rev. Edward Coleridge was Coleridge's elder brother.  
I do not trace Bloxam.]

## 628. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[Summer 1826.]

If you have a convenient conveyance, pray transmit this to your friend Mr Mitford. I have a prelibation of his china for him. It is coming home by the James Scott from Sincapore, which I cannot learn is yet arrived. I copy my friend's letter dated Canton Decemb: he himself I find is in England, having *prevented* his own Letter.

|                            | Dollars                   |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 12 flower stands . . .     | 10½                       |
| 42 „ pots . . .            | 4½                        |
| 10 cases . . .             | 8½                        |
| Chinese duties . . .       | 3½                        |
| <hr/>                      |                           |
| Cost in China . . .        | 27 dollars at 4/6 £ 6 1 6 |
| Freight—Tons feet          |                           |
| 1 21½ at £16 per ton . . . | 22 14 4                   |
|                            | <hr/>                     |
|                            | 28 15 10                  |

There will be duties *here* to pay, I do not know what. My friend says he is afraid Mr M. will think them expensive. The articles themselves, he will see, at prime cost, are little or nothing, but the freight is most heavy, and would have been half as much more by a Company's ship. I shall keep my eye upon the arrival of the James Scott, and take measures accordingly.

Yours truly,

CHS LAMB.

I want a particular direction to Mr M., that the Jars, when they come, may be duly sent.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'A letter from Canton to London (judging by Manning's letters to Lamb) took about six months, therefore this might be dated as early as June, but more probably July. The letter was obviously written before that of 26th September, in which Lamb actually paid out the £28 odd.']

## 629. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[No date: Probably August 1826.]

DEAR ALSOP,

You left me as you thought divers *prospectuses*, but all of them except one (which I have parted with) I mean the small or general prospectus on the quarter of a sheet have only the last six lines, and what goes before is *unprinted paper*.

So send me by post some real ones, & I'll forward it with Stoddart as warmly as I can

C L

send me of both sorts, tho' I have  
one of the larger (the details) left.

T. Allsop Esq.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'At first I dated it early 1828, thinking the prospectuses might refer to Allsop's starting a silk mercery shop in Regent Street, as his name first appears in the directory that year. But as Lamb has crossed out to Stoddart, and substituted *with*, and Stoddart left England for Malta after being knighted on 27th July 1826, I think Allsop must have asked Lamb to send a prospectus out with him to Malta. Something which didn't succeed, apparently, as we know by Lamb's letter to him of 2nd February 1827, that he was in difficulties then.']

## 630. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

[P.M. 6th September 1826.]

The Bearer of this is my young friend Moxon, a young lad with a Yorkshire head, and a heart that would do honour to a more Southern county: no offence to Westmoreland. He is one of Longman's best hands, and can give you the best account of The Trade as 'tis now going; or stopping. For my part, the failure of a Bookseller is not the most unpalatable accident of mortality:

sad but not saddest

The desolation of a hostile city.

When Constable fell from heaven, and we all hoped Baldwin was next, I tuned a slight stave to the words in Macbeth (D'avenant's) to be sung by a Chorus of Authors,

What should we do when Booksellers break?  
We should rejoice.

Moxon is but a tradesman in the bud yet, and retains his virgin Honesty; *Esto perpetua*, for he is a friendly serviceable fellow, and thinks nothing of lugging up a Cargo of the Newest Novels once or twice a week from the Row to Colebrooke to gratify my Sister's passion for the newest things. He is her Bodley. He is author besides of a poem which for a first attempt is promising. It is made up of common images, and yet contrives to read originally. You see the writer felt all he pours forth, and has not palmed upon you expressions which he did not believe at the time to be more his own than adoptive. Rogers has paid him some proper compliments, with sound advice intermixed, upon a slight introduction of him by me; for which I feel obliged. Moxon has petition'd me by letter (for he had not the confidence to ask it in London) to introduce him to you during his holydays; pray pat him on the head, ask him a civil question or two about his verses, and favor him with your genuine autograph. He shall not be further troublesome. I think I have not sent any one upon a gaping mission to you a good while. We are all well, and I have at last broke the bonds of business a second time, never to put 'em on again. I pitch Colburn and his magazine to the devil. I find I can live without the necessity of writing, tho' last year I fretted myself to a fever with the hauntings of being starved. Those vapours are flown. All the difference I find is that I have no pocket money: that is, I must not pry upon an old book stall, and cull its contents as heretofore, but shoulders of mutton, Whitbread's entire, and Booth's best, abound as formerly.

I don't know whom or how many to send our love to, your household is so frequently divided, but a general health to all that may be fixed or wandering; stars, wherever. We read with pleasure some success (I forget quite what) of one of you at Oxford. Mrs. Monkhouse (. . . was one of you) sent us a kind letter some [months back], and we had the pleasure to [see] her in tolerable spirits, looking well and kind as in bygone days.

Do take pen, or put it into goodnatured hands Dorothean or Wordsworthian-female, or Hutchinsonian, to inform us of your present state, or possible proceedings. I am ashamed that this breaking of the long ice should be a letter of business. There is



none circum præcordia nostra I swear by the honesty of pedantry, that wil I nil I pushes me upon scraps of Latin. We are yours cordially:

CHAS. & MARY LAMB.

Septemr. 1826.

[In this letter we have the first mention of Edward Moxon, who was to be so closely associated with Lamb in the years to come. Moxon, a young Yorkshireman, was then nearly twenty-five, and was already author of *The Prospect and Other Poems*, dedicated to Samuel Rogers, who was destined to be a valuable patron. Moxon subsequently became Wordsworth's publisher.

'Constable . . . Baldwin.' Archibald Constable & Co., Scott's publishers, failed in 1826. Baldwin was the first publisher of the *London Magazine*.

'Sad but not saddest.' Condensed from *Samson Agonistes*, 1560-1.

'Esto perpetua.' May it last for ever.

'I pitch Colburn and his magazine.' Lamb wrote nothing in the *New Monthly Magazine* after September 1826.]

'Circum præcordia nostra.' Round our hearts. Cf. the description of Horace in Persius, i. 117.

### 631. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 9th September 1826].

Saturday.

An answer is requested.

DEAR D.,

I have observed that a Letter is never more acceptable than when received upon a rainy day, especially a rainy Sunday; which moves me to send you somewhat, however short. This will find you sitting after Breakfast, which you will have prolonged as far as you can with consistency to the poor handmaid that has the reversion of the Tea Leaves; making two nibbles of your last morsel of *stale* roll (you cannot have hot new ones on the Sabbath), and reluctantly coming to an end, because when that is done, what can you do till dinner? You cannot go to the Beach, for the rain is drowning the sea, turning rank Thetis fresh, taking the brine out of Neptune's pickles, while mermaids sit upon rocks with umbrellas, their ivory combs sheathed for spoiling in the wet of waters foreign to them. You cannot go to the library, for it's shut. You are not religious enough to go to church. O it is worth while to cultivate piety to the gods, to have something to fill the heart up on a wet Sunday! You cannot cast accounts, for your ledger is being eaten up with moths in the Ancient Jewry. You cannot play at draughts, for there is none to play with you, and besides there is not a draught board

in the house. You cannot go to market, for it closed last night. You cannot look in to the shops, their backs are shut upon you. You cannot read the Bible, for it is not good reading for the sick and the hypochondriacal. You cannot while away an hour with a friend, for you have no friend round that Wrekin. You cannot divert yourself with a stray acquaintance, for you have picked none up. You cannot bear the chiming of Bells, for they invite you to a banquet, where you are no visitant. You cannot cheer yourself with the prospect of a tomorrow's letter, for none come on Mondays. You cannot count those endless vials on the mantelpiece with any hope of making a variation in their numbers. You have counted your spiders: your Bastile is exhausted. You sit and deliberately curse your hard exile from all familiar sights and sounds. Old Ranking poking in his head unexpectedly would just now be as good to you as Grimaldi. Any thing to deliver you from this intolerable weight of Ennui. You are too ill to shake it off: not ill enough to submit to it, and to lie down as a lamb under it. The Tyranny of Sickness is nothing to the Cruelty of Convalescence: tis to have Thirty Tyrants for one. That pattering rain drops on your brain. You'll be worse after dinner, for you must dine at one to-day, that Betty may go to afternoon service. She insists upon having her chopped hay. And then when she goes out, who *was* something to you, something to speak to—what an interminable afternoon you'll have to go thro'. You can't break yourself from your locality: you cannot say 'Tomorrow morning I set off for Banstead, by God': for you are book'd for Wednesday. Foreseeing this, I thought a *cheerful letter* would come in opportunely. If any of the little topics for mirth I have thought upon should serve you in this utter extinguishment of sunshine, to make you a little merry, I shall have had my ends. I love to make things comfortable. [*Here is an erasure.*] This, which is scratch'd out was the most material thing I had to say, but on maturer thoughts I defer it.

P.S.—We are just sitting down to dinner with a pleasant party, Coleridge, Reynolds the dramatist, and Sam Bloxam: tomorrow (that is, today), Liston, and Wyat of the Wells, dine with us. May this find you as jolly and freakish as we mean to be.

C. LAMB.

T. Dibdin Esq<sup>re</sup>. No. 4 Meadow Cottages, Hastings, Sussex.

'You have counted your spiders.' Referring, I suppose, to Paul Pellisson-Fontanier, the academician, and a famous prisoner in the Bastille, who trained a spider to eat flies from his hand.

'A pleasant party.' Reynolds, the dramatist, would be Frederic Reynolds (1764-1841), and Wyatt was a comic singer and utility actor at Sadler's Wells.

Canon Ainger remarked that as a matter of fact Dibdin was a religious youth.]

## 632. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 26th September 1826.]

DEAR B. B.,

I don't know why I have delay'd so long writing. 'Twas a fault. The under current of excuse to my mind was that I had heard of the Vessel in which Mitford's jars were to come; that it had been obliged to put into Batavia to refit (which accounts for its delay) but was daily expectated. Days are past, and it comes not, and the mermaids may be drinking their Tea out of his China for ought I know; but let's hope not. In the meantime I have paid £28, etc., for the freight and prime cost, (which I a little expected he would have settled in London.) But do not mention it. I was enabled to do it by a receipt of £30 from Colburn, with whom however I have done. I should else have run short. For I just make ends meet. We will wait the arrival of the Trinkets, and to ascertain their full expence and then bring in the bill. (Don't mention it, for I daresay twas mere thoughtlessness.)

I am sorry you and yours have any plagues about dross matters. I have been sadly puzzled at the defalcation of more than one third of my income, out of which when entire I saved nothing. But cropping off wine, old books, &c. and in short all that can be call'd pocket money, I hope to be able to go on at the Cottage. Remember, I beg you not to say anything to Mitford, or if he be honest it will vex him: if not, which I as little expect as that you should [not] be, I have a hank still upon the JARS.

Colburn had something of mine in last month, which he has had in hand these 7 months, and had lost, or cou'dnt find room for: I was used to different treatmt. in the London, and have forsworn Periodicals.

I am going thro' a course of reading at the Museum: the Garrick plays, out of part of which I formed my Specimens: I have Two Thousand to go thro'; and in a few weeks have despatch'd the tythe of 'em. It is a sort of Office to me; hours, 10 to 4, the same. It does me good. Man must have regular occupation, that has been used to it. So A. K. keeps a School! She teaches nothing wrong, I'll answer for't. I have a Dutch print of a Schoolmistress; little old-fashioned Flemings, with only one face among them. She a Princess of Schoolmistress, wielding a rod for form more than use; the scene an old monastic chapel, with a Madonna over her head, looking just as serious, as thoughtful, as pure, as gentle, as herself. 'Tis a type of thy friend.

Will you pardon my neglect? Mind, again I say, don't shew this to M.; let me wait a little longer to know the event of his Luxuries. (I am sure he is a good fellow, tho' I made a serious Yorkshire Lad, who met him, stare when I said he was a Clergyman. He is a pleasant Layman spoiled.) Heaven send him his jars uncrack'd, and me my— Yours with kindest wishes to your daughter and friend, in which Mary joins C. L.

['I saved nothing.' Lamb, however, according to Procter, left £2,000 at his death eight years later. A legacy from his brother, and a life insurance policy, helped.

'Colburn had something of mine.' The Popular Fallacy about a sulky temper.

'A. K.' Anne Knight again.

'Museum reading.' Lamb had begun to visit the British Museum regularly to fill his note-books with the extracts from the Garrick collection of plays for his friend Hone. They began in the *Table Book* early in 1827, and ran through the year, with the following letter of introduction:]

### 633. TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TABLE BOOK'

DEAR SIR,

It is not unknown to you, that about sixteen years since I published 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the time of Shakspeare.' For the scarcer Plays I had recourse to the Collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Garrick. But my time was but short, and my subsequent

leisure has discovered in it a treasure rich and exhaustless beyond what I then imagined. In it is to be found almost every production in the shape of a Play that has appeared in print, from the time of the old Mysteries and Moralities to the days of Crown and D'Urfey. Imagine the luxury to one like me, who, above every other form of Poetry, have ever preferred the Dramatic, of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montagu House, which I predict will not speedily be followed by a handsomer, and culling at will the flower of some thousand Dramas. It is like having the range of a Nobleman's Library, with the Librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the Gentleman who has the chief direction of the Reading Rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume, before it is laid before you. If the occasional Extracts, which I have been tempted to bring away, may find an appropriate place in your *Table Book*, some of them are weekly, at your service. By those who remember the 'Specimens,' these must be considered as mere after-gleanings, supplementary to that work, only comprising a longer period. You must be content with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song; a speech, or passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me. I read without order of time; I am a poor hand at dates; and for any biography of the Dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.

Your well-wisher,

C. LAMB.

[I place here the final document relating to Mr. Mitford's jars, but it may be a little later in date:]

634. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

I am rather better than I was, but 'tis hard to fix me to a letter. I have heard nothing of the crockery. I fear 'tis a deodand to the 'stern God of Sea.' But Mr. Alexander of the Baggage Warehouse, who promis'd to apprise me of its arrival, will answer Mr. M. any questions. I never see the India House.

Yours truly but poorly.

C. L.

P.S. Damn Murray and all his Tribes.

[This note is pasted in Mitford's copy of Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*, 1808. Barton must have sent it to Mitford on account of his further reference to his Chinese jars.

'Stern God of Sea.' From Milton's translation of Horace, *Odes*, I. v.

'Damn Murray.' Murray may have rejected a proposal by B. B. to publish a new collection of his poems.]

## 635. TO THOMAS HOOD (?)

[No date: ? September 1826.]

I have had much trouble to find Field to-day. No matter. He was packing up for out of town. He has writ a handsomish letter, which you will transmit to Murry with your proof-sheets, Seal it.—

Yours

C. L.—.

Mrs. Hood will drink tea with us on Thursday at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 at Latest.

N.B. I have lost my Museum reading today: a day with Titus: owing to your dam'd bisness.—I am the last to reproach anybody. I scorn it.

If you shall have the whole book ready soon, it will be best for Murry to see.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'That this is to Hood and not to Moxon, as usually stated, I am convinced, from his letter to Alaric Watts, given on page 211 of Jerrold's *Life of Hood*, dated 10th October 1826, speaking of the second series of *Whims and Oddities*: "I saw M—— for a moment yesterday, which sufficed for his telling me in so many words that the book will not suit him. As I had a handsome letter of introduction to him, I think he might have treated me with a little more courtesy."']

Barron Field and John Murray were friends.

'A day with Titus.' According to Suetonius, the Emperor Titus, reflecting that he had done nothing for anybody all day, said: 'Friends, I have lost a day.']

## 636. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[No date: Probably October 1826.]

DEAR OLLIER,

You will receive with this a Lady's novel, which I entreat you to look at, to see if it might suit Mr. Colborn. All I have seen of her writing is very clever & very pretty, and Hazlitt thought

so too by strongly recommending them to Taylor & Hessey.  
If your leisure will not permit you, tell the Bearer so

Yours always

CH LAMB

Saty. It is a Mrs. Bedingfield (a good *name*)

33 Castle Street Holborn.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This is copied from Mr. Spencer's Lamb MSS. It is easy to date it by the following letter (copied from *The Lambs*), which was written probably one week later.'

A Mrs. Bryan Bedingfield wrote a novel called *Longhollow: a Tale of the West*, published by Whittaker in 1829. We meet her again later.]

637. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DR. O.,

[1826.]

We dine at 4 on Monday. As I expect the Authoress to tea, pray have a bit of opinion to give on her Manuscript, or she will haunt me. Could you let me have the last Magazine I wrote in, & which I had not about July or August last, containing the Essay on Sulkiness, being the last of the Popular Fallacies. Till I see you. A-Dieu

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The essay on Sulkiness appeared in the September *New Monthly*. It was probably out on the first of the month, as on 26th September Lamb spoke to B. B. of its being in "last month." He is always vague about lapses of time.']

638. TO JAMES BROOK PULHAM

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 20th November 1826.]

My friend Mr. Rutt is engaged upon the publication of a curious MS relative to the times of Cromwell. Could you obtain for him a sight of the record in the East India House of the Protector coming into the Court Room to demand money? Or can you furnish him with a copy of it? I think you said you had it. But the sight of the Original would be more satisfactory to him, especially if he can have leave to copy it.

You will by so doing much oblige your

Old friend and Desk-fellow

Museum, 20th Nov. 1826.

CHAS. LAMB.

[This is the only letter to James Brook Pulham, one of the clerks to the Treasurer at the East India House. It was he who made the well-known profile etching of Lamb 'chatting with his brother clerks.' The date on the Huntington Library impression is given as 1825; but I have no verification.

Rutt was John Towill Rutt (1760-1841), father-in-law of Talfourd, a friend of Crabb Robinson and student of Pepys.]

## 639. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

[P.M. 28th November 1826.]

DEAR C.,

The life of Dee is in *English*, in the 1st volume of Johannes. The bare life is contained in 50 Octavo pages; each page holds about 290 words, whereas *your* pages run to 360; but those are Dee's memorials to Queens Mary & Elizabeth, and something of his writing about some voyager, which will extend it 13 or 14 pages more. You have only to send a copyist, who can give a reference to some Housekeeper, and the job will be most easy. The copyist has only to ask for

Johanne's Confratris Glastoniensis 1st vol.

Yours

C. LAMB

I don't want my name mentioned. He must not say he wants to copy a whole while only ask leave to read; & bring a Ms book with him. Pens &c are found.

Mr. Clarke, Messrs Hunt & Clarke, Tavistock street, Covent-garden.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This letter was inserted in a copy of Procter's *Life of Lamb*, presentation copy from the author to Miss Charlotte Williams Wynn, a diarist and friend of Carlyle and other literary men. Inside the cover is a copy by Mrs. Procter of Carlyle's nice letter to Procter about the book.'

Dr. John Dee (1527-1608), astrologer and mathematician. Clarke was preparing a series of autobiographies, to be published by his firm, Hunt & Clarke.

Lamb is no doubt speaking of the procedure at the British Museum.

'Housekeeper'=householder. Quite a proper term apparently, only nowadays it has been reserved for a woman who keeps house, instead of for a man who owns it.

Early in 1827 the *Every-Day Book* in two volumes was published, the second



## LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

Jan.

volume dedicated to the Earl of Darlington, and the first to Lamb, in the following terms:

*Dedication.*

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

DEAR L—

Your letter to me, within the first two months from the commencement of the present work, approving my notice of St. Chad's Well, and your afterwards daring to publish me your 'friend,' with your 'proper name' annexed, I shall never forget. Nor can I forget your and Miss Lamb's sympathy and kindness when glooms outmastered me; and that your pen spontaneously sparkled in the book, when my mind was in clouds and darkness. These 'trifles,' as each of you would call them, are benefits scored upon my heart; and

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME,  
TO YOU AND MISS LAMB,  
WITH AFFECTIONATE RESPECT,

W. HONE.

May 5, 1826.

I place here a note to Hone of which I have only a fragment. It obviously refers to Hone's intended History of Parody, a notice of which had been sent to Lamb. After saying that he will be a subscriber, he continues:]

## 640. TO WILLIAM HONE

One of the happiest I know is Leigh Hunt's turning Southey's line, where he enumerates the honours of Laureateship:

The wreath  
Which Dryden and diviner Spencer wore;  
into

Which Dryden and obscener Cibber wore.

I think it is transcendent, Dryden is such a happy point, mid link between brute and angel; he is fairly let down between two stools.

## 641. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

Colebrooke Row, Islington,  
Saturday, 20th Jan., 1827.

DEAR ROBINSON,

I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor Norris has been lying dying for now almost a week, such is the

penalty we pay for having enjoyed a strong constitution! Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife and two daughters, and poor deaf Richard, his son, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. Norris. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time I hope it is all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Those are the friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me: To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. He was the last link that bound me to the Temple. You are but of yesterday. In him seem to have died the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Letters he knew nothing of, nor did his reading extend beyond the pages of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Yet there was a pride of literature about him from being amongst books (he was librarian), and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him very diverting airs of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that—'in those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling;' and seemed to console himself in the reflection! His jokes, for he had his jokes, are now ended, but they were old trusty perennials, staple, hearty, that pleased after *decies repetita*, and were always as good as new. One song he had, which was reserved for the night of Christmas-day, which we always spent in the Temple. It was an old thing, and spoke of the flat bottoms of our foes and the possibility of their coming over in darkness, and alluded to threats of an invasion many years blown over; and when he came to the part

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,  
In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette!

his eyes would sparkle as with the freshness of an impending event. And what is the 'Brussels Gazette' now? I cry while I

enumerate these trifles. 'How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear?' His poor good girls will now have to receive their afflicted mother in an unsuccessful home in an obscure village in Herts, where they have been long struggling to make a school without effect; and poor deaf Richard—and the more helpless for being so—is thrown on the wide world. They are almost provisionless. Some insurance there was, but I think not exceeding £600.

My first motive in writing, and, indeed, in calling on you, was to ask if you were enough acquainted with any of the Benchers, to lay a plain statement before them of the circumstances of the family. I almost fear not, for you are of another Hall. But if you can oblige me and my poor friend, who is now insensible to any favours, pray exert yourself. You cannot say too much good of poor Norris and his poor wife.

Yours ever,

CHAS. LAMB.

[This letter (from the original given by Robinson to Dawson Turner), describing the death of Randal Norris, Sub-Treasurer and Librarian of the Inner Temple, was printed with only very slight alterations in Hone's *Table Book*, 1827, and again in the *Last Essays of Elia*, 1833, under the title 'A Death-Bed.' It was, however, taken out of the second edition, and 'Confessions of a Drunkard' substituted, in deference to the wishes of Norris's family. Mrs. Norris, as I have said, was a native of Widford, where she had known Mrs. Field, Lamb's grandmother. With her son Richard, who was deaf and peculiar, Mrs. Norris moved to Widford again, where the daughters, Miss Betsy and Miss Jane, had opened a school—Goddard House; which they retained until a legacy restored the family prosperity. Soon after that they both married, each a farmer named Tween, brothers.

Mrs. Coe, an old scholar at the Misses Norris's school in the twenties, gave me, in 1902, some reminiscences of those days, from which I quote a passage or so:

When he joined the Norrises' dinner-table he kept every one laughing. Mr. Richard sat at one end, and some of the school children would be there too. One day Mr. Lamb gave every one a fancy name all round the table, and made a verse on each. 'You are so-and-so,' he said, 'and you are so-and-so,' adding the rhyme. 'What's he saying? What are you laughing at?' Mr. Richard asked testily, for he was short-tempered. Miss Betsy explained the joke to him, and Mr. Lamb, coming to his turn, said—only he said it in verse—'Now, Dick, it's your turn. I shall call you Gruborum; because all you think of is your food and your stomach.' Mr. Richard pushed back his chair in a rage and stamped out of the room. 'Now I've done it,' said Mr. Lamb: 'I must go and make friends with my old chum. Give me a large plate of pudding to take to him.' When he came back he said, 'It's all right. I thought the pudding would do it.' Mr. Lamb and Mr. Richard

never got on very well, and Mr. Richard didn't like his teasing ways at all; but Mr. Lamb often went for long walks with him, because no one else would. He did many kind things like that.

There used to be a half-holiday when Mr. Lamb came, partly because he would force his way into the schoolroom and make seriousness impossible. His head would suddenly appear at the door in the midst of lessons, with 'Well, Betsy! How do, Jane?' 'Oh, Mr. Lamb!' they would say, and that was the end of work for that day. He was really rather naughty with the children. One of his tricks was to teach them a new kind of catechism [Mrs. Coe does not remember it, but we may rest assured, I fear, that it was secular], and he made a great fuss with Lizzie Hunt for her skill in saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, which he had taught her.

In my book, *At the Shrine of St. Charles*, 1934, will be found Matilda Betham's miniature of Randal Norris and many particulars about his family.

'We'll still make 'em run. . . .' Garrick's *Hearts of Oak*, sung in *Harlequin's Invasion*.

'How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear?' A quotation from Lamb himself in the lines *Written soon after the Preceding Poem*, in 1798.

The letter that follows was the cover of the preceding letter.]

#### 642. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR R.,

[No date: 20th January 1827.]

N. is dead. I have writ as nearly as I could to look like a letter meant for *your eye only*. Will it do?

Could you distantly hint (do as your own judgment suggests) that if his son could be got in as Clerk to the new Subtreasurer, it would be all his father wish'd? But I leave that to you. I don't want to put you upon anything disagreeable.

Yours thankfully

C. L.

[The following letters, 643-5, all refer to a fund for Randal Norris's widow.]

#### 643. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DR. R.,

[Late January 1827.]

I want to hear whether you have seen Gurney. Was my letter proper, or can I pen a better? I am at the funeral on Saturday: write to me, before that day, or have a letter for me when I shall

call upon you on that morning. It is not weather to ask a dog up here, else I'd say Come.

C LAMB.

Mr. Burney suggests, that *Scarlet* would be much more likely to interest himself on such a representation. Know you ought of him?

[Gurney was John Gurney, afterwards knighted, the counsel and judge. *Scarlet* would be Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Baron Abinger, who was then Attorney-General. Both were Benchers of the Inner Temple.]

644. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[Dated by H. C. R. : 29th January 1827.]

DEAR ROBINSON,

If you have not seen Mr. Gurney, leave him quite alone for the present. I have seen Mr. Jekyll, who is as friendly as heart can desire, he entirely approves of my formula of petition, and gave your very reasons for the propriety of the 'little village of Hert<sup>shire</sup>.' Now, Mr. G. might not approve of it, and then we should clash. Also, Mr. J. wishes it to be presented next week, and Mr. G. might fix earlier, which would be awkward. Mr. J. was so civil to me, that I *think it would be better NOT for you to show him that letter you intended.* Nothing can increase his zeal in the cause of poor Mr. Norris. Mr. Gardiner will see you with this, and learn from you all about it, & consult, if you have seen Mr. G. & he has fixed a time, how to put it off. Mr. J. is most friendly to the boy: I think you had better not tease the Treasurer any more about *him*, as it may make him less friendly to the Petition

Yours Ever

C. L.

[Writing to Dorothy Wordsworth on 13th February 1827, Robinson says: 'The Lambs are well. I have been so busy that I have not lately seen them. Charles has been occupied about the affair of the widow of his old friend Norris, whose death he has felt. But the health of both is good.'

Jekyll was Joseph Jekyll, the wit, mentioned by Lamb in his essay on 'The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.' He was a friend of George Dyer.]

## 645. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR R.,

[Dated by H. C. R.: *January 1827.*]

Do not say any thing to Mr. G. about the day or Petition, for Mr. Jekyll wishes it to be next week, and thoroughly approves of my formula, and Mr. G. might not, and then they will clash. Only speak to him of Gardner's wish to have the Lad. Mr. Jekyll was excessive friendly.

C. L.

[A note from Lamb to Crabb Robinson exists, which bears upon the Norris affairs, and runs thus:]

Very kindly received by Mr. Gurney, who said 'I am willing to receive these securities from Mrs. Norris.'

C L

[An annuity of £80 was settled by the Inn on Mrs. Norris.]

## 646. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

*Jan. 25, 1827.*

I cannot forbear thanking you for your kind interference with Taylor, whom I do not expect to see in haste at Islington.

It is hardly weather to ask a dog up here, but I need hardly say how happy we shall be to see you. I cannot be out of evenings till John Frost be routed. We came home from Newman St. the other night late, and I was cramped all night.

Loves to Mrs. Allsop.

Yours truly,

C. L.

[I cannot explain the reference to Taylor. If it was John Taylor, the trouble with him, over the copyright of the *Elia* essays, did not begin till later.]

## 647. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*Feb. 2nd, 1827.*

I went to Highgate this day. I gave to S. T. C. your letter, which he immediately answered, and to which Mrs G. insisted upon adding her own. They seem to me *all* exceedingly to partake in your troubles. Pray get over your reluctance to paying him a visit, see and talk with him. Hear what he has to say,

connected closely with his own expectations, as to your desire. Something, I believe, is doing for him. But hear him himself, look him and your affairs in the face. Older men than you have surmounted worse difficulties. I should have written strait to you from Highgate, but we have had a source of troubles this last week or two, and yours added to it, have broke my spirits. I could hardly drag to and from Highgate. If you don't like to go, better appoint him *your*, *my* house, or any where, but meet him. I am sure there is great reason you should not shun him, for I found him thinking on your perplexities and wanting to see you.

Mary's and my best love to Mrs Allsop,

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

[An undated letter from Coleridge to Allsop printed on page 242 of *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge* by Thomas Allsop, 3rd edition, 1864, may have some reference to this, but it is not certain. It 'was written,' says Allsop, 'just after the utter, and as it then seemed, the hopeless ruin of my prospects.' And he adds that the Lambs were 'never wanting in that hour of need.' The top of Highgate Hill is not contiguous to Islington; and we thus have further proof of Lamb's readiness for his friends.

'And I have,' Allsop adds, 'a clear recollection of Miss Lamb's addressing me in a *tone* acting at once as a solace and support, and *after* as a stimulus, to which I owe more perhaps, than to the more extended *arguments* of all others. Believe me, my dear son, that in the hour of extreme affliction, of extreme misfortune, there is no solace like the sympathy of an affectionate and gentle woman. *Then*, their sympathy becomes to us strength, it blends with our own sense of sorrow, and we *feel*, rather than are convinced by any process of reason, that it is good.'

A further letter, undated, referring to Allsop's troubles may be placed here:]

#### 648. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

I will find out your Bijoux some day. At present, I am sorry to say, we have neither of us very good spirits; and I cannot look to any pleasant expeditions.

You speak of your trial as a known thing, but I am quite in the dark about it; but wish you a safe issue most heartily.

Our loves to Mrs. Allsop and children.

C. L.

[It is not now possible to explain the reference to 'Bijoux.']

## 649. TO WILLIAM HONE

[5th February 1827.]

For God's sake be more sparing of your poetry: your this week's Number has an excess of it.

In haste

C. L.

Mr. Hone, 22, Belvidere Place, near Suffolk Street, Borough.

## 650. TO EDWARD MOXON

Feb. 28th, 1827.

DEAR MOXON,

The hoods are with us; come to-night

C. LAMB.

[Hood and his wife, the sister of John Hamilton Reynolds, are not allowed a capital letter, a good instance of Lamb's freakish spelling.]

## 651. TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

[No date: ? 28th February (Ash Wednesday) 1827.]

DEAR RAFFAELE HAYDON,

Did the maid tell you I came to see your picture, not on Sunday but the day before? I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus-tamer very noble, his flesh too effeminate or painty. The skin of the female's back kneeling is much more carnous. I had small time to pick out praise or blame, for two lord-like Bucks came in, upon whose strictures my presence seemed to impose restraint: I plebeian'd off therefore.

I think I have hit on a subject for you, but can't swear it was never executed,—I never heard of its being,—'Chaucer beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.' Think of the old dresses, houses, &c. 'It seemeth that both these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffry Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.' *Chaucer's Life* by T. Speght, prefixed to the black letter folio of Chaucer, 1598.

Yours in haste (salt fish waiting),

C. LAMB.

[Haydon's picture was his 'Alexander taming Bucephalus.' The 'two Bucks,' he tells us in his *Diary*, were the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Agar Ellis.



Haydon did not take up the Chaucer subject. For his work to-day, which is almost as obsolete as John Martin's 'Belshazzar' and 'The Plains of Heaven,' one has to go far. It is true that 'Chairing the Candidate' is at the Tate, but not always on view; and his 'Curtius leaping into the Gulf' is at Exeter, and his 'Christ's entry into Jerusalem' is in America. It is by the vividness of his *Autobiography* that Haydon lives and will live.

'Plebeian'd.' The verb, which is not recorded in the Oxford Dictionary, is coined by Lamb with Elizabethan freedom. So Shakespeare writes of the wind: 'If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea.'—*Othello*, II. i. 7.

'Salt fish.' I have deduced Ash Wednesday from this phrase, but the subsequent Good Friday in April may be the right date.]

## 652. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

[No date: *Early 1827.*]

A gentleman I never saw before brought me your welcome present—imagine a scraping, fiddling, fidgetting, petit-maitre of a dancing school advancing into my plain parlour with a toupee and a sideling bow, and presenting the book as if he had been handing a glass of lemonade to a young miss—imagine this, and contrast it with the serious nature of the book presented! Then task your imagination, reversing this picture, to conceive of quite an opposite messenger, a lean, straitlocked, wheyfaced methodist, for such was he in reality who brought it, the Genius (it seems) of the Wesleyan Magazine. Certes, friend B., thy Widow's tale is too horrible, spite of the lenitives of Religion, to embody in verse, I hold prose to be the appropriate expositor of such atrocities! No offence, but it is a cordial that makes the heart sick. Still thy skill in compounding it I not deny. I turn to what gave me less mingled pleasure. I find markd with pencil these pages in thy pretty book, and fear I have been penurious.

page 52, 53 capital.

„ 59 6th stanza exquisite simile.

„ 61 11th stanza equally good.

„ 108 3d stanza, I long to see van Balen.

„ 111 a downright good sonnet. *Dixi.*

„ 153 Lines at the bottom.

So you see, I read, hear, and *mark*, if I don't learn—In short this little volume is no discredit to any of your former, and betrays

none of the Senility you fear about. Apropos of Van Balen, an artist who painted me lately had painted a Blackamoor praying, and not filling his canvas, stuff'd in his little girl aside of Blacky, gaping at him unmeaningly; and then didn't know what to call it. Now for a picture to be promoted to the Exhibition (Suffolk Street) as HISTORICAL, a subject is requisite. What does me? I but christen it the 'Young Catechist' and furbishd it with Dialogue following, which dubb'd it an Historical Painting. Nothing to a friend at need.

While this tawny Ethiop prayeth,  
Painter, who is She that stayeth  
By, with skin of whitest lustre;  
Sunny locks, a shining cluster;  
Saintlike seeming to direct him  
To the Power that must protect him?  
Is she of the heav'nborn Three,  
Meek Hope, strong Faith, sweet Charity?  
Or some Cherub?

They you mention  
Far transcend my weak invention.  
'Tis a simple Christian child,  
Missionary young and mild,  
From her store of script'ral knowledge  
(Bible-taught without a college)  
Which by reading she could gather,  
Teaches him to say OUR FATHER  
To the common Parent, who  
Colour not respects nor hue.  
White and Black in him have part,  
Who looks not to the skin, but heart.—

When I'd done it, the Artist (who had clapt in Miss merely as a fill-space) swore I exprest his full meaning, and the damosel bridled up into a Missionary's vanity. I like verses to explain Pictures: seldom Pictures to illustrate Poems. Your wood cut is a rueful Lignum Mortis. By the by, is the widow likely to marry again?

I am giving the fruit of my Old Play reading at the Museum to Hone, who sets forth a Portion weekly in the Table Book. Do you see it? How is Mitford?—

I'll just hint that the Pitcher, the Cord and the Bowl are a little too often repeated (*passim*) in your Book, and that on page 17 last line but 4 *him* is put for *he*, but the poor widow I take it had small leisure for grammatical niceties. Don't you see there's *He*, *myself*, and *him*; why not both *him*? likewise *imperviously* is cruelly spelt *imperiously*. These are trifles, and I honestly like your [book,] and you for giving it, tho' I really am ashamed of so many presents.

I can think of no news, therefore I will end with mine and Mary's kindest remem<sup>s</sup>. to you and yours. C. L.

[Barton's new volume was *A Widow's Tale and Other Poems*, 1827. The title poem tells how a missionary and his wife were wrecked, and how after three nights and days of horror she was saved. The woodcut on the title-page of Barton's book represented the widow supporting her dead or dying husband in the midst of the storm.

This is the 'exquisite simile' on page 59, from *A Grandsire's Tale*:

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad,  
 Yet those who knew her better, best could tell  
 How calmly happy, and how meekly glad  
 Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell:  
 Like to the waters of some crystal well,  
 In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen,  
 Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell  
 Glimpses of light more glorious and serene  
 Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her mien.

This was the 'downright good sonnet':

#### TO A GRANDMOTHER

'Old age is dark and unlovely.'—OSSIAN.

O say not so! A bright old age is thine;  
 Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,  
 Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;  
 Because to thee is given, in strength's decline,  
 A heart that does not thanklessly repine  
 At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,  
 Yet all He sends with gratitude receives;—  
 May such a quiet, thankful close be mine.  
 And hence thy fire-side chair appears to me  
 A peaceful throne—which thou wert form'd to fill;  
 Thy children—ministers, who do thy will;  
 And those grand-children, sporting round thy knee,  
 Thy little subjects, looking up to thee,  
 As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

And these are the lines at the foot of page 153, in a poem addressed to a child seven years old:

There is a holy, blest companionship  
 In the sweet intercourse thus held with those  
 Whose tear and smile are guileless; from whose lip  
 The simple dictate of the heart yet flows;—  
 Though even in the yet unfolded rose  
 The worm may lurk, and sin blight blooming youth,  
 The light born with us long so brightly glows,  
 That childhood's first deceits seem almost truth,  
 To life's cold after lie, selfish, and void of ruth.

Van Balen was the painter of the picture of the 'Madonna and Child,' which Mrs. FitzGerald (Edward FitzGerald's mother) had given to Barton and for which he expressed his thanks in a poem.

The artist who painted Lamb was Henry Meyer (1782?-1847). The portrait, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1826, is preserved at the India Office. Meyer engraved 'The Young Catechist,' with Lamb's verses attached. In 1910 I saw the original in a picture shop in the Charing Cross Road. Meyer's studio, in Red Lion Square, has gone, absorbed in a new church.]

### 653. TO WILLIAM HONE

[20th March 1827.]

Damnable *erratum* (can't you notice it?) in the last line but two of the last *Extract* in No. 9, *Garrick Plays*—

Blushing forth golden hair and glorious red:

A sun-bright line spoil'd.

67. *Blush* for *Blushing*.

N.B.—The general Number was excellent. Also a few lines higher—

Restrain'd Liberty attain'd is sweet  
 should have a full stop. 'Tis the end of the old man's speech.  
 These little blemishes kill such delicate things; prose feeds on  
 grosser punctualities. You have now three Numbers in hand;  
 one I sent you yesterday. Of course I send no more till Sunday  
 week.

P.S.—Omitted above, Dear Hone.

C. L.

[Hone pointed out the mistakes, in the *Table Book*, columns 386-7, adding: 'Will the reader be pleased to make the above corrections with a pen, and allow the fact of illness in excuse for editorial mischance.']

## LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

March

654. TO MRS. SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD

March 25, 1827.

DEAR MADAM,

I enclose your excellent Recipe, which I am ashamed of having kept so long, & have the satisfaction of informing you, that I have found it a complete remedy for all my aches & pains. With kind respects to Mr Arnold, I remain

Your obliged friend &amp; servt

C LAMB

Islington

[The enclosed recipe follows:

## AN OMELETTE SOUFFLÉE

Separate the whites from the yolks of six eggs. Chop the half of the (r)ind of a lemon very fine and add it, with four spoonfuls (o)f white powdered sugar, to the yolks. Just in time to serve it to table, whip up the whites of the eggs as you do for biscuits: then mix them with the yolks. Put a quarter of a pound of butter into the frying-pan upon a hot fire: as soon as the butter is melted, add the eggs and stir up the omelette so that the bottom may come uppermost.

When the omelette has soaked up all the butter, turn it off into a buttered dish which put on a very hot stove. Stew it well with with (*sic*) powdered sugar, and hold over it a very hot salamander. Being careful not to brown it too much.

If you have Orange Flower Water, or any other flavour, you may add a little.]

655. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[No date: April 1827.]

Never come to our house and not come in. I was quite vex'd.

Yours truly,

C. L.

There is in Blackwood this month an article MOST AFFECTING indeed called Le Revenant, and would do more towards abolishing Capital Punishments than 400000 Romillies or Montagues. I beg you read it and see if you can extract any of it. *The Trial scene in particular.*

[Written on the fourteenth instalment of the Garrick Play extracts. The article was in *Blackwood* for April 1827. Hone took Lamb's advice, and the extract from it will be found in the *Table Book*, vol. i, col. 455.

Lamb was peculiarly interested in the subject of survival after hanging. He wrote an early *Reflector* essay, 'On the Inconveniences of Being Hanged,' on the subject, and it is the pivot of his farce *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*.

'Romillies or Montagues.' Two prominent advocates for the abolition of capital punishment were Sir Samuel Romilly (who died in 1818), and Basil Montagu.]

## 656. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR SIR,

[April 1827.]

I conjure you, in the name of all the Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom you honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you, rescue this old and passionate *Ditty*—the very flower of an old, *forgotten Pastoral*, which, had it been in all parts equal, the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of Writing—rescue it from the profane hands of every common Composer; and in one of your tranquildest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts which sometimes unworthily beset you; yet a mood, in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy; laying by, for once, the lofty Organ, with which you shake the Temples; attune, as to the Pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and love-according instrument, this pretty Courtship between Paris and his (then-not-as-yet-forsaken) *Cenone*. Oblige me; and all more knowing Judges of Music and of Poesy; by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants to be the rarest Love Dialogue in our language.

Your Implore

C. L.

Esteemed friend, and excellent musician, V.N., esq.

[This letter was printed in the *Table Book*, and as there is no longer in print any edition of Lamb's *Dramatic Extracts* or *Garrick Plays*, where it rightly belongs, I include it among the informal correspondence.

The verses which Lamb wished Novello to set ran thus, from *The Arraignment of Paris*, a Dramatic Pastoral, by George Peele, 1584:

PARIS. *CENONE*

*Paris*. Nay, what thou wilt; but since my cunning not compares with thine,  
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

*Cenone*. There is a pretty Sonnet then, we call it *Cupid's Curse* :

'They that do change old love for new, pray Gods they change for worse.'

(They sing.)

*Cenone*. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,  
As fair as any may be,  
The fairest shepherd on our green,  
A Love for any Lady.

# LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

April

*Paris.* Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,  
As fair as any may be,  
Thy love is fair for thee alone,  
And for no other Lady.

*Enone.* My love is fair, my Love is gay,  
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,  
And of my Love my roundelay,  
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,  
Concludes with Cupid's Curse:  
They that do change old love for new,  
Pray Gods they change for worse.

*Both.* Fair, and fair, etc. (*repeated.*)

*Enone.* My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,  
My Love can many a pretty thing,  
And of his lovely praises ring  
My merry, merry, merry roundelays:  
Amen to Cupid's Curse:  
They that do change old love for new,  
Pray Gods they change for worse.

*Both.* Fair, and fair, etc. (*repeated.*)]

## 657. TO FANNY KELLY

*Saturday,*  
*April 7th, 1827.*

DEAR MISS KELLY,

We regret your not being able to come to-morrow, and shall be thankful for the smallest donation of a visit you can spare. Can you name an evening next week towards the end (not Wednesday) in which we may hope you will accompany General and Mrs. Pye, with Mr. Arnold (we hope) to Islington. Pray fix with them if you can, and assure the General, and Mrs. Pye, that it is not from want of respect to them that I leave it to *you* to name an evening, without a formal letter to them first, but simply because we know your many engagements.

Forward this to them with our best respects *and more.*

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Dash barks his compliments to Bluff, and congratulates his return.

[Lamb's friend, Samuel James Arnold, married a Miss Pye, daughter of the late Poet Laureate, Henry James Pye.

This letter contains the first reference to Dash, which had been Hood's dog, but became Lamb's, and now and then was temporarily in the charge of his friends. In P. G. Patmore's reminiscences of Lamb he describes very amusingly this tyrannical creature.]

## 658. TO THOMAS HOOD

Enf<sup>d</sup>.

Spring 1827.

MY DEAR HOOD,

Miss Kelly is with us for this week and *perhaps* the next; Mrs. Bryan joins her here on Sunday—next week we have a dinner party for Cary &c—and expect some of Emma's parting friends down to see her. Emma goes the week after, which will be full of business & the misery of unsettledness. I don't know what to say, but I feel as if it would be more charity for Mrs. Hood & you to come & comfort us after her going, which is on Thursday the 17th. She will break her heart not to see you, for never were people so belov'd as you both by Emma. We are jealous of you—but seriously the prospect of so much inmateship in my poor state of brain frights me from asking you before—

Don't imagine—but you are not imaginative that way—I am coldly putting you off, but I have lived so long alone, that more than one or two persons here together at this unhinging time of Emma's going would make me ill.

I am recovering from the house but am sadly shattered—It gives me pleasure to see by your letter your improvement—Do tell me that neither Mrs. H. nor you, our almost OLD Friends, are angry with me.

C L

[In this connection I may quote a passage from *Pen and Pencil*, 1858, a book of an American visitor to England, Mary Balmanno, who, somewhere about this time, met the Lambs and Miss Kelly at Hood's:

. . . Mr. Lamb was in high spirits, sauntering about the room, with his hands crossed behind his back, conversing by fits and starts with those most familiarly known to him, but evidently mentally acknowledging Miss Kelly to be the *rara avis* of his thoughts, by the great attention he paid to every word she uttered. Truly pleasant it must have been to her, even though accustomed to see people listen breathless with admiration while she spoke, to find her words have so much charm for such a man as Charles Lamb.]



659. TO WILLIAM UPCOTT

[Dated at end: 10th April 1827.]

Charles Lamb born in the Inner Temple 10 Feb. 1775, educated in Christ's Hospital, afterwards a Clerk in the Accountant's Office East India House, pensioned off from that service 1825 after 33 years' service, is now a Gentleman at large, can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste suâ manu*); below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set & edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness; a small eater but not drinker, confesses a partiality for the product of the Juniper Berry; was a fierce smoker of Tobacco but may be resembled to a Volcano burnt out, emitting only now & then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the Public a Tale in Prose called ROSAMUND GRAY, a Dramatic Sketch named JOHN WOODVIL, a Farewell Ode To Tobacco, with sundry other Poems & light prose matter, collected in Two slight crown Octavos, & pompously Christened his Works, tho' in fact they were his Recreations, & his true works may be found on the Shelves of Leaden Hall Street, filling some hundred Folios. He is also the true ELIA, whose Essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the Public attention to the Old English Dramatists in a work called Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the time of Shakspeare, published about 15 years since. In short all his merits & demerits to set forth would take to the End of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly. He died<sup>1</sup>  
 18 much lamented<sup>1</sup>

Witness his Hand.

To Any Body

CHARLES LAMB,

10th Apr 1827

<sup>1</sup> Please to fill up these blanks.

[William Upcott (1779-1845) was an antiquary, autograph collector, and librarian of the London Institution. He amassed altogether thirty-two thousand letters, of which this is one.

I append here, although out of its right place, a letter to Moxon because it contains a second autobiographical sketch.]

## 660. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 23rd February 1825.]

Were my own feelings consulted I should print it verbatim, but I won't hoax you, else I love a Lye. My biography, parentage, place of birth, is a strange mistake, part founded on some nonsense I wrote about Elia, and was true of him, the real Elia, whose name I took.

C. L. was born in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple in 1775. Admitted into Christs Hospital, 1782, where he was contemporary with T. F. M. [Thomas Fanshawe Middleton], afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and with S. T. C. with the last of these two eminent scholars he has enjoyed an intimacy through life. On quitting this foundation he became a junior clerk in the South Sea House under his Elder Brother who died accountant there, some years since. Mr. L. was removed from thence to a situation in the Accountant's Office, East India House in 1792, where he remained till 1825. We believe that from ill health he at present enjoys a Pension from that munificent Compy. I am not the author of the Opium Eater, etc. Omit last paragraph.

In great haste, pray communicate this to Mr. Drew with my compliments and apologies. Let us see you and Brother if staying, on Sunday and believe me ever yours.

C. L.

[I have not succeeded in finding the article in question.]

## 661. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: April 1827.]

DEAREST HOOD,

Your news has spoil'd us a merry meeting. Miss Kelly and we were coming, but your letter elicited a flood of tears from Mary, and I saw she was not fit for a party. God bless you and

the mother (or should be mother) of your sweet girl that should have been. I have won sexpence of Moxon by the *sex* of the dear gone one.

Yours most truly and hers, [C. L.]

[It was upon this occasion that Lamb wrote the beautiful lines *On an Infant Dying as soon as Born*. See my edition of the *Works*.]

## 662. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY,

[Dated at end: 12th April 1827.]

My sister has been so much affected this morning with a Letter from Hood, saying that Mrs. Hood after intense suffering for two days, almost to the despair of her life, has lost her first little Baby, that I think it best to put off the expected pleasure of our little party for a short time. Believe us both

most sincerely yours

Islington

C. LAMB

12 Ap 27

I have written to the General.

## 663. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.

[No postmark or date: 1827.]

The *Busy Bee*, as Hood after Dr. Watts apostrophises thee, and well dost thou deserve it for thy labors in the Muses' gardens, wandering over parterres of Think-on-me's and Forget-me-nots, to a total impossibility of forgetting thee,—thy letter was acceptable, thy scruples may be dismissed, thou art Rectus in Curiâ, not a word more to be said, Verbum Sapienti and so forth, the matter is decided with a white stone, Classically, mark me, and the apparitions vanishd which haunted me, only the Cramp, Caliban's distemper, clawing me in the calvish part of my nature, makes me ever and anon roar Bullishly, squeak cowardishly, and limp cripple-ishly. Do I write quakerly and simply, tis my most Master Mathew's like intention to do it. See Ben Jonson.—I think you told me your acquaintance with the Drama was confin'd to Shakspeare and Miss Bailly: some read only Milton and Croly. The gap is as from an ananas to a Turnip. I have

fighting in my head the plots characters situations and sentiments of 400 old Plays (bran new to me) which I have been digesting at the Museum, and my appetite sharpens to twice as many more, which I mean to course over this winter. I can scarce avoid Dialogue fashion in this letter. I soliloquise my meditations, and habitually speak dramatic blank verse without meaning it. Do you see Mitford? he will tell you something of my labors. Tell him I am sorry to have mist seeing him, to have talk'd over those OLD TREASURES. I am still more sorry for his missing Pots. But I shall be sure of the earliest intelligence of the Lost Tribes. His Sacred Specimens are a thankful addition to my shelves. Marry, I could wish he had been more careful of corrigenda. I have discover'd certain which have slipt his Errata. I put 'em in the next page, as perhaps thou canst transmit them to him. For what purpose, but to grieve him (which yet I should be sorry to do), but then it shews my learning, and the excuse is complimentary, as it implies their correction in a future Edition. His own things in the book are magnificent, and as an old Christ's Hospitaller I was particularly refresh'd with his eulogy on our Edward. Many of the choice excerpta were new to me. Old Christmas is a coming, to the confusion of Puritans, Mugglestonians, Anabaptists, Quakers, and that Unwassailing Crew. He cometh not with his wonted gait, he is shrunk 9 inches in the girth, but is yet a Lusty fellow. Hood's book is mighty clever, and went off 600 copies the 1st day. Sion's Songs do not disperse so quickly. The next leaf is for Rev<sup>d</sup> J. M. In this ADIEU thine briefly in a tall friendship C. LAMB.

[Barton's letter, to which this is an answer, not being preserved, we do not know what his scruples were. B. B. was a great contributor to annuals.

'With a white stone.' In trials at law a white stone was cast as a vote for acquittal, a black stone for condemnation (see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xv. 41).

'Master Mathew.' In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*.

'Miss Bailly.' Joanna Baillie (1762-1851), the poet and dramatist.

'Croly.' The Rev. George Croly (1780-1860), of the *Literary Gazette*, author of *The Angel of the World* and other pretentious poems.

'Mitford's Sacred Specimens.' *Sacred Specimens Selected from the Early English Poets*, 1827. The last poem, by Mitford himself, was *Lines Written under the Portrait of Edward VI*. Edward VI was the founder of Christ's Hospital.

'Hood's book.' *Whims and Oddities*, second series, 1827.

'The next leaf.' Probably the letter on page 62.]

## 664. TO CHARLES OLLIER

[P.M. 16th May 1827.]

DEAR OLLIER,

I think your title 'Angels' Visits' will do, or perhaps 'Angels Ministrant' is better; chuse either, or 'Angel Help' still better—with an asterisk after referring to some such note as this.

\* Suggested by a Picture in the possession of Charles Aders Esq. Euston Square, in which is represented the Legend of a poor Female Saint, who having spun past midnight to maintain a bed-ridden mother, is fallen asleep from fatigue, and Angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an Angel is tending a Lily, the emblem of her purity.

Rock & spindle,—I think is correct. They are instruments in spinning. But if not, wheel and distaff might do, but the first sounds best—

I want to ask your assistance relative to Emma Isola, whom you saw at our house, and I believe were pleased with her appearance. She is an Orphan. Her father was a highly respectable man, Esquire Bedel at Cambridge. Her grandfather was an Italian & taught Italian at Cambridge, where his memory is almost venerated. G Dyer knew him & estimated him highly. We want a situation as Governess for her in a private family, where there are young Ladies, not older we will say than twelve. She is nineteen, her French (you know I am no critic there) is I believe very good; she can teach drawing & music to the extent requisite for children at or below the age I mention, & knows a little of Italian. Above all I can testify to this, that she is a most excellent *English Reader*; I know no young woman who comes up to her in that respect, which to some families I think would be a recommendation. We have taken great pains with her, and have exercised her for six hours a day in reading out of the *Paradise Lost*, & the very hardest sort of Books, and have the vanity to think the time not thrown away. She has spent all her holydays with us for these last six years, during which time she has been apprenticed to a very good school at Dulwich.

She is a very good, attentive, docile young person, and I have never seen her out of temper, or otherwise than most proper in her behaviour. Should it lie in your way to hear of a situation,

we shall be most beholden to you for thinking on her. I think she would be an acquisition to any family.

I am going to Coleridge at Highgate & conclude in haste

Yours ever

C. LAMB.

Colebrook Cottage, Islington, 16 May

Our kindest respects to Mrs.  
Ollier, & mine to Mr. Colburn.

[The poem, *Angel Help*, appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, June 1827. See my edition of the *Works*.]

# 665. TO WILLIAM HONE

[May 1827.]

SIR,

A correspondent in your last number rather hastily asserts that there is no other authority than Davenport's Tragedy for the poisoning of Matilda by King John. It oddly enough happens, that in the same number appears an extract from a play of Heywood's, of an older date, in two parts, in which play the fact of such poisoning, as well as her identity with Maid Marian, are equally established. Michael Drayton, also, hath a legend confirmatory (so far as poetical authority can go) of the violent manner of her death. But neither he nor Davenport confounds her with Robin's mistress. Besides the named authorities, old Fuller, I think, somewhere relates, as matter of chronicle-history, that old Fitzwater (he is called Fitzwater both in Heywood and in Davenport), being banished after his daughter's murder,—some years subsequently, King John, at a tournament in France, being delighted with the valiant bearing of a combatant in the lists, and enquiring his name, was told it was his old servant, the banished Fitzwater, who desired nothing more heartily than to be reconciled to his liege; and an affecting reconciliation followed. In the common collection, called 'Robin Hood's Garland' (I have not seen Ritson's), no mention is made, if I remember, of the nobility of Marian. Is she not the daughter of old Squire Gamwell, of Gamwell Hall? Sorry that I cannot gratify the curiosity of your 'disembodied spirit' (who, as such is, methinks,

## LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

May

sufficiently 'veiled' from our notice) with more authentic testimonies, I rest,

Your humble Abstractor,

C. L.

[The play by Davenport, *King John and Matilda*, 1655, and two of Munday's, on *The Downfall* and *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, which Lamb ascribes to Heywood, are not now regarded as establishing any early or real connection between the two heroines. Munday makes the 'chaste Matilda,' afterwards Maid Marian, Lord Fitzwater's daughter.

Maid Marian does not appear in the earliest ballads of Robin Hood, and later is only a bare name, according to Professor Child. Ritson says that the earliest notice of her occurs in Barclay's fourth *Eclogue*, not long after 1500, and modern research has given her a French origin. The figure of Fitzwater is also unknown to the early ballads, and variously developed later.

Lamb's extract from Davenport led to a long letter to the *Table Book* signed 'The Veiled Spirit.']

## 666. TO BERNARD BARTON

Islington, May 21, 1827.

DEAR B. B.,

Send me word immediately *what coach* I can send you a little parcel by; where it goes from, &c. You remember stopping with your daughter at a little picture Shop in Islington, with half a mind to buy a poorish Landscape? I have since discovered at the same shop the Picture which you was in quest of. Write immediately. A. K. will like it, I know, because it signifies instruction. When you receive it, I shall be at Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield, near London: to which please acknowledge receipt thereof.

Yours (at the edge of post-time)

C. LAMB.

[This letter accompanied the gift of a picture of a little boy refusing to be read to by his Quaker mother. See Letter 671, 11th June 1827.]

## 667. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR O.

[P.M. 21st May 1827.]

Mrs. Bedingfield the Nov proposed asking you to tea tomorrow. We go at six, and have engaged to go after (say 8 or  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8) to sup at Hood's, bringing you, if you are at M[r]s. B's.

Yours C L

Monday

## 668. TO PETER GEORGE PATMORE

Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield,

[No date: June 1827.]

DEAR PATMORE,

Excuse my anxiety—but how is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules, and was improving—but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing.) Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time—but that was in *Hyder-Ally's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than he! He'd be like a Fool kept in the family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance set to the mad howl. *Madge Owl-et* would be nothing to him. 'My, how he capers!' [In the margin is written:] One of the children speaks this.

[Three lines here are erased.] What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is—'Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice:'—which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.



If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast, that all is not right with him (Dash), muzzle him, and lead him in a string (common pack-thread will do; he don't care for twist) to Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly, at a Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield, where, if you come a-hunting, we can give you cold meat and a tankard. Her husband is a tailor; but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a jailor (which rhymes), but his wife was a fine lady.

Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. Patmore's regimen. I send my love in a — to Dash.

C. LAMB.

[*On the outside of the letter was written :*]

Seriously, I wish you would call upon Hood when you are that way. He's a capital fellow. I sent him a couple of poems—one ordered by his wife, and written to order; and 'tis a week since, and I've not heard from him. I fear something is the matter.

*Omitted within*

Our kindest remembrance to Mrs. P.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This letter should be dated June 1827. See *My Friends and Acquaintances*, vol. i, chapter 3, where P. G. P. gives his reply, and says they are going to France "for the summer" in about three weeks. Lamb's letter of 19th July shows that he had Dash back again when they went to France.'

One of the children who might be amused by the dog's mad ways was Coventry Patmore, afterwards the poet, then nearly four years old. I append Patmore's reply:

DEAR LAMB,

(Fulham).

Dash is very mad indeed. As I knew you would be shocked to hear it, I did not volunteer to trouble your peaceful retreat by the sad information, thinking it could do no good, either to you, to Dash, to us, or to the innocent creature that he has already bitten, or to those he may (please God) bite

hereafter. But when you ask it of me as a friend, I cannot withhold the truth from you. The poor little patient has resolutely refused to touch *water* (either hot or cold) ever since, and if we attempt to force it down her throat, she scratches, grins, fights, makes faces, and utters strange noises, showing every recognised symptom of being very mad indeed. . . .

As for your panacea (of shooting the bitten one), we utterly set our faces against it, not thinking death 'a happy release' under any given circumstances, and being specially averse to it under circumstances given by our own neglect.

By the bye, it has just occurred to me, that the fact of the poor little sufferer making a noise more like a cat's than a dog's, may possibly indicate that she is not quite so mad as we at first feared. Still there is no saying but the symptom may be one of aggravation. Indeed I shouldn't wonder if the 'faculty' preferred the *bark*, as that (under the queer name of *quinine*) has been getting very fashionable among them of late.

I wish you could have seen the poor little patient before we got rid of her, —how she scoured round the kitchen among the pots and pans, scampered about the garden, and clambered to the top of the highest trees. (No symptoms of *high-drophobia*, you will say, in that). . . .

By the bye again, I have entirely forgotten to tell you, that the injured innocent is not one of *our* children, but of the cat's; and this reminds me to tell you that, putting cats out of the question (to which, like some of his so-called 'betters,' Dash has evidently a 'natural antipathy'), he comports himself in all other respects as a sane and well-bred dog should do. In fact, his distemper, I am happy to tell you, is clearly not insanity, but only a temporary hallucination or monomania in regard (want of regard, you will say) to one particular species of his fellow-creatures—*videlicet*, cats. (For the delicate distinctions in these cases, see *Hazlem passim*; or pass him, if you prefer it). . . .

With respect to the second subject of your kind enquiries—the lady, and the success of her prescribed regimen—I will not say that she absolutely *barks* at the sight of water when proffered to her, but she shakes her head, and sighs piteously, which are bad symptoms. In sober seriousness, her watery regimen does not yet show any signs of doing her good, and we have now finally determined on going to France for the summer, and shall leave North End, with that purpose, in about three weeks.

I was going up to Colnbrook Cottage on the very Monday that you left; but (for a wonder) I took the precaution of calling on your ancient friend at the factory in my way, and learned that you had left. . . .

I hope you will not feel yourselves justified in remaining long at Enfield, for if you do, I shall certainly devise some means of getting down to see you, in which case I shall inevitably stay very late at night, and in all human probability shall be stopped and robbed in coming back; so that your sister, if not you, will see the propriety of your returning to town as soon as may be.

Talking of being stopped on the King's Highway, reminds me of Dash's

last exploit. He was out at near dusk, down the lane, a few nights ago, with his mistress (who is as fond of him as his master—please to be careful how you construe this last equivocally expressed phrase, and don't make the 'master' an accusative case), when Dash attacked a carpenter armed with a large saw—not Dash but the carpenter—and a 'wise saw' it turned out, for its teeth protected him from Dash's, and a battle royal ensued, worthy the Surrey theatre. Mrs. Patmore says that it was really frightful to see the saw, and the way in which it and Dash gnashed their teeth at each other. . . .

Ever yours

P. G. P.

'Hazlem.' Probably Dr. John Haslam (1764–1844), a writer on diseases of the brain.]

### 669. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[No date: *End of May 1827.*]

In the forthcoming 'New Monthly' are to be verses of mine on a Picture about Angels. Translate em to the Table-book. I am off for Enfield.

Yours,

C. L.

[Written on the back of one of the Garrick Extracts.]

### 670. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

[No date: *June 1827.*]

I should like this in your next book. We are at Enfield, where (when we have solituled awhile) we shall be glad to see you.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

[This was written on the back of the MS. of *Going or Gone*, a poem of reminiscences of Lamb's early Widford days, printed in Hone's *Table Book*, June 1827, signed 'Elia.'

As the text of the version in Lamb's *Album Verses* differs from the original, I quote the poem here in full, for its autobiographical interest:

#### GONE OR GOING

##### I

Fine merry franions,  
 Wanton companions,  
 My days are ev'n banyans  
     With thinking upon ye;  
 How Death, that last stringer,  
 Finis-writer, end-bringer,  
 Has laid his chill finger,  
     Or is laying, on ye.

## 2

There's rich Kitty Wheatley,  
 With footing it featly  
 That took me completely,  
     She sleeps in the Kirk-house;  
 And poor Polly Perkin,  
 Whose Dad was still ferking  
 The jolly ale firkin—  
     She's gone to the Work-house:

## 3

Fine gard'ner, Ben Carter  
 (In ten counties no smarter)  
 Has ta'en his departure  
     For Proserpine's orchards;  
 And Lily, postilion,  
 With cheeks of vermilion,  
 Is one of a million  
     That fills up the church-yards.

## 4

And, lusty as Dido,  
 Fat Clemitson's widow  
 Flits now a small shadow  
     By Stygian hid ford;  
 And good Master Clapton  
 Has thirty years nap't on  
 The ground he last hap't on;  
     Intomb'd by fair Widford;

## 5

And gallant Tom Docwra,  
 Of Nature's finest crockery,  
 Now but thin air and mockery,  
     Lurks by Avernus;  
 Whose honest grasp of hand,  
 Still, while his life did stand,  
 At friend's or foe's command,  
     Almost did burn us.

## 6

(Roger de Coverly  
 Not more good man than he),  
 Yet is he equally  
     Push'd for Cocytus,

With cuckoldy Worral,  
 And wicked old Dorrel,  
 'Gainst whom I've a quarrel—  
     His death might affright us!

## 7

Had he mended in right time,  
 He need not in night time,  
 (That black hour, and fright-time,)  
     Till sexton interr'd him,  
 Have groan'd in his coffin,  
 While demons stood scoffing—  
 You'd ha' thought him a coughing—  
     My own father<sup>1</sup> heard him!

## 8

Could gain so importune,  
 With occasion opportune,  
 That for a poor Fortune,  
     That should have been ours,<sup>2</sup>  
 In soul he should venture  
 To pierce the dim center,  
 Where will-forgers enter,  
     Amid the dark Powers?—

## 9

Kindly hearts I have known;  
 Kindly hearts, they are flown;  
 Here and there if but one  
     Linger, yet uneffaced,—  
 Imbecile, tottering elves,  
 Soon to be wreck'd on shelves,  
 These scarce are half themselves,  
     With age and care crazed.

## 10

But this day, Fanny Hutton  
 Her last dress has put on;  
 Her fine lessons forgotten,  
     She died, as the dunce died;  
 And prim Betsey Chambers,  
 Decay'd in her members,  
 No longer remembers,  
     Things, as she once did,

---

<sup>1</sup> Who sat up with him.—C. L.

<sup>2</sup> I have this fact from parental tradition only.—C. L.

## II

And prudent Miss Wither  
 Not in jest now doth *with*er,  
 And soon must go—whither  
     Nor I, well, nor you know;  
 And flaunting Miss Waller—  
*That* soon must befall her,  
 Which makes folks seem taller,—<sup>1</sup>  
     Though proud, once, as Juno!

ELIA.

To annotate this curious tale of old friendships, dating back, as I suppose, in some cases to Lamb's earliest memories, both of London and Hertfordshire, is a task that is probably beyond completion. The day is too distant. But a search in the Widford register and churchyard reveals a little information and oral tradition a little more.

Stanza 2. 'Rich Kitty Wheatley.' The Rev. Joseph Whately, vicar of Widford in the latter half of the eighteenth century, married Jane Plumer, sister of William Plumer, of Blakesware, the employer of Mrs. Field, Lamb's grandmother. Archbishop Whately was their son. Kitty Wheatley may have been a relative.

Stanza 2. 'Polly Perkin.' On 1st June 1770, according to the Widford register, Samuel Perkins married Mary Lanham. This may have been Polly.

Stanza 3. 'Carter,' 'Lily.' Mrs. Tween, a daughter of Randal Norris, Lamb's friend, and a resident in Widford, told Canon Ainger that Carter and Lily were servants at Blakesware. Lily had noticeably red cheeks. Lamb would have seen them often when he stayed there as a boy. In Cussan's *Hertfordshire* is an entertaining account of William Plumer's widow's adhesion to the old custom of taking the air. She rode out always—from Gilston, only a few miles from Widford and Blakesware—in the family chariot, with outriders and postilion (a successor to Lily), and so vast was the equipage that 'turn outs' had to be cut in the hedges (visible to this day), like sidings on a single-line railway, to permit others to pass. The Widford register gives John Lilley, died 18th October 1812, aged 85, and Johanna Lilley, died 1st January 1823, aged 90. It also gives Benjamin Carter's marriage, in 1781, but not his death.

Stanza 4. 'Clemmitson's widow.' Mrs. Tween told Canon Ainger that Clemmitson was the farmer of Blakesware farm. I do not find the name in the Widford register. An Elizabeth Clemenson is there.

Stanza 4. 'Good Master Clapton.' There are several Claptons in Widford churchyard. Thirty years from 1827, the date of the poem, takes us to 1797: the Clapton whose death occurred nearest that time is John Game Clapton, 5th May 1802.

Stanza 5. 'Tom Dockwra.' I cannot find definite information either concerning this Dockwra or the William Dockwray, of Ware, of whom Lamb

<sup>1</sup> Death lengthens people to the eye.—C. L.

wrote in his 'Table Talk' in the *Athenæum*, 1834 (see vol. i of my edition of the *Works*). There was, however, a Joseph Docwra, of Ware, a Quaker maltster; and the late Mrs. Coe, *née* Hunt, the daughter of the tenant of the water-mill at Widford in Lamb's day, where Lamb often spent a night, told me that a poor family named Docwra lived in the neighbourhood.

Stanza 6. 'Roger de Coverly.' At first blush this might be taken for another old companion of Lamb's youth; but in the *Table Book* version the meaning is clearer. Thus:

(Roger de Coverley  
Not more good man than he),

a parenthesis descriptive of Tom Dockwra.

Stanza 6. 'Worral,' 'Dorrell.' I find neither Worral nor Dorrell in the Widford archives, but Morrils and Morrells in plenty, and one Horrel. Lamb alludes to old Dorrell again in the *Elia* essay 'New Year's Eve,' where he is accused of swindling the family out of money. Particulars of his fraud have perished with him, but I have no doubt it is the same William Dorrell who witnessed John Lamb's will in 1761. In the *Table Book* this stanza ended thus:

With cuckoldy Worral,  
And wicked old Dorrel,  
'Gainst whom I've a quarrel—  
His end might affright us.

Stanzas 10 and 11. 'Fanny Hutton,' 'Betsey Chambers,' 'Miss Wither,' 'Miss Waller.' Fanny Hutton, Betsey Chambers, Miss Wither, and Miss Waller elude one altogether. Lamb's schoolmistress and pensioner, Mrs. Reynolds, was a Miss Chambers.]

#### 671. TO BERNARD BARTON

Enfield, and for some weeks to come,

June 11, 1827.

DEAR B. B.,

One word more of the picture verses, and that for good and all; pray, with a neat pen alter one line

His learning seems to lay small stress on

to

His learning lays no mighty stress on

to avoid the unseemly recurrence (ungrammatical also) of 'seems' in the next line, besides the nonsense of 'but' there, as it now stands. And I request you, as a personal favor to me, to erase the last line of all, which I should never have written from myself. The fact is, it was a silly joke of Hood's, who gave me the frame, (you judg'd rightly it was not its own) with the remark that you

would like it, because it was b—d b—d,—and I lugg'd it in: but I shall be quite hurt if it stands, because tho' you and yours have too good sense to object to it, I would not have a sentence of mine seen, that to any foolish ear might sound disrespectful to thee. Let it end at appalling; the joke is coarse and useless, and hurts the tone of the rest. Take your best 'ivory-handled' and scrape it forth.

Your specimen of what you might have written is hardly fair. Had it been a present to me, I should have taken a more sentimental tone; but of a trifle from me, it was my cue to speak in an underish tone of commendation. Prudent *givers* (what a word for such a nothing) disparage their gifts; tis an art we have. So you see you wouldnt have been so wrong, taking a higher tone. But enough of nothing.

By the bye I suspected M. of being the disparager of the frame; hence a *certain line*.

For the frame, tis as the room is, where it hangs. It hung up fronting my old cobwebby folios and batter'd furniture (the fruit piece has resum'd its place) and was much better than a spick and span one. But if your room be very neat and your *other pictures* bright with gilt, it should be so too. I can't judge, not having seen: but my dingy study it suited.

Martin's Belshazzar (the picture) I have seen. Its architectural effect is stupendous; but the human figures, the squalling contorted little antics that are playing at being frightend, like children at a sham ghost who half know it to be a mask, are detestable. Then the *letters* are nothing more than a transparency lighted up, such as a Lord might order to be lit up on a sudden at a Xmas Gambol, to scare the ladies. The *type* is as plain as Baskervil's—they should have been dim, full of mystery, letters to the mind rather than the eye.—Rembrandt has painted only Belshazzar and a courtier or two (taking a part of the banquet for the whole) not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then every thing is so distinct, to the very necklaces, and that foolish little prophet. What *one* point is there of interest? The ideal of such a subject is, that you the spectator should see nothing but what at the time you would have seen, the *band*—and the *King*—not to be at leisure to make taylor-remarks on the dresses, or Doctor Kitchener-like to examine the good things at table.



Just such a confusd piece is his Joshua, fritterd into 1000 fragments, little armies here, little armies there—you should see only the *Sun* and *Joshua*; if I remember, he has not left out that luminary entirely, but for Joshua, I was ten minutes a finding him out.

Still he is showy in all that is not the human figure or the preternatural interest: but the first are below a drawing school girl's attainment, and the last is a phantasmagoric trick, 'Now you shall see what you shall see, dare is Balshazar and dare is Daniel.' You have my thoughts of M. and so adieu

C. LAMB.

[Lamb had sent Barton the picture referred to in an earlier letter. Later he had sent the following lines:

When last you left your Woodbridge pretty,  
To stare at sights, and see the City,  
If I your meaning understood,  
You wish'd a Picture, cheap, but good;  
The colouring? decent; clear, not muddy;  
To suit a Poet's quiet study,  
Where Books and Prints for delectation  
Hang, rather than vain ostentation.  
The subject? what I pleased, if comely;  
But something scriptural and homely:  
A sober Piece, not gay or wanton,  
For winter fire-sides to descant on;  
The theme so scrupulously handled,  
A Quaker might look on unscandal'd;  
Such as might satisfy Ann Knight,  
And classic Mitford just not fright.  
Just such a one I've found, and send it;  
If liked, I give—if not, but lend it.  
The moral? nothing can be sounder.  
The fable? 'tis its own expounder—  
A Mother teaching to her Chit  
Some good book, and explaining it.  
He, silly urchin, tired of lesson,  
His learning seems to lay small stress on,  
But seems to hear not what he hears;  
Thrusting his fingers in his ears,  
Like Obstinate, that perverse funny one,  
In honest parable of Bunyan.  
His working Sister, more sedate,  
Listens; but in a kind of state,

The painter meant for steadiness;  
 But has a tinge of sullenness;  
 And, at first sight, she seems to brook  
 As ill her needle, as he his book.  
 This is the Picture. For the Frame—  
 'Tis not ill-suited to the same;  
 Oak-carved, not gilt, for fear of falling;  
 Old-fashion'd; plain, yet not appalling;  
 And broad brimm'd, as the Owner's Calling.

It was not Obstinate, by the way, who thrust his fingers in his ears, but Christian.

'B—d b—d.' Broad brimmed.

'Hence a *certain line*.' Line 16, I suppose.

'Martin's Belshazzar.' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' by John Martin (1789–1854), had been exhibited for some years, and had created an immense impression. Lamb subjected Martin's work to a minute analysis a few years later (see the *Elia* essay on the 'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art,' in my edition of the *Works*. Barton did not give up Martin in consequence of this letter. The frontispiece to his *New Year's Eve*, 1828, is by that painter, and the volume contains eulogistic poems upon him, one beginning:

Boldest painter of our day.

'Baskervil's.' John Baskerville (1706–75), the printer, famous for his folio edition of the Bible, 1763.

'Doctor Kitchener.' William Kitchener, M.D., a 'notable fork.' The author of *Apicius Redivivus*; or, *the Cook's Oracle*, 1817.]

#### 672. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR H. C.,

[P.M. 26th June 1827.]

We are at Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield. Why not come down by the Green Lanes on Sunday? Picquet all day. Pass the Church, pass the 'Rising Sun,' turn sharp round the corner, and we are the 6th or 7th house on the Chase: tall Elms darken the door. If you set eyes on M. Burney, bring him.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

#### 673. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

June 27, 1827.

I send another No. now instead of next week, to make but one postage of it, with the above, which you perhaps can insert.

[The 'above' was Lamb's prose version of Hood's poem *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, printed in the *Table Book* as 'The Defeat of Time.']

674. TO WILLIAM HONE

[P.M. 17th July 1827.]



DEAR H.,

This is Hood's, done from the life, of Mary getting over a style here. Mary, out of a pleasant revenge, wants you to get it *engrav'd* in Table Book to surprise H., who I know will be amus'd with you so doing.

Append some observations about the awkwardness of country styles about Edmonton, and the difficulty of elderly Ladies getting over 'em.—

That is to say, if you think the sketch good enough.

I take on myself the warranty.

Can you slip down here some day and go a Green-dragoning?

C. L.

Enfield (Mrs. Leishman's, Chase).

If you do, send Hood the number, No. 2 Robert St., Adelphi, and keep the sketch for me.

## POSTSCRIPT

Who is your compositor? I cannot praise enough the beauty and *accuracy* of the Garrick Play types. That of Zelevonia and Felis bravo, 2 or 3 Nos back, was really a poser. He must be no ordinary person who got thro' it (so quaint) without a slip. Not one in 10000 would have done it.

## 2ND DITTO

## A digressive P.S.

Moxon<sup>1</sup> is a little fretful that you have not extracted a bit (only) from his friend Cole's book about Hervey and Weston Favell. C's gaping for it and has sent M. a very curious *Old Man's Will* for your Book, which M. only keeps till you gratify him by a tiny notice: any thing about the meditator among ye Tombs.

[Hood's drawing was rougher than the version prepared for Hone's *Table Book*, where it was accompanied by an article by Lamb, reprinted in my edition of the *Works*, in which he changed his sister into Mrs. Gilpin, wife of the famous linen-draper and train-band captain. The original MS., with the drawing, is now in the Huntington Library at Pasadena.

Hone acceded to Moxon's wish, and in the *Table Book*, vol. ii, columns 367-9, included an extract on Hervey's birthplace from John Cole's *History of Weston Favell*, and also reviewed the book in column 366.]

## 675. TO MRS. BASIL MONTAGU

[No date: *Summer 1827*.]

DEAR MADAM,

I return your List with my name. I should be sorry that any respect should be going on towards [Clarkson,] and I be left out of the conspiracy. Otherwise I frankly own that to pillarize a man's good feelings in his lifetime is not to my taste. Monuments, to goodness, even after death, are equivocal. I turn away from Howard's, I scarce know why. Goodness blows no trumpet, nor desires to have it blown. We should be modest for a modest man—as he is for himself. The vanities of Life—Art, Poetry, Skill military, are subjects for trophies; not the silent thoughts arising in a good man's mind in lonely places. Was I C[larkson,] I should never be able to walk or ride near [Wade Mill] again. Instead of

<sup>1</sup> Of the great house of Longman, Shortman & Co.

bread, we are giving him a stone. Instead of the locality recalling the noblest moment of his existence, it is a place at which his friends (that is, himself) blow to the world, 'What a good man is he!' I sat down upon a hillock at Forty Hill yesternight—a fine contemplative evening,—with a thousand good speculations about mankind. How I yearned with cheap benevolence! I shall go and inquire of the stone-cutter, that cuts the tombstones here, what a stone with a short inscription will cost; just to say—'Here C. Lamb loved his brethren of mankind.' Everybody will come there to love. As I can't well put my own name, I shall put about a subscription:

|               | s. | d.   |
|---------------|----|--|
| Mrs. — .      | 5  | 0  |
| Procter .     | 2  | 6  |
| G. Dyer .     | 1  | 0  |
| Mr. Godwin .  | 0  | 0  |
| Mrs. Godwin . | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Irving .  |    | a watch-chain.                                     |
| Mr. — .       |    | { the proceeds of —<br>first edition. <sup>1</sup> |
| <hr/>         |    |  |
|               | 8  | 6  |

I scribble in haste from here, where we shall be some time. Pray request Mr. M[ontagu] to advance the guinea for me, which shall faithfully be forthcoming; and pardon me that I don't see the proposal in quite the light that he may. The kindness of his motives, and his power of appreciating the noble passage, I thoroughly agree in.

With most kind regards to him, I conclude,

Dear Madam,

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

From Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield.

[The memorial to Thomas Clarkson stands on a hill above Wade Mill, on the Buntingford road, in Hertfordshire.

'Howard's.' The first statues erected in St. Paul's were those of John Howard, the philanthropist, and Dr. Johnson.

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<sup>1</sup> A capital book, by the bye, but not over saleable.—C. L.

Forty Hill is close to Enfield.

Edward Irving's watch-chain. The explanation of Lamb's joke is to be found in Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (quoted also in Froude's *Life*, vol. i, page 326). Irving had put down as his contribution to some subscription list, at a public meeting, 'an actual gold watch, which he said had just arrived to him from his beloved brother lately dead in India.' This rather theatrical action had evidently amused Lamb as it had disgusted Carlyle.

The 'first edition' of 'Mr. —' was, I suppose, Basil Montagu's work on Bacon, which Macaulay reviewed.]

# 676. TO THE EDITOR OF 'TABLE BOOK' (WILLIAM HONE)

[July 1827.]

DEAR SIR,

Somebody has fairly play'd a *boax* on you (I suspect that pleasant rogue M-x-n) in sending the sonnet in my name inserted in your last Number. True it is, that I must own to the Verses being mine, but not written on the occasion there pretended, for I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the Lady in the part of 'Emmeline'; and I have understood, that the force of her acting in it is rather in the expression of new-born sight, than of the previous want of it. The lines were really written upon her performance in the 'Blind Boy,' and appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* years back. I suppose, our facetious friend thought that they would serve again, like an old coat new turned.

Yours (and his nevertheless)

C. LAMB.

[A note of Hone's says that Moxon was the guilty person. The sonnet, printed by Hone with 'C. Lamb' at the end, ran thus:

## SONNET TO MISS KELLY

ON HER EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE OF 'BLINDNESS,' IN THE REVIVED OPERA  
OF ARTHUR AND EMMELINE

Rare artist, who with half thy tools, or none,  
Canst execute with ease thy curious art,  
And press thy powerful'st meanings on the heart  
Unaided by the eye, expression's throne!  
While each blind sense, intelligential grown  
Beyond its sphere, performs the effect of sight,  
Those orbs alone, wanting their proper might,

All motionless and silent seem to moan  
 The unseemly negligence of nature's hand,  
 That left them so forlorn. What praise is thine,  
 O mistress of the passions!—artist fine!—  
 Who dost our souls against our sense command;  
 Plucking the horror from a sightless face,  
 Lending to blank deformity a grace.

C. LAMB.

When Lamb collected this sonnet in *Album Verses* in 1830 he omitted Miss Kelly's name, and entitled it, *To a Celebrated Female Performer in the 'Blind Boy.'*]

## 677. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: ? Summer 1827.]

Emma has teized me to take her into the gallery of an opera on Tuesday, and I have written for orders. We came up this morning. Can you house and bed us after the opera? Miss M. maybe, won't object to sharing half her bed. And for *me*, I can sleep on straw, rushes, thorns, Procrustes' couch! or anywhere. Do not write if you *can take* us in. Write only IF YOU can't.

CH. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'No date, but probably summer 1827; at a hazard Sunday, 10th July. This is one of the miscellaneous notes given in Fitzgerald's edition, and I have been trying to place it in a likely period. From Lamb's saying: "We came up this morning," I think he must mean to Colebrook, as, if it were to Southampton Buildings, why should they need beds, being already so near the opera?']

## 678. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

Enfield. P.M. 17th July 1827.]

Thanks for your attentions of every kind. Emma will not fail Mrs. Hood's kind invitation, but her Aunt is so queer a one, that we cannot let her go with a single gentleman singly to Vauxhall; she would withdraw her from us altogether in a

fright; but if any of the Hood's family accompany you, then there can be small objection.

I have been writing letters till too dark to see the marks. I can just say we shall be happy to see you any Sunday *after the next*: say, the Sunday after, and perhaps the Hoods will come too and have a merry other day, before they go hence. But next Sunday we expect as many as we can well entertain.

With ours and Emma's

acknowledgments

yours

C. L.

679. TO P. G. PATMORE

DEAR P.,

[Dated at end: 19th July 1827.]

I am so poorly, I have been to a funeral, where I made a Pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners, and we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which the widow set up at proper intervals. Dash could, for it was not unlike what he makes. The letter I sent you was one directed to the care of E. White, India House, for Mrs. Hazlitt. *Which* Mrs. Hazlitt I don't yet know, but Alsop has taken it to France on speculation. Really it is embarrassing, there is Mrs. present H., Mrs. late H., and Mrs. John H., and to which of the three Mrs. Wigginses it appertains, I don't know. I wanted to open it, but it's transportation! I am sorry you are plagued about your Book. I would strongly recommend you to take for one story Massinger's 'Old Law,' it is exquisite. I can think of no other. Dash is frightful this morning, he whines and stands up on his hind legs, he misses Becky, who is gone to town. I took him to Barnet the other day, and he coul'dnt eat his victuals after it. Pray God his intellectuals be not slipping. Mary is gone out for some soles, I suppose 'tis no use to ask you to come and partake of 'em, else there is a steam-vessel.

I am doing a tragi-comedy in two acts, and have got on tolerably, but it will be refused, or worse. I never had luck with any thing my name was put to. O, I am so poorly! I *waked* it at my cousin's the bookbinder's, who is now with God, or, if he is not, It's no fault of mine.



We hope the Frank wines do not disagree with Mrs. Patmore. By the way, I like her. Did you ever taste frogs, get 'em, if you can, they are like little lilliput rabbits, only a thought nicer. Christ, how sick I am, not of the world, but of the widow's shrub. She's sworn under £6000, but I think she perjur'd herself. She howls in E la, and I comfort her in B flat. You understand music? . . .

'No shrimps!'—that's in answer to Mary's question about how the soles are to be done. I am uncertain where this *wandering* letter may reach you, what you mean by Poste Restante, God knows; do you mean I must pay the postage? So I do to dover. We had a merry passage with the widow at the Commons, she was howling, part howling and part giving directions to the Proctor, when crash down went my Sister thro' a crazy chair, and made the Clerks grin, and I grin'd, and the widow titter'd, *and then I knew that she was not inconsolable*. Mary was more frightened than hurt.

She'd <sup>1</sup> make a good match for anybody—

If he bring but a *relict* away,  
He is happy, nor heard to complain.

SHENSTONE.

Procter has got a wen growing out at the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off, but I think it rather an agreeable excrescence: like his poetry, rather redundant. Hone has hang'd himself for debt. Godwin was taken up for picking pockets. Moxon has fal'n in love with Emma, our nut-brown maid. Becky takes to bad courses. Her father was blown up in a steam masheen. Coroner found it 'Insanity.' I should not like him to sit upon my Letter. Do you observe my direction? is it Gallic. classical? do try and get some frogs,—you must ask for 'grenouilles' (green-eels). They don't understand whot phrogs is tho' it's a common phrase with us.

If you go thro' Bulloign (Boulogne) enquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the Crusades: he must be a very old man now.

If there is anything new in Politics or Literature in france,

<sup>1</sup> by *She* I mean the widow.—C. L.

keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty-Briant is well I hope.

I think I have no more news, only give both our Loves ('all three,' says dash) to Mrs. Patmore, and bid her get quite well, as I am at present, bating qualms, and the grief incident to losing a valuable relation.

C. L.

Londres, July 19, 1827.

[This letter has hitherto been printed from Patmore's *My Friends and Acquaintances*, 1854; but Lord Crewe has lent me the original. Apart from its fun, it is remarkable as containing the first statement—a fact among so much invention—of Moxon's attachment to Emma Isola. They were to become engaged and, as we shall see, in 1833 they married.

We do not know the name of the widow; but her husband was Lamb's cousin, the bookbinder, T. Lovekin.

'Dash.' Lamb's dog, given to him by Hood, a tempestuous animal, as we shall see.

The doubt about the Hazlitts refers chiefly to William Hazlitt's divorce from his first wife in 1822, and his remarriage in 1824 with a Mrs. Bridgewater.

'Your book.' Patmore, in *My Friends and Acquaintances*, writes:

This refers to a series of tales that I was writing (since published under the title of *Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week*), for the subject of one of which he had recommended me to take 'The Old Law.' As Lamb's critical faculties (as displayed in the celebrated 'specimens' which created an era in the dramatic taste of England) were not surpassed by those of any writer of his day, the reader may like to see a few 'specimens' of some notes which Lamb took the pains to make on two of the tales that were shown to him. I give these the rather that there is occasionally blended with their critical nicety of tact, a drollery that is very characteristic of the writer. I shall leave these notes and verbal criticisms to speak for themselves, after merely explaining that they are written on separate bits of paper, each note having a numerical reference to that page of the MS. in which occurs the passage commented on.

'Besides the words "riant" and "Euphrosyne," the sentence is senseless. "A sweet sadness" capable of inspiring "a more grave joy"—than what?—than demonstrations of mirth? Odd if it had not been. I had once a wry aunt, which may make me dislike the phrase.

"Pleasurable:"—no word is good that is awkward to spell. (Query.) Welcome or Joyous.

"Steady self-possession rather than undaunted courage," etc. The two things are not opposed enough. You mean, rather than rash fire of valour in action.

"Looking like a heifer," I fear wont do in prose. (Qy.) "Like to some spotless heifer,"—or, "that you might have compared her to some spotless heifer," etc.—or "Like to some sacrificial heifer of old." I should prefer, "garlanded with flowers as for a sacrifice"—and cut the cow altogether.

"Say "Like the muttering of some strange spell,"—omitting the demon,—they are *subject* to spells, they don't use them.

"Feud" here (and before and after) is wrong. (Say) old malice, or, difference. *Feud* is of clans. It might be applied to family quarrels, but is quite improper to individuals falling out.

"Apathetic." Vile word.

"Mechanically," faugh!—insensibly—involuntarily—in-any-thing-ly but mechanically.

'Calianax's character should be somewhere briefly *drawn*, not left to be dramatically inferred.

"Surprised and almost vexed while it troubled her." (Awkward.) Better, "in a way that while it deeply troubled her, could not but surprise and vex her to think it should be a source of trouble at all."

"Reaction" is vile slang. "Physical," vile word.

'Decidedly, Dorigen should simply propose to him to remove the rocks as *ugly* or *dangerous*, not as affecting her with fears for her husband. The idea of her husband should be excluded from a promise which is meant to be *frank* upon impossible conditions. She cannot promise in one breath infidelity to him, and make the conditions a good to him. Her reason for hating the rocks is good, but not to be expressed here.

'Insert after "to whatever consequences it might lead," "Neither had Arviragus been disposed to interpose a husband's authority to prevent the execution of this rash vow, was he unmindful of that older and more solemn vow which, in the days of their marriage, he had imposed upon himself, in no instance to control the settled purpose or determination of his wedded wife;—so that by the chains of a double contract he seemed bound to abide by her decision in this instance, whatever it might be."'

'A tragi-comedy.' Lamb's dramatic version of Crabbe's *Confidante*, which he called *The Wife's Trial* (see my edition of the *Works*).

'Procter has got a wen.' This paragraph must be taken with salt. Poor Hone, however, unmistakably had to be in the rules of the King's Bench at the time. Becky was the Lambs' servant and tyrant; she had been Hazlitt's. Patmore described her at some length in his reminiscences of Lamb.

'Chatty-Briant.' François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, the author, philosopher, and diplomatist.]

680. TO MRS. DILLON

[P.M. 21st July 1827.]

I think it is not quite the etiquette for me to answer my sister's letter, but she is no great scribe, and I know will be glad to find it done for her. We are both very thankful to you for your thinking about Emma, whom for the last seven weeks I have been teaching Latin, & she is already qualified to impart the

rudiments to a child. We shall have much pleasure in seeing Mr. Dillon & you again, but I don't know when that may be, as we find ourselves very comfortable at Enfield.

My sister joins in acknowledgments, & kindest respects to Mr. Dillon & yourself.

Your obliged

Enfield.

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Dillon, 8 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, London.

[I do not identify the Dillons, but their daughter may have been at school with Emma Isola.

'I have been teaching [Emma] Latin.' Two years later Mary Lamb contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1829 the following little poem describing Emma Isola's difficulties in these lessons:

#### TO EMMA, LEARNING LATIN, AND DESPONDING

Droop not, dear Emma, dry those falling tears,  
And call up smiles into thy pallid face,  
Pallid and care-worn with thy arduous race:  
In few brief months thou hast done the work of years.  
To young beginnings natural are these fears.  
A right good scholar shalt thou one day be,  
And that no distant one; when even she,  
Who now to thee a star far off appears,  
That most rare Latinist, the Northern Maid—  
The language-loving Sarah<sup>1</sup> of the Lake—  
Shall hail thee Sister Linguist. This will make  
Thy friends, who now afford thee careful aid,  
A recompense most rich for all their pains,  
Counting thy acquisitions their best gains.]

#### 681. TO MARY SHELLEY

DEAR MRS. SHELLEY,

Enfield, 26th July, 1827.

At the risk of throwing away some fine thoughts, I must write to say how pleased we were with your very kind remembering of us (who have unkindly run away from all our friends) before you go. Perhaps you are gone, and then my tropes are wasted. If any piece of better fortune has lighted upon you than you expected, but less than we wish you, we are rejoiced. We are

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of S. T. Coleridge, Esq.; an accomplished linguist in the Greek and Latin tongues, and translatress of *A History of the Abipones*.

here trying to like solitude, but have scarce enough to justify the experiment. We get some, however. The six days are our Sabbath; the seventh—why, Cockneys will come for a little fresh air, and so—

But by *your month*, or October at furthest, we hope to see Islington: I like a giant refreshed with the leaving off of wine, and Mary, pining for Mr. Moxon's books and Mr. Moxon's society. Then we shall meet.

I am busy with a farce in two acts, the incidents tragi-comic. I can do the dialogue *comme ça*: but the damned plot—I believe I must omit it altogether. The scenes come after one another like geese, not marshalling like cranes or a Hyde Park review. The story is as simple as G[eorge] D[yer], and the language plain as his spouse. The characters are three women to one man; which is one more than laid hold on him in the 'Evangelical.' I think that prophecy squinted towards my drama.

I want some Howard Paine to sketch a skeleton of artfully succeeding scenes through a whole play, as the courses are arranged in a cookery book: I to find wit, passion, sentiment, character, and the like trifles: to lay in the dead colours,—I'd Titianesque 'em up: to mark the channel in a cheek (smooth or furrowed, yours or mine), and where tears should course I'd draw the waters down: to say where a joke should come in or a pun be left out: to bring my *personæ* on and off like a Beau Nash; and I'd Frankenstein them there: to bring three together on the stage at once; they are so shy with me, that I can get no more than two; and there they stand till it is the time, without being the season, to withdraw them.

I am teaching Emma Latin to qualify her for a superior governess-ship; which we see no prospect of her getting. 'Tis like feeding a child with chopped hay from a spoon. Sisyphus his labours were as nothing to it.

Actives and passives jostle in her nonsense, till a deponent enters, like Chaos, more to embroil the fray. Her prepositions are suppositions; her conjunctions copulative have no connection in them; her concords disagree; her interjections are purely English 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' with a yawn and a gape in the same tongue; and she herself is a lazy, block-headly supine. As I say to her, *ass in presenti* rarely makes a wise man *in futuro*.

But I daresay it was so with you when you began Latin, and a good while after.

Good-by! Mary's love.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Shelley had been living in England since 1823; and in 1826 had issued anonymously *The Last Man*. That she kept much in touch with the Lambs' affairs we know by her letters to Leigh Hunt.

The late Major Butterworth kindly supplied me with a copy of her letter to Mary Lamb which called forth Lamb's reply. It runs thus:

Kentish Town,

22nd July, 1827.

MY DEAR MISS LAMB,

You have been long at Enfield—I hardly know yet whether you are returned—and I quit town so very soon that I have not time to—as I exceedingly wish—call on you before I go. Nevertheless believe (if such familiar expression be not unmeet from me) that I love you with all my heart—gratefully and sincerely—and that when I return I shall seek you with, I hope, not too much zeal—but it will be with great eagerness.

You will be glad to hear that I have every reason to believe that the worst of my pecuniary troubles are over—as I am promised a regular tho' small income from my father-in-law. I mean to be very industrious on *other accounts* this summer, so I hope nothing will go very ill with me or mine.

I am afraid Miss Kelly will think me dreadfully rude for not having availed myself of her kind invitation. Will you present my compliments to her, and say that my embarrassments, harassings and distance from town are the guilty causes of my omission—for which with her leave I will apologize in person on my return to London.

All kind and grateful remembrances to Mr. Lamb, he must not forget me nor like me one atom less than I delight to flatter myself he does now, when again I come to seize a dinner perforce at your cottage. Percy is quite well—and is reading with great extacy (*sic*) the *Arabian Nights*. I shall return I suppose some one day in September. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

MARY W. SHELLEY.

'Comme fo' is Lamb's *comme il faut*.

'In the "Evangelical." As by Evangelical Lamb meant Gospel, he was a little confused here, I think. Probably both Luke xvii. 35 and Isaiah iv. 1 were in his mind: 'and in that day seven women shall take hold of one man,' being the half memory.

'More to embroil the fray.' Adapted from *Paradise Lost*, ii. 908.

'Ass in presenti.' This was Boyer's joke, at Christ's Hospital (see my edition of the *Works*).

## 682. TO THOMAS HOOD

DEAR H.,

[No date: July 1827.]

Emma has a favour, besides a bed; to ask of Mrs. Hood. Your parcel was gratifying. We have all been pleased with Mrs. Leslie; I speak it most sincerely. There is much manly sense with a feminine expression, which is my definition of ladies' writing.

[*Mrs. Leslie and Her Grandchildren*, 1827, was the title of a book for children by Mrs. Reynolds, mother of John Hamilton Reynolds and Mrs. Hood, and wife of the Writing Master at Christ's Hospital. It was published in July 1827.]

## 683. TO EDWARD WHITE

Enfield [1st August], 1827.

Coat and Badge Day.

MY DEAR WHITE,

Never was man so puzzl'd about mortal letter as I about that you sent. Besides the two Mrs. Hazlitts, there was a third, Mrs. John Hazlitt, who has a boy abroad, and on that ground was a candidate, but my sagacity snuff'd out the true Mrs. Wiggins, & Allsop has by this time deposited it at its destin<sup>a</sup>, at Paris.

I could but admire the quirk by which you attempt to saddle me with the postage. You come into my lodgings, and expect me to pay your rent, because if I had not quitted you would not have been charged with it. When I threw off my post, I resigned with it both emoluments & incumbrances. You are welcome to all. Mrs. Hazlitt the second might just as well charge Mrs. H. the first with the postage. It is a perfect insult upon my understanding. Besides, 'tis mean in a gentleman on the establishm<sup>t</sup> & not to be thought on. Well, I forgive you & heartily commending you to mind your ledger, & keep your eye on Mr. Chambers' balances, which you understand better than these matters, subscribe your friend,

C. L.

Edward White, Esq., East India House.

[White was an old colleague in Leadenhall Street.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'In his letter to Stoddart, 9th August, Lamb says

"Hazlitt is resident at Paris," but W. Carew Hazlitt in the *Memoirs* makes no mention of this. He and his son arrived in England from their tour in France and Italy, 16th October 1825. Mrs. Hazlitt the second stayed behind, and wrote to Hazlitt that they had parted for ever! W. C. Hazlitt says that young Hazlitt strongly objected to his father's second marriage, and his attitude may have been partly the reason for Mrs. Hazlitt's action. See also Leigh Hunt to B. W. Procter, 13th July 1826: "Hazlitt has gone to France, and is to write a life of Bonaparte.""]

## 684. JOINT LETTER BY MARY AND CHARLES LAMB

## I. MARY LAMB TO LADY STODDART

MY DEAR LADY-FRIEND,

[9th August 1827.]

My brother called at our empty cottage yesterday, and found the cards of your son and his friend, Mr. Hine, under the door; which has brought to my mind that I am in danger of losing this post, as I did the last, being at that time in a confused state of mind—for at that time we were talking of leaving, and persuading ourselves that we were intending to leave town and all our friends, and sit down for ever, solitary and forgotten, here. Here we are; and we have locked up our house, and left it to take care of itself; but at present we do not design to extend our rural life beyond Michaelmas. Your kind letter was most welcome to me, though the good news contained in it was already known to me. Accept my warmest congratulations, though they come a little of the latest. In my next I may probably have to hail you Grandmama; or to felicitate you on the nuptials of pretty Mary, who, whatever the beaux of Malta may think of her, I can only remember her round shining face, and her 'O William!'—'dear William!' when we visited her the other day at school. Present my love and best wishes—a long and happy married life to dear Isabella—I love to call her Isabella; but in truth, having left your other letter in town, I recollect no other name she has.

The same love and the same wishes—in futuro—to my friend Mary. Tell her that her 'dear William' grows taller, and improves in manly looks and manlike behaviour every time I see him. What is Henry about? and what should one wish for him? If he be in search of a wife, I will send him out Emma Isola.



You remember Emma, that you were so kind as to invite to your ball? She is now with us; and I am moving heaven and earth, that is to say, I am pressing the matter upon all the very few friends I have that are likely to assist me in such a case, to get her into a family as a governess; and Charles and I do little else here than teach her something or other all day long.

We are striving to put enough Latin into her to enable her to begin to teach it to young learners. So much for Emma—for you are so fearfully far away, that I fear it is useless to implore your patronage for her.

I have not heard from Mrs. Hazlitt a long time. I believe she is still with Hazlitt's mother in Devonshire.

I expect a packet of manuscript from you: you promised me the office of negotiating with booksellers, and so forth, for your next work. Is it in good forwardness? or do you grow rich and indolent now? It is not surprising that your Maltese story should find its way into Malta; but I was highly pleased with the idea of your pleasant surprise at the sight of it. I took a large sheet of paper, in order to leave Charles room to add something more worth reading than my poor mite.

May we all meet again once more!

M. LAMB.

## II. CHARLES LAMB TO SIR JOHN STODDART

DEAR KNIGHT—OLD ACQUAINTANCE

'Tis with a violence to the *pure imagination* (*vide* the 'Excursion' *passim*) that I can bring myself to believe I am writing to Dr. Stoddart once again, at Malta. But the deductions of severe reason warrant the proceeding. I write from Enfield, where we are seriously weighing the advantages of dulness over the over-excitement of too much company, but have not yet come to a conclusion. What is the news? for we see no paper here; perhaps you can send us an old one from Malta. Only, I heard a butcher in the market-place whisper something about a change of ministry. I don't know who's in or out, or care, only as it might affect you. For domestic doings, I have only to tell, with extreme regret, that poor Elisa Fenwick (that was)—Mrs. Rutherford—is dead; and that we have received a most heart-broken letter from her mother—left with four grandchildren, orphans of a living scoundrel lurking about the pothouses of

Little Russell Street, London: they and she—God help 'em!—at New York. I have just received Godwin's third volume of the *Republic*, which only reaches to the commencement of the Protectorate. I think he means to spin it out to his life's thread. Have you seen Fearn's *Anti-Tooke*? I am no judge of such things—you are; but I think it very clever indeed. If I knew your bookseller, I'd order it for you at a venture: 'tis two octavos, Longman and Co. Or do you read now? Tell it not in the Admiralty Court, but my head aches *hesterno vino*. I can scarce pump up words, much less ideas, congruous to be sent so far. But your son must have this by to-night's post.

I am sorry to say that he does not conduct himself so well as we could wish. He absented himself four days this week, (this is Tuesday) at Barnet with a chorus singer of the Coburg Theatre. Mr. Hine & I with difficulty got him away; but Doctor Raine, the head master, hushed it up with a slight imposition—viz: the translation of Gray's *Elegy* into Greek elegiacs—which I partly did for him. I write this with reluctance to offend the feelings of a father. I might a' been one if xxxxx had let me.

Manning is gone to Rome, Naples, etc., probably to touch at Sicily, Malta, Guernsey, etc.; but I don't know the map. Hazlitt is resident at Paris, whence he pours his lampoons in safety at his friends in England. He has his boy with him. I am teaching Emma Latin. By the time you can answer this, she will be qualified to instruct young ladies: she is a capital English reader: and S. T. C. acknowledges that a part of a passage in Milton she read better than he, and part he read best, her part being the shorter. But, seriously, if Lady St—— (oblivious pen, that was about to write *Mrs.* !) could hear of such a young person wanted (she smatters of French, some Italian, music of course), we'd send our loves by her. My congratulations and assurances of old esteem.

C. L.

[Stoddart had been appointed in 1826 Chief Justice and Justice of the Vice-Admiralty Court in Malta, and had been knighted in the same year. His daughter Isabella had just married. Lady Stoddart had contributed to the *London Magazine* under the name of Blackford.

Elisa Fenwick's father was Lamb's early associate, John Fenwick, the journalist, 'the living scoundrel,' whom he immortalized as Ralph Bigod in the *Elisa* essay, 'The Two Races of Men.'

The references to young Stoddart are, I imagine, a hoax which, Mr. Ralph

Beals suggests, would be at once detected by Stoddart because Stoddart was probably the friend who commented, in Lamb's ignorance of Greek, on the translation of Homer by Charles Lloyd, Senior, in 1809. The reference to assisting the boy in the Greek version of Gray's *Elegy* would be hint enough.

The five stars stand, I assume, for Fanny Kelly, to whom he had proposed in vain!

'A change of ministry.' On Liverpool's resignation early in 1827 Canning had been called in to form a new Ministry, which he effected by an alliance with the Whigs.

'Godwin's Republic.' *History of the Commonwealth of England*, in four volumes, 1824-8.

'Hesterno vino.' With yesterday's wine.

'Fearn's Anti-Tooke.' *Anti-Tooke; or, An Analysis of the Principles and Structure of Language Exemplified in the English Tongue*, 1824.]

## 685. CHARLES LAMB TO WILLIAM HONE

[10th August 1827.]

MY DEAR HONE,

We are both excessively grieved at dear Matilda's illness, whom we have ever regarded with the greatest respect. Pray God, your next news, which we shall expect most anxiously, shall give hopes of her recovery.

Mary keeps her health very well, and joins in kind remembrances and best wishes.

A few more Numbers (about 7) will empty my Extract Book; then we will consult about the 'Specimens.' By then, I hope you will be able to talk about business. How you continue your book at all, and so well, in trying circumstances, I know not. But don't let it stop. Would to God I could help you!—but we have the house full of company, which we came to avoid.—God bless you.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Matilda Hone's illness was inflammation of the lungs. Mrs. Hone was ill at the same time, the children down with scarlet fever, and Hone himself obliged to undergo an operation. They had to be in the rules of King's Bench Prison, Belvedere Place, Southwark, and the air was most unhealthy.']

## 686. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 10th August 1827.]

I have not been able to answer you, for we have had, and are having (I just snatch a moment), our poor quiet retreat, to which we fled from society, full of company, some staying with us, and this moment as I write almost a heavy importation of two old Ladies has come in. Whither can I take wing from the oppression of human faces? Would I were in a wilderness of Apes, tossing cocoa nuts about, grinning and grinned at!

Mitford was hoaxing you surely about my Engraving, tis a little sixpenny thing, too like by half, in which the draughtsman has done his best to avoid flattery. There have been 2 editions of it, which I think are all gone, as they have vanish'd from the window where they hung, a print shop, corner of Great and Little Queen Streets, Lincolns Inn fields, where any London friend of yours may inquire for it; for I am (tho' you *won't understand it*) at Enfield (Mrs. Leishman's, Chase). We have been here near 3 months, and shall stay 2 more, if people will let us alone, but they persecute us from village to village. So don't direct to *Islington* again, till further notice.

I am trying my hand at a Drama, in 2 acts, founded on Crabbe's 'Confidant,' *mutatis mutandis*.

You like the *Odyssey*. Did you ever read my 'Adventures of Ulysses,' founded on Chapman's old translation of it? for children or *men*. Ch. is divine, and my abridgment has not quite emptied him of his divinity. When you come to town I'll show it you.

You have well described your old fashioned Grand-paternall Hall. Is it not odd that every one's earliest recollections are of some such place. I had my Blakesware (Blakesmoor in the 'London'). Nothing fills a child's mind like a large old Mansion [*one or two words wafered over*]; better if un-or-partially-occupied; peopled with the spirits of deceased members of [for] the County and Justices of the Quorum. Would I were buried in the peopled solitude of one, with my feelings at 7 years old.

Those marble busts of the Emperors, they seem'd as if they were to stand for ever, as they had stood from the living days

of Rome, in that old Marble Hall, and I to partake of their permanency; Eternity was, while I thought not of Time. But he thought of me, and they are toppled down, and corn covers the spot of the noble old Dwelling and its princely gardens. I feel like a grasshopper that chirping about the grounds escaped his scythe only by my littleness. Ev'n now he is whetting one of his smallest razors to clean wipe me out, perhaps. Well!

[My Engraving.' Brook Pulham's caricature.

'You have well described your . . . Grand-paternall Hall.' Barton wrote the following account of this house, the home of his step-grandfather at Tottenham; but I do not know whether it is the same that Lamb saw:

My most delightful recollections of boyhood are connected with the fine old country-house in a green lane diverging from the high road which runs through Tottenham. I would give seven years of life as it now is, for a week of that which I then led. It was a large old house, with an iron palisade and a pair of iron gates in front, and a huge stone eagle on each pier. Leading up to the steps by which you went up to the hall door, was a wide gravel walk, bordered in summer time by huge tubs, in which were orange and lemon trees, and in the centre of the grass-plot stood a tub yet huger, holding an enormous aloe. The hall itself, to my fancy then lofty and wide as a cathedral would seem now, was a famous place for battledore and shuttlecock; and behind was a garden, equal to that of old Alcinous himself. My favourite walk was one of turf by a long straight pond, bordered with lime trees. But the whole demesne was the fairy ground of my childhood; and its presiding genius was grandpapa. He must have been a very handsome man in his youth, for I remember him at nearly eighty, a very fine-looking one, even in the decay of mind and body. In the morning a velvet cap; by dinner, a flaxen wig; his features always expressive of benignity and placid cheerfulness. When he walked out into the garden, his cocked hat and amber-headed cane completed his costume. To the recollection of this delightful personage, I am, I think, indebted for many soothing and pleasing associations with old age.

'Those marble busts of the Emperors.' See the *Elia* essay 'Blakesmoor in H—shire.']

#### 687. TO FANNY KELLY

[Dated at end: 15th August 1827.]

DEAR MISS KELLY,

We are sorry to trouble you at a sad time, but Miss Ibbs, to whom you have been so kind, and for whom we are under such obligations to Mr. Arnold, has informed us that at Drury Lane there is a vacancy for a voice in the chorus. The singing master

is the same as at your Opera House. Is it in your power to speak a good word for her at that Theatre? It would be a great benefit for the poor girl, and very much bind us to gratitude, if you only tried to do it. But we should be the last to impose an unpleasant task upon you at any time, much less now, when we should be sympathising with you. If you cannot do it pleasantly to yourself, don't cast away a thought upon it, but think us always

Your very sincere friends,

C. AND MARY LAMB.

Wednesday morning,

Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield.

August 15th, 1827.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Miss Kelly's mother died 1st August 1827.']

688. TO RICHARD PEAKE

[No date, but probably 16th August 1827.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I wish to interest you in behalf of the bearer, Miss Ibbs, who by Mr. Arnold's kindness began her little career of chorus singing at the English Opera House last season, and it would be of the greatest consequence to her poor finances, having a mother (as what poor Chorister has not?) to keep, if she could be admitted on your list for the ensuing season. I know I ought to write to Mr. Arnold, but perhaps you may be more acquainted with these detail arrangements than himself; pray do for her what you can, to put a little summer meat into the mouths of a family, that I have reason to think have not been satiated with animal dainties thro' the hungry winter months—She has been improving in acting she tells us at a Private Theatre and speaks better than she did. Forgive me this application with your habitual good humour, and present my kindest respects, with *this* if you think best, to Mr. Arnold. With the same to Mrs. Peake, I am

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Chase, Enfield. Thursd<sup>y</sup>

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Richard Peake, father of Richard Brinsley Peake, the dramatist, was for forty years in the treasury office of Drury Lane.']

689. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B.,

[P.M. 23rd August 1827.]

I am going to collect verses written by me in Albums, for a superb 'Forget me not' sort of thing, they are wanted immediately: would it be unpleasant to yourself or daughter to insert *mine* for *her's*? with or without her name, or with initials, or Silently?

If not pray *transcribe them* & send me immediately. I have no copy & with them any little scrap of Verse of your own, unpublished, for a young person's Pocket book, who is with us. A line or two, religious or profane, with *your* autograph & date & place, would be inestimable to her. Her name is Emma.

But if the first request be not conformable to any of your wishes, say so.

Yours

C. LAMB.

Enfield

[Lamb's verses for Lucy Barton's album were those beginning:

Little Book, surnamed of *White*,

and ending:

Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,  
Candid meanings, best express  
Mind of quiet Quakeress.

Barton replied very quickly, on 24th August, with the following lines:

TO EMMA

Lady, thou bear'st no vulgar name,  
But one in song array'd;  
Who hath not heard the gentle fame  
Of Henry's 'Nut-brown Maid'?  
Yet dearer far that name to me  
From childhood's innocence and glee.

Nor can I, maiden, wish thee more  
Of purest joy on earth,  
Than childhood's young and simple lore  
And woman's truth give birth:  
For Innocence and Faith possess  
All Time can boast of happiness!

Lamb appended this note in Emma Isola's album: 'The sixth line refers to a child of B. B.'s dear friend A. K., named Emma.'

## 690. TO BERNARD BARTON

28th of Aug., 1827.

I have left a place for a wafer, but can't find it again.

DEAR B. B.,

I am thankful to you for your ready compliance with my wishes. Emma is delighted with your verses, to which I have appended this notice 'The 6th line refers to the child of a dear friend of the author's, named Emma,' without which it must be obscure: and have sent it with four Album poems of my own (your daughter's with *your* heading, requesting it a place next mine) to a Mr. Fraser, who is to be editor of a more superb Pocket book than has yet appeared by far! the property of some wealthy booksellers, but whom, or what its name, I forgot to ask. It is actually to have in it schoolboy exercises by his present Majesty and the late Duke of York, so Lucy will come to Court; how she will be stared at! Wordsworth is named as a Contributor. Frazer, whom I have slightly seen, is Editor of a forthcoming or coming Review of foreign books, and is intimately connected with Lockhart, &c. so I take it that this is a concern of Murray's. Walter Scott also contributes mainly. I have stood off a long time from these Annuals, which are ostentatious trumpery, but could not withstand the request of Jameson, a particular friend of mine and Coleridge.

I shall hate myself in frippery, strutting along, and vying finery with Beaux and Belles

with 'Future Lord Byrons and sweet L. E. L.'s.'—

Your taste I see is less simple than mine, which the difference of our persuasions has doubtless effected. In fact, of late you have so frenchify'd your style, larding it with hors de combats, and au desespoirs, that o' my conscience the Foxian blood is quite dried out of you, and the skipping Monsieur spirit has been infused. Doth Lucy go to Balls? I must remodel my lines, which I wrote for her. I hope A. K. keeps to her Primitives. If you have any thing you'd like to send further, I don't know Frazer's address, but I sent mine thro' Mr. Jameson, 19 or 20 Cheyne Street, Totnam Court road. I dare say an honourable place wou'd be given to them; but I have not heard



from Frazer since I sent mine, nor shall probably again, and therefore I do not solicit it as from him.

Yesterday I sent off my tragi comedy to Mr. Kemble. Wish it luck. I made it all (tis blank verse, and I think, of the true old dramatic cut) or most of it, in the green lanes about Enfield, where I am and mean to remain, in spite of your peremptory doubts on that head.

Your refusal to lend your poetical sanction to my Icon, and your reasons to Evans, are most sensible. May be I may hit on a line or two of my own jocular. May be not.

Do you never Londonize again? I should like to talk over old poetry with you, of which I have much, and you I think little. Do your Drummonds allow no holydays? I would willingly come and w[ork] for you a three weeks or so, to let you loose. Would I could sell or give you some of my Leisure! Positively, the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and next to that perhaps—good works.

I am but poorlyish, and feel myself writing a dull letter; poorlyish from Company, not generally, for I never was better, nor took more walks, 14 miles a day on an average, with a sporting dog—Dash—you would not know the plain Poet, any more than he doth recognize James Naylor trick'd out au desperpoy (how do you spell it.) En Passant, j'aime entendre de mon bon homme sur surveillance de croix, ma pas l'homme figuratif—do you understand me?

[The verses with which Emma was delighted were probably written for her album. I have not seen them. That album was cut up for the value of its autographs and exists now only in a mutilated state: where, I cannot discover. The pocket-book was *The Bijou*, 1828, edited by William Fraser for Pickering. Only one of Lamb's contributions was included: his verses for his own album.

'Future Lord Byrons and sweet L. E. L.'s.' A line from some verses written by Lamb in more than one album. Probably originally intended for Emma Isola's album. The passage runs, answering the question, 'What is an Album?':

'Tis a Book kept by modern Young Ladies for show,  
Of which their plain grandmothers nothing did know.  
'Tis a medley of scraps, fine verse, and fine prose,  
And some things not very like either, God knows.  
The soft First Effusions of Beaux and of Belles,  
Of future Lord Byrons and sweet L. E. L.'s.

L. E. L. was, of course, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, a famous contributor to the published albums, who had an unhappy affair with Lamb's new young friend, John Forster.

'My tragi comedy.' Still *The Wife's Trial*. Kemble was Charles Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theatre. The play was never acted.

'Your refusal to lend your poetical sanction.' This is not clear, but I think the meaning to be deducible. The Icon was Henry Meyer's portrait of Lamb, painted in May 1826, and now at the India Office. Evans was William Evans, who had grangerized Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. I take it that he was now making another collection of portraits of poets and was asking other poets, their friends, to write verses upon them. In this way he had applied through Lamb to Barton for verses on Meyer's portrait of Elia, and had been refused.

'Your Drummonds.' Your bankers. Barton's bankers were the Alexanders, a Quaker firm.

'James Naylor.' Barton had paraphrased Naylor's *Testimony*.

## 691. TO ROBERT S. JAMESON

Enfield

DEAR JAMESON,

August 29 1827

We have a *young person domesticated* with us, whom you have seen, in whose well-doing we are much interested. She is daughter to the late Mr. Isola, Esquire Bedel to the University of Cambridge, and her Grandfather was Italian, and taught Italian there, and was a man, I have heard, very highly esteemed there. The Duke of Gloucester has been a Patron to the orphan Children of Mr. Isola, and by the kindness of His Royal Highness two of the Boys were placed in Christ's Hospital. It is the desire of her friends to obtain a situation for their sister, our young friend, as Private Teacher, for which she is not ill qualified in French, Italian, Music, Drawing &c. But I have been indefatigable for the four last months in teaching her Latin, and hope in a twelvemonth, or less, that she will be quite able to undertake the instruction of young Ladies, or very young Boys, in more than the rudiments of that tongue. Her progress, for the time, has been very hopeful. I must mention also that as an English Reader — a not very common accomplishment — our friend Coleridge will bear witness to the very excellent manner in which she read to him some of the most difficult passages in the *Paradise Lost*. We are unwilling that her talents and many good qualities should be buried in some poor Boarding School, and are very desirous of recommending her to a good Family. I have heard

you name Mr. Gunning who bears the same office at Cambridge, which her father did formerly. Would there be any impropriety in naming the circumstances to him, and begging his interest, whatever he may have, as holding that office, in the Royal Duke? We have no specific favour to ask at present, and at some future time, when I shall be able to pronounce her a tolerable Latinist, there would be more pretext for imploring his Royal Highness' favor in the recommendation of her to some good Family where I am sure her good conduct, if not her talents, would make her respected. If I am too bold in soliciting in her behalf, it is because she has no friends to exert themselves in her behalf, that I know of, besides ourselves.—

With my Sister's best regards to Mrs. Jameson & yourself,  
I remain,

Yours truly,

CHS. LAMB.

[Jameson was Robert Jameson, to whom Hartley Coleridge addressed the sonnets in the *London Magazine* to which Lamb alludes in a previous letter. He was the husband of Mrs. Jameson, author of *Sacred and Legendary Art*, but the marriage was not happy. He lived in Chenies Street. Jameson, who was connected with *Fraser's Magazine*, had been employed by Lamb to convey his play, *The Wife's Trial*, to Mrs. Charles Kemble. A second note to him runs as follows:]

#### 692. TO ROBERT S. JAMESON

[P.M. 30th August 1827.]

The MS cannot be in better hands, for Mrs. Kemble has always behaved with singular civility towards us. Tomorrow, or next day, I shall trouble you about Mr. Gunning.

*Tuus Coenaturus*

C. L.

Wafer the inclos'd, having read it.

[Henry Gunning was Esquire Bedell at Cambridge. His *Reminiscences*, which he began after his eightieth year, are well known as covering a long period of university life and manners. He describes Emma Isola's grandfather, the Italian teacher, as 'generally beloved.'

The Latin means, 'Thy dinner guest to be.']

## 693. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

Sunday, 2d Sept. [1827.]

By the verses in yesterday's *Table Book*, sign'd \*, I judge you are going on better; but *I want to be resolv'd*. Allsop promised to call on you, and let me know, but has not. Pray attend to this; and send me the number before the present (pages 225 to 256), which my newsman has neglect'd. Your book improves every week. I have written here a thing in two acts, and sent it to Covent Garden.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

For the 'T. B.'

## LINES FOR AN ALBUM

Laura, too partial to her friends' enditing,  
Requires from each a pattern of their *writing*.  
A weightier trifle Laura might command;  
For who to Laura would refuse his—hand?

C. L.

[The lines signed \*, which was one of Hone's pseudonyms, were dated 25th August 1827, and will be found in vol. ii of the *Table Book*, column 287. Lamb's epigram was not printed.]

## 694. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

DEAR DIB,

[P.M. 5th September 1827.]

Emma Isola, who is with us, has opened an *ALBUM*: bring some verses with you for it on Saty evening. Any *fun* will do. I am teaching her Latin; you may make something of that. Don't be modest. For in it you shall appear, if I rummage out some of your old pleasant letters for rhymes. But an original is better.  
Has your pa<sup>1</sup> any scrap? C. L.

We shall be *MOST* glad to see your sister or *sisters* with you. Can't you contrive it? Write in that case.

[Both Charles Dibdin and J. B. Dibdin are represented in Emma Isola's album.]

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<sup>1</sup> The infantile word for father.—C. L.

695. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

DEAR *John*,[P.M. 13<sup>th</sup> September 1827.]

Your verses are very pleasant, and have been adopted into the splendid Emmatic constellation, where they are not of the least magnitude. She is delighted with their merit and readiness. They are just the thing. The 14<sup>th</sup> line is found. We advertised it. Hell is cooling for want of company. We shall make it up along with our kitchen fire to roast you into our new House, where I hope you will find us in a few Sundays. We have actually taken it, and a compact thing it will be.

Kemble does not return till the month's end. My heart sometimes is good, sometimes bad, about it, as the day turns out wet or walky.

Emma has just died, choak'd with a Gerund in dum. On opening her we found a Participle in rus in the pericordium. The king never dies, which may be the reason that it always REIGNS here

We join in loves.

C. L. his orthograph.

what a pen!

the Uंबरella is cum bak.

[These are the lines which J. B. Dibdin wrote for Emma Isola's album:]

## THE MUSE'S SOLILOQUY

ON BEING INVITED TO APPEAR IN 'EMMA'S ALBUM'

And *am* I invited—where  
 Assemble the witty and wise?  
 How shall a simpleton dare  
 To encounter discerning eyes!

Yet none resist a woman's voice,  
 Queen in 'poetic land';  
 Her will admitteth not of choice,  
 To ask is to command.

But how shall I go drest?  
 Robes of cheerful green I'll wear,  
 With daisies at my breast,  
 And roses in my hair.

As I enter,—shall it be  
 With a grave and solemn pace?  
 No—a lightsome step for me  
 And a smile upon my face.

But what shall I sing or say?  
 Shall I ramble themes among  
 That grave apothegms display,  
 Or tune a martial song?  
 Or shall I read a homily  
 On peace, to spirits vex'd,  
 And take the forest's minstrelsy  
 Or lambkins, for a text.

Shall I—yet want of wit  
 Denies—go, silly thing,  
 Just drop a curtsey and silent sit,  
 While others talk and sing.

Lamb's new house on the Chase at Enfield still (1935) stands, probably much as it was. A tablet is affixed, both to that and to Westwood's, next door. As he was some little while in taking up residence, letters, as the note to the following one proves, were still addressed to him at Mrs. Leishman's.]

#### 696. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

[No date: *Mid-September 1827.*]

You will understand my silence when I tell you that my sister, on the very eve of entering into a new house we have taken at Enfield, was surprised with an attack of one of her sad long illnesses, which deprive me of her society, tho' not of her domestication, for eight or nine weeks together. I see her, but it does her no good. But for this, we have the snuggest, most comfortable house, with every thing most compact and desirable. Colebrook is a wilderness. The Books, prints, etc., are come here, and the New River came down with us. The familiar Prints, the Bust, the Milton, seem scarce to have changed their rooms. One of her last observations was 'how frightfully like this room is to our room in Islington'—our up-stairs room, she meant. How I hope you will come some better day, and judge of it! We have tried quiet here for four months, and I will answer for the comfort of it enduring.

On emptying my bookshelves I found an Ulysses, which I will

send to A. K. when I go to town, for her acceptance—unless the Book be out of print. One likes to have one copy of every thing one does. I neglected to keep one of 'Poetry for Children,' the joint production of Mary and me, and it is not to be had for love or money. It had in the title-page 'by the author of Mrs. Lester's School.' Know you any one that has it, and would exchange it?

Strolling to Waltham Cross the other day, I hit off these lines. It is one of the Crosses which Edw<sup>d</sup> 1st caused to be built for his wife at every town where her corpse rested between Northamptonsh<sup>r</sup> and London.

A stately Cross each sad spot doth attest,  
Whereat the corpse of Elinor did rest,  
From Herdby fetch'd—her Spouse so honour'd her—  
To sleep with royal dust at Westminster.  
And, if less pompous obsequies were thine,  
Duke Brunswick's daughter, princely Caroline,  
Grudge not, great ghost, nor count thy funeral losses:  
Thou in thy life-time had'st thy share of crosses.

My dear B. B.—My head akes with this little excursion. Pray accept 2 sides for 3 for once.

And believe me

Yours sadly

C. L.

Chace side Enfield.

['An Ulysses.' Lamb's book for children, *The Adventures of Ulysses*, 1808.

'A stately Cross . . .' These verses were printed in the *Englishman's Magazine* for September 1831. Lamb's sympathies were wholly with Caroline of Brunswick, as his epigrams in the *Champion* show (see my edition of the *Works*).

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This letter was in answer to the following one from B. B. (copied from Major Butterworth's red note-book).'

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Woodbridge 9/9th 1827.

I am pining to know what has become of thy Drama? 'Tis so long since I dramatized, that I forget how long Managers or their Committee keep an author in suspense ere they accept or reject. I have, in truth, dim & remote conjectures touching all these decision of their high Mightinesses of the Sock & Buskin. Has the aspirant for scenic honours to go & read his play to the Ladies & Gentlemen of the Green Room in full divan who are afterwards to enact it? Marry, I w<sup>d</sup> almost as soon go on the Stage: I should think of Dr. Johnson, the while, and his 'Davy! I'll come no more behind your Scenes!' But putting the Theatre out of the question as a place of which I know nothing, and leaving actors & actresses alone, as folk whom it becometh not my Quakership to talk familiarly about: I really feel anxious to know whether or when there is any probability of thy Drama being printed.

That's the form & fashion in which I long to see it: I will act it, in my fancy, when I get it over a nice cozie fire, all alone.

I certainly wish for thy sake, in the first place, in the second, for play-going folk, that the said Drama may be received, acted & succeed to thy heart's content—but my own.

I had a glimmering of thy Ulysses story the other day, but not enough to render either A. K. or myself perfectly sure whether such a book be now extant. A Reader of the Indicator told us there was an article in that entertaining Miscellany in which there was a famous Essay or Criticism on Lamb's works and a reference to certain Adventures of Ulysses; but his recollections were dim & conjectural—enlighten our darkness, I pray thee.

How goes on the Bijou? How I should like to see a contribution of thine to its pages, printed between those of his Majesty & the Duke of York.

The Lion and the Unicorn  
A fighting for the Crown,  
The Lamb comes in between them both  
And wins it, with renown.

Farewell

B. BARTON.

P.S. I direct this, having had no counter directions, to Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield, but if the weather have been as suddenly changed with you as with us I should think thy rustication will ere long draw to a close. I lit my fire this morning in self defence, for it is most miserably cold—17 degrees difference in the thermometer in about 24 or 36 hours—standing the day before yesterday at 70—& yesterday at 53—Being a Quaker I do not d— the climate, but the transition has induced a degree of spleen, of which if I complain not, it is because complaint would be useless—I begin to long for winter.

Chas Lamb Esq, Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield, near London.

'Davy' is David Garrick. The attractions of the actresses were too much for Johnson's sensibilities. See Boswell's *Life*, year 1749.]

### 697. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 18th September 1827.]

MY DEAR, AND NOW MORE SO, JOHN

How that name smacks! what an honest, full, English, and yet withal holy and apostolic sound it bears, above the methodistical priggish Bishoppy name of Timothy, under which I had obscured your merits!

What I think of the paternal verses, you shall read within, which I assure you is not pen praise but heart praise.

It is the gem of the Dibdin Muses.



I have got all my books into my new house, and their readers in a fortnight will follow, to whose joint converse nobody shall be more welcome than you, and *any of yours*.

The house is perfection to our use and comfort.

Milton is come. I wish Wordsworth were here to meet him. The next importation is of pots and saucepans, window curtains, crockery and such base ware.

The pleasure of moving, when Becky moves for you. O the moving Becky!

I hope you will come and *warm* the house with the first.

From my temporary domicile, Enfield.

ELIA, that 'is to go.'

['Milton' was the portrait, once the property of John Lamb, which was intended for Wordsworth, but was never his.

Charles Dibdin's verses in Emma Isola's album ran thus:

An album's like the dream of Hope;  
Full of sweet things: or, a Kaleidoscope,  
Pregnant with prettiness; whereof each change,  
From the same source, new beauties will arrange—  
So with an Album—every turning page  
Presents some new device—light, bright, or sage  
Born of one parent, Friendship: some by Taste  
And Genius nurtur'd; some, in haste,  
Train'd by eccentric Fancy. Some like Fruit,  
Sublim'd to ripeness; some like Roses,  
Blushing with cluster'd Beauties. Gems may suit  
The brilliancy of some; and some wild Posies,  
Simple, uncultivated, but yet sweet,  
And spangled, with bright thoughts, as flowers with dew.  
Such in thy album, Maid, the Eye may meet,  
Off rings of friendship and respect, to *you*.

A Stranger—I, invited to extend  
Thy album's store, in due obedience brief,  
To join thy Gems, of fruit, and flowerets, send—  
Haply, a foil, wild berry, or green leaf;  
But, if no better should my tribute be,  
A moral, Lady, each will offer thee;  
And Moral's the true wittiness of mirth—  
Let others' folly *foil* be to thy worth.  
Wild berries feed the warblers of the grove:

In things least valued trace heaven's bounteous love.  
 The plain, green leaf no richness may disclose,  
 But it protects the Nect'rine as it grows,  
 And adds a decoration to the Rose.

Adieu! heaven smile on thy young, artless hope!  
 Thy life *must* checquer'd be, thro' mortal blindness:  
 Be't sweetly checquer'd, like th' Kaleidoscope;  
 And like thy Album, fill'd with grace and kindness.]

## 698. TO THOMAS HOOD

DEAR HOOD,

*Tuesday [18th September 1827.]*

If I have any thing in my head, I will send it to Mr. Watts. Strictly speaking he should have had my Album verses, but a very intimate friend importund me for the trifles, and I believe I forgot Mr. Watts, or lost sight at the time of his similar Souvenir. Jamieson conveyed the farce from me to Mrs. C. Kemble, *he* will not be in town before the 27th. Give our kind loves to all at Highgate, and tell them that we have finally torn ourselves out right away from Colebrooke, where I had no health, and are about to domiciliate for good at Enfield, where I have experienced *good*.

Lord what good hours do we keep!  
 How quietly we sleep!

See the rest in the Complete Angler. We have got our books into our new house. I am a drayhorse if I was not asham'd of the indigested dirty lumber, as I toppled 'em out of the cart, and blest Becky that came with 'em for her having an unstuff'd brain with such rubbish. We shall get in by Michael's mass. Twas with some pain we were evuls'd from Colebrook. You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door posts. To change habitations is to die to them, and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I dont know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuvenescence. Tis an enterprise, and shoves back the sense of death's approximating, which tho' not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, recurring after seven years, but this last is premature by half that time. Cut off in the flower

of Colebrook. The Middletonian stream and all its echoes mourn. Even minnows dwindle. A parvis fiunt MINIMI. I fear to invite Mrs. Hood to our new mansion, lest she envy it, & rote [? rout] us. But when we are fairly in, I hope she will come & try it. I heard she & you were made uncomfortable by some unworthy to be cared for attacks, and have tried to set up a feeble counteraction thro' the Table Book of last Saturday. Has it not reach'd you, that you are silent about it? Our new domicile is no manor house, but new, & externally not inviting, but furnish'd within with every convenience. Capital new locks to every door, capital grates in every room, with nothing to pay for incoming & the rent £10 less than the Islington one. It was built a few years since at £1100 expence, they tell me, & I perfectly believe it. And I get it, for £35 exclusive of moderate taxes. We think ourselves most lucky. It is not our intention to abandon Regent Street, & West End perambulations (monastic & terrible thought!), but occasionally to breathe the FRESHER AIR of the metropolis. We shall put up a bedroom or two (all we want) for occasional ex-rustication, where we shall visit, not be visited. Plays too we'll see,—perhaps our own. Urbani Sylvani, & Sylvan Urbanuses in turns. Courtiers for a spurt, then philosophers. Old homely tell-truths and learn-truths in the virtuous shades of Enfield, Liars again and mocking gibbers in the coffee houses & resorts of London. What can a mortal desire more for his bi-parted nature?

○ the curds & cream you shall eat with us here!

○ the turtle soup and lobster sallads we shall devour with you theer!

○ the old books we shall peruse here!

○ the new nonsense we shall trifle over there!

○ Sir T. Browne!—here.

○ Mr. Hood & Mr. Jerdan there.  
thine,

C (urbanus) L (sylvanus) (ELIA ambo)——

Inclos'd are verses which Emma sat down to write, her first, on the eve after your departure. Of course they are only for Mrs. H.'s perusal. They will shew at least, that one of our party is not willing to cut old friends. What to call 'em I don't know.

Blank verse they are not, because of the rhymes—Rhimes they are not, because of the blank verse. Heroics they are not, because they are lyric, lyric they are not, because of the Heroic measure. They must be call'd EMMAICS.—

['Thro' the *Table Book*.' Lamb had contributed to Hone's *Table Book* a prose paraphrase of Hood's *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, just published, which had been dedicated to him, under the title 'The Defeat of Time.' In a previous number Moxon had addressed to Hood a eulogistic sonnet on the same subject. The attacks on Hood I have not sought.

'We shall put up a bedroom.' This project was very imperfectly carried out. Indeed, Lamb practically lost London from this date, his subsequent visits there being as a rule not fortunate.

'Mr. Jerdan.' William Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, of whom Lamb had the lowest opinion. Hood contributed to the paper.

'Sylvanus Urban' was the pseudonym invented by Cave for the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and retained in its later issues.

'Emmaics.' These verses are no longer forthcoming.]

#### 699. TO HENRY COLBURN

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 25th September 1827.]

I beg leave in the warmest manner to recommend to your notice Mr. Moxon, the Bearer of this, if by any chance yourself should want a steady hand in your business, or know of any Publisher that may want such a one. He is at present in the house of Messrs. Longman and Co., where he has been established for more than six years, and has the conduct of one of the four departments of the Country line. A difference respecting Salary, which he expected to be a little raised on his last promotion, makes him wish to try to better himself. I believe him to be a young man of the highest integrity, and a thorough man of business; and should not have taken the liberty of recommending him, if I had not thought him capable of being highly useful.

I am,

Sir,

with great respect,  
your hble Serv

CHARLES LAMB.

Enfield, Chace Side, 25th Sep. 1827.

[Moxon did not go to Colburn, but to Hurst & Co. in St. Paul's Churchyard.]

## 700. TO FANNY KELLY

Enfield, 25 Sept. '27.

A coach from the Bell, Holborn,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 or  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 to the  
door.

DEAR MISS KELLY,

*Honestly*, if you can come down alone, or accompanied with Miss Hamilton or Miss Gray, there is ample accommodation for you either at our lodgings, or in our new House, or elsewhere, for as many hours as Enfield shall be agreeable to you. If this week is most convenient, come this week; but if you have curiosity to see our new house, it is scarce in order till the next.

You will find Colebrook Cottage, with its old books etc. miraculously conveyed to Enfield in the night time. The New River is also come down with it.

It would give us the greatest gratification to see your party *next Sunday*. We dine *here*, and can go to criticise the *Manor House* after dinner: or Sunday after to dine in the *new House*!

Our best regards and most earnest wishes to Mr. Arnold to see him with you.

Our cordial thanks for your kindness to our strange-named friend.

Pray let us know if you all come; but come without that ceremony if alone.

My sister and Emma send loves, and I respects.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Mary would write, but she is making old carpets look like new.

[The strange-named friend would be Miss Ibbs.]

## 701. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? 1st October 1827.]

Pray, send me the Table Book.

DEAR M.,

Our pleasant meeting[s] for some time are suspended. My sister was taken very ill in a few hours after you left us (I had

suspected it),—and I must wait eight or nine weeks in slow hope of her recovery. It is her old complaint. You will say as much to the Hoods, and to Mrs. Lovekin, and Mrs. Hazlitt, with my kind love.

We are in the House, that is all. I hope one day we shall both enjoy it, and see our friends again. But till then I must be a solitary nurse.

I am trying Becky's sister to be with her, so don't say anything to Miss James.

Yours truly

CH. LAMB.

Monday. I will send your books soon.

[Miss James was, as we have seen, Mary Lamb's regular nurse. She had subsequently to be sent for.

Mrs. Lovekin was probably the widow of 'my cousin, the bookbinder.']

#### 702. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[Dated at end: 1st October (1827).]

DEAR R.,

I am settled for life I hope, at Enfield. I have taken the prettiest compactest house I ever saw, near to Antony Robinson's, but alas! at the expence of poor Mary, who was taken ill of her old complaint the night before we got into it. So I must suspend the pleasure I expected in the surprise you would have had in coming down and finding us householders.

Farewell, till we can all meet comfortable. Pray, apprise Martin Burney. Him I longed to have seen with you, but our house is too small to meet either of you without her knowledge.

God bless you.

C. LAMB.

Chase Side

1st Octr.

[Anthony Robinson, a prominent Unitarian, a friend but no relation of Crabb Robinson's, had died in the previous January. His widow still lived at Enfield.]

## 703. TO FANNY KELLY

[Dated at end: 1st October 1827.]

DEAR MISS KELLY,

All our pleasant prospects of seeing you here are dashed. Poor Mary was taken last night with the beginning of one of her sad illnesses, which last so long. I am here in a new house with her, and without her company. What I expected to be so comfortable has opened gloomily. But I hope she will get through it and enjoy our choice. I hardly know what I write. God bless you and our common friends.

Yours most truly,

CH. LAMB.

Enfield, Chase Side.

## 704. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 2nd October 1827.]

MY DEAR DIBDIN,

It gives me great pain to have to say that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you for some time. We are in our house, but Mary has been seized with one of her periodical disorders—a temporary derangement—which commonly lasts for two months. You shall have the first notice of her convalescence. Can you not send your manuscript by the Coach? directed to Chase Side, next to Mr. Westwood's Insurance office. I will take great care of it.

Yours most Truly

C. LAMB.

## 705. TO BARRON FIELD

Oct. 4th, 1827.

I am not in humour to return a fit reply to your pleasant letter. We are fairly housed at Enfield, and an angel shall not persuade me to wicked London again. We have now six sabbath days in a week for—*none*! The change has worked on my sister's mind, to make her ill; and I must wait a tedious time before we can hope to enjoy this place in unison. Enjoy it, when she recovers, I know we shall. I see no shadow, but in her illness, for repenting the step! For Mathews—I know my own utter unfitness for such a task. I am no hand at describing costumes, a great

requisite in an account of mannered pictures. I have not the slightest acquaintance with pictorial language even. An imitator of me, or rather pretender to be *me*, in his *Rejected Articles*, has made me minutely describe the dresses of the *poissardes* at Calais!—I could as soon resolve Euclid. I have no eye for forms and fashions. I substitute analysis, and get rid of the phenomenon by slurring in for it its impression. I am sure you must have observed this defect, or peculiarity, in my writings; else the delight would be incalculable in doing such a thing for Mathews, whom I greatly like—and Mrs. Mathews, whom I almost greatlier like. What a feast 'twould be to be sitting at the pictures painting 'em into words; but I could almost as soon make words into pictures. I speak this deliberately, and not out of modesty. I pretty well know what I can't do.

My sister's verses are homely, but just what they should be; I send them, not for the poetry, but the good sense and good-will of them. I was beginning to transcribe; but Emma is sadly jealous of its getting into more hands, and I won't spoil it in her eyes by divulging it. Come to Enfield, and *read it*. As my poor cousin, the bookbinder, now with God, told me, most sentimentally, that having purchased a picture of fish at a dead man's sale, his heart ached to see how the widow grieved to part with it, being her dear husband's favourite; and he almost apologised for his generosity by saying he could not help telling the widow she was 'welcome to come and look at it'—e.g. at *his house*—'as often as she pleased.' There was the germ of generosity in an uneducated mind. He had just *reading* enough from the backs of books for the '*nec sinit esse feros*'—had he read inside, the same impulse would have led him to give back the two-guinea thing—with a request to see it, now and then, at *her house*. We are parroted into delicacy.—Thus you have a tale for a Sonnet.

Adieu! with (imagine both) our loves. C. LAMB.

[The suggestion had been made to Lamb, through Barron Field, that he should write a descriptive catalogue of Charles Mathews's collection of theatrical portraits; Lamb having already touched upon them in his 'Old Actors' articles in the *London Magazine* (see my edition of the *Works*). When they were exhibited, after Mathews's death, at the Pantheon in Oxford Street, Lamb's remarks were appended to the *catalogue raisonné*. They are now at the Garrick Club.

'An imitator of me.' P. G. Patmore's *Rejected Articles*, 1826, leads off with



'An Unsentimental Journey,' by Elia, which is, except for a fitful superficial imitation of some of Lamb's mannerisms, as unlike him as could well be. The description of the fishwives' dress, to which Lamb refers, will illustrate the divergence between Elia and his parodist:

Her attire is fashioned as follows: and it differs from all her tribe only in the relative arrangement of its colours. On the body a crimson jacket, of a thick, solid texture, and tight to the shape; but without any pretence at ornament. This is met at the waist (which is neither long, nor short, but exactly where nature placed it) by a dark blue petticoat, of a still thicker texture, so that it hangs in large plaits where it is gathered in behind. Over this, in front, is tied tightly round the waist, so as to keep all trim and compact, a dark apron, the string of which passes over the little fulled skirt of the jacket behind, and makes it stick out smartly and tastily, while it clips the waist in. The head-gear consists of a sort of mob cap, nothing of which but the edge round the face can be seen, on account of the kerchief (of flowered cotton) which is passed over it, hood fashion, and half tied under the chin. This head-kerchief is in place of the bonnet—a thing not to be seen among the whole five hundred females who make up this pleasant show. Indeed, varying the colours of the different articles, this description applies to every dress of the whole assembly; except that in some the fineness of the day has dispensed with the kerchief, and left the snow-white cap exposed; and in others, the whole figure (except the head) is coyishly covered and concealed by a large hooded cloak of black cloth, daintily lined with silk, and confined close up to the throat by an embossed silver clasp, but hanging loosely down to the heels, in thick, full folds. The petticoat is very short; the trim ancles are cased in close-fit hose of dark, sober, slate colour; and the shoes, though thick and serviceable like all the rest of the costume, fit the foot as neatly as those which are not made to walk in.

Patmore tells us that his first meeting with the Lambs was immediately after they had seen his book; and they left the house intent upon reading it.

'My sister's verses.' I think these would probably be the lines on Emma learning Latin which I have quoted on page 111.

*'Nec sinit esse feros.'*

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

Ovid, *Ep. ex Ponto*, II. ix. 47.

'A careful study of the liberal arts refines the manners and prevents their becoming rude.']

706. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

[No date: 6th October 1827.]

Having occasion to write to Clarke I put in a bit to you. I see no Extracts in this No. You should have three sets in hand, one

long one in particular from Atreus and Thyestes, terribly fine. Don't spare 'em; with fragments, divided as you please, they'll hold out to Xmas. What I have to say is enjoined me most seriously to say to you by Moxon. Their country customers grieve at getting the Table Book so late. It is indispensable it should appear on Friday. Do it but *once*, & you'll never know the difference.

## FABLE

A boy at my school, a cunning fox, for one penny ensured himself a hot roll & butter every morning for ever. Some favor'd ones were allowed a roll & butter to their breakfasts. He had none. But he bought one one morning. What did he do? He did not eat it, but cutting it in two, sold each one of the halves to a half-breakfasted Blue Boy for *his* whole roll to-morrow. The next day he had a whole roll to eat, and two halves to swap with other two boys, who had eat their cake & were still not satiated, for whole ones to-morrow. So on ad infinitum. By one morning's abstinence he feasted seven years after.

## APPLICATION

Bring out the next No. on Friday, for country correspondents' sake. I[t] will be one piece of exertion, and you will go right ever after, for you will have just the time you had before, to bring it out ever after by the Friday.

You don't know the difference in getting a thing early. Your correspondents are your authors. You don't know how an author frets to know the world has got his contribution, when he finds it not on his breakfast table.

ONCE in this case is EVER without a grain of trouble afterwards. I won't like you or speak to you if you don't try it once.

Yours, on that condition,

C. LAMB.

[Lamb's letter to Cowden Clarke was presumably not preserved. The advice was taken, as the next letter to Hone proves.

His extracts from Crowne's *Thyestes* were printed in Hone's *Table Book* late in 1827.]

## 707. TO HENRY DODWELL

October 7, 1827.

Let us meet if possible when you hobble to town. *Enfield Chase*, nearly opposite to the 1st chapel; or better to define it, east side opposite a white House in which a Mrs. Vaughan (in ill health) still resides.

MY DEAR DODWELL

Your little pig found his way to Enfield this morning without his feet, or rather his little feet came first, and as I guessed the rest of him soon followed. He is quite a beauty. It was a pity to kill him, or *rather*, as Rice would say, it would have been a pity not to kill him in his state of innocence. He might have lived to be corrupted by the ways of the world, and for all his delicate promise have turned out, like an old Tea Broker you and I remember, a lump of fat rusty Bacon. Bacon was a Beast, my friend at Calne, Marsh, used to say—or was it Bendry? A rasher of the latter still hangs up in Leadenhall. Your kind letter has left a relish upon my taste; it read warm and short as to-morrow's crackling.

I am not quite so comfortable *at home* yet as I should be else in the neatest compactest house I ever got—a perfect God-send; but for some weeks I must enjoy it alone. *She* always comes round again. It is a house of a few years' standing, built (for its size with every convenience) by an old humourist for himself, which he tired of as soon as he got warm in it. Grates, locks, a pump, convenience indescribable, and cheap as if it had been old and craved repairs. For me, who always take the first thing that offers, how lucky that the best should first offer itself! My books, my prints are up, and I seem (so like this room I write in is to a room there) to have come here transported in the night, like Gulliver in his flying house; and to add to the deception, the New River has come down from Islington with me. 'Twas what I wished—to move my *house*, and I have realised it. Only instead of company seven nights in the week, I see my friends on the First Day of it, and enjoy six real Sabbaths. The Museum is a loss, but I am not so far but I can visit it occasionally: and I have exhausted the Plays there.

'Indisputably I shall allow no sage and onion to be cramm'd into the throat of so tender a suckling.

'Bread and milk with some odoriferous mint, and the liveret minced.

'Come and tell me when he cries, that I may catch his little eyes.

'And do it nice and *crips*.' (That's the Cook's word.) You'll excuse me, I have been only speaking to Becky about the dinner to-morrow. After it, a glass of seldom-drunk wine to my friend Dodwell, and, if he will give a stranger leave, to Mrs. Dodwell: then to the memory of the last, and of the last but one, learned Dodwell, of whom, but not whom, I have read so much. The next to the 'Outward and Homeward bound ships'—and, if the bottle lasts, to the Chairman, Deputy-Chairman, the Court of Directors, the Secretary, the Treasurer, and Accomptant-General, of the East India Company, with a blunt bumper at parting to P——. All I can do, I cannot make P—— look like a G——n, yet he is portly, majestic, hath his nods, his condescensions, his variety of behaviour to suit your Director, your Upper Clerk, your Ryles, and your Winfields; he tempers mirth with gravity, gives no affront, and expects to receive none, is honourable, mannered, of good bearing, looks like a man who, accustomed to respect others, silently extorts respect from them, has it as a sort of *in course*; without claiming it, finds it. What do I miss in him, then, of the essentials of gentlemanhood? He is right sterling—but then, somehow, he always has that d——d large Goldsmith's Hall mark staring upon him. Possibly he is too fat for a gentleman—then I think of Charles Fox in the Dropsy; and the burly old Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman, every stun of him!

I am afraid now you and —— are gone, there's scarce an officer in the Civil Service quite comes up to my notion of a gentleman. D—— certainly does *not*, nor his friend B——.

C—— bobs. K—— *curtsies*. W—— bows like the son of a citizen; F—— like a village apothecary; C—— like the Squire's younger Brother; R—— like a crocodile on his hind legs; H—— never bows at all—at least to me. S—— spulsters [*sic*] and stutters. W—— halters and smatters. R—— is a coal-heaver. Wolf wants my clothing. C—— simmers, but never boils over. D—— is a Butterfirkin, salt butter. C——, a pepper-box, cayenne. For A——, E——, and O——, I can answer that they have not the slightest pretensions to anything but rusticity. Marry, the remaining vowels had something of civility about them. Can you

make top or tail of this nonsense, or tell where it begins? I will page it. How an error in the outset infects to the end of life, or of a sheet of paper! Cordially adieu.

C. LAMB.

H. Dodwell, Esq., Maidenhead, Berks.

[Too late to be able to supply the names for the blanks: all old East India Company colleagues.]

708. TO WILLIAM HONE

[October 1827.]

DEAR HONE,

I was most sensibly gratified by receiving the T—— B—— on Friday evening at Enfield!!

Thank you. In haste,

C. L.

Don't spare the Extracts. They'll eke out till Christmas. How is your daughter?

Mr Hone, 22, Belvidere Place, Southwark.

709. TO MARY SHELLEY (?)

(Fragment)

[Dated by internal evidence: 14th October 1827.]

. . . I have a most convenient mansion at Chase Side, Enfield, and have been in it a fortnight, and have locked up the doors of Colebrook Cottage. I have let it to the rats, they to find their own board. By a singular coincidence, when your letter came I was gone to town with Emma after a situation in a greatest family, with a Mrs. Compton that hath her town and country house and twenty servants—and they seem to approve of her. £25 a year salary. We shall have a definite answer in a few days & if it break off, I will let you know. But I fear it is only for a few months, still that is a beginning, and will be a recommendation. The summons came as I was making her cry over a passage in the story of Phaeton in Ovid. She has been very diligent, and has got on surprisingly for five months. It grieves me to give her up, but I must not let slip the chance. She readily understands any common latin if you speak it to her; and it made Parson Cary laugh to learn my familiar method of making her put 'Blast you' into elegant verbiage—Deus afflet tibi. How

some parsons would have goggled and what would Hannah More say? I don't like clergymen, but here and there one. Cary, the Dante Cary, is a model, quite as plain as Parson Adams, without a shade of silliness.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This is copied from Major Butterworth's black note-book, where he heads it, "Extract of a letter from Lamb to —? in the collection of Lord Coleridge (given me [J. Dykes Campbell] by Ainger, November 1887)," and adds at the end: "From Dykes Campbell's Lamb Collection. C. Lamb Reviews, &c. B."']

'That the letter was addressed to Mrs. Shelley is pure guess work on my part, but I think I am right. Refer to Lamb's letter to her of 26th July. He speaks of Emma qualifying for a place as governess. Evidently the "singular coincidence" above, was that Mrs. S. had written to tell of some situation she had heard of. She was a Latin scholar, and would therefore be interested in Emma's progress. She had been away, and did not know about the new house at Enfield. A fairly intimate friend it certainly was. No other familiar correspondent fits so well as Mrs. Shelley. Q. E. D.'

Phaethon's story is in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ii. 31-332.

'Deus afflet tibi.' God breathe (poison) on you! The verb is used of the witch Canidia, worse than African serpents (Horace, *Satires*, II. viii. end).

'Parson Adams.' In *Joseph Andrews*, where Fielding describes him as 'a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages' (Book I, chapter iii.). This shows that Parson Adams was rather like Parson Cary.]

#### 710. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

Enfield.

[No date: ? November 1827.]

DEAR A.,

Don't come yet. The house is so small, Mary hears every person and every knock. She is very bad yet, but I hope ere long to have you here. Thanks for the paper. N.B., none came last week.

God bless you, and love to Mrs A.,

C. L.

#### 711. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 4th December 1827.]

MY DEAR B. B.,

I have scarce spirits to write, yet am harass'd with not writing. Nine weeks are completed, and Mary does not get any better. It is perfectly exhausting. Enfield and every thing is very

gloomy. But for long experience, I should fear her ever getting well.

I feel most thankful for the spinsterly attentions of your sister. Thank the kind 'knitter in the sun.'

What nonsense seems verse, when one is seriously out of hope and spirits! I mean that at this time I have some nonsense to write, pain of incivility. Would to the fifth heaven no coxcombess had invented Albums.

I have not had a Bijoux, nor the slightest notice from Pickering about omitting 4 out of 5 of my things. The best thing is never to hear of such a thing as a bookseller again, or to think there are publishers: second hand Stationers and Old Book Stalls for me. Authorship should be an idea of the Past.

Old Kings, old Bishops, are venerable. All present is hollow.

I cannot make a Letter. I have no straw, not a pennyworth of chaff, only this may stop your kind importunity to know about us.

Here is a comfortable house, but no tenants. One does not make a household.

Do not think I am quite in despair, but in addition to hope protracted, I have a stupifying cold and obstructing headache, and the sun is dead.

I will not fail to apprise you of the revival of a Beam.

Meantime accept this, rather than think I have forgotten you all.

Best rememb<sup>r</sup>

Yours and theirs truly,

C. L.

['Knitter in the sun.' *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 44.]

## 712. TO LEIGH HUNT

DEAR H.,

[No date: About 11th December 1827.]

I am here almost in the eleventh week of the longest illness my sister ever had, and no symptoms of amendment. Some had begun, but relapsed with a change of nurse. If she ever gets well, you will like my house, and I shall be happy to show you Enfield country.

As to my head, it is perfectly at your or any one's service; either M[e]yers' or Hazlitt's, which last (done fifteen or twenty years since) White, of the Accountant's office, India House, has;

he lives in Kentish Town: I forget where, but is to be found in Leadenhall daily. Take your choice. I should be proud to hang up as an alehouse sign even; or, rather, I care not about my head or anything, but how we are to get well again for I am tired out.

God bless you and yours from the worst calamity.—Yours truly  
C. L.

Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Hunt. H.'s is in a queer dress. M.'s would be preferable *ad populum*.

[Leigh Hunt had asked Lamb for his portrait to accompany his *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*. The Hazlitt portrait is the frontispiece to vol. i of this edition. Hunt chose Meyer's picture, which was beautifully engraved, for his book, in the large-paper edition.

### 713. TO WILLIAM HONE

MY DEAR HONE,

[P.M. 15th December 1827.]

I read the sad accident with a careless eye, the newspaper giving a wrong name to the poor Sufferer, but learn'd the truth from Clarke. God send him ease, and you comfort in your thick misfortunes. I am in a sorry state. 'Tis the eleventh week of the illness, and I cannot get her well. To add to the calamity, Miss James is obliged to leave us in a day or two. We had an Enfield Nurse for seven weeks, and just as she seem'd mending, *she* was call'd away. Miss J.'s coming seem'd to put her back, and now she is going. I do not compare my sufferings to yours, but you see the world is full of troubles. I wish I could say a word to comfort you. You must cling to all that is left. I fear to ask you whether the Book is to be discontinued. What a pity, when it must have delighted so many! Let me hear about you and it, and believe me with deepest fellow feeling

Your friend

Friday eveng.

C. LAMB.

[Hone's son Alfred, who had met with an accident, was a sculptor. The *Table Book* was to close with the year.]



## 714. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[No date: ? *Middle December 1827.*]

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

Thanks for the Birds. Your announcement puzzles me sadly, as nothing came. I send you back a word in your letter, which I can positively make nothing [of] and therefore return to you as useless. It means to refer to the birds, but gives me no information. They are at the fire, however.

My sister's illness is the most obstinate she ever had. It will not go away, and I am afraid Miss James will not be able to stay above a day or two longer. I am desperate to think of it sometimes. 'Tis eleven weeks!

The day is sad as my prospects.

With kindest love to Mrs. A. and the children,

Yours,

C. L.

No Atlas this week. Poor Hone's good boy Alfred has fractured his skull, another son is returned 'dead' from the Navy office, & his Book is going to be given up, not having answered. What a world of troubles this is!

[The *Atlas* was the paper which Allsop sent to Lamb every week.]

## 715. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[20th December 1827.]

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

I have writ to say to you that I hope to have a comfortable Xmas-day with Mary, and I can not bring myself to go from home at present. Your kind offer, and the kind consent of the young Lady to come, we feel as we should do; pray accept all of you our kindest thanks: at present I think a visitor (good & excellent as we remember her to be) might a little put us out of our way. Emma is with us, and our small house just holds us, without obliging Mary to sleep with Becky, &c.

We are going on extremely comfortably, & shall soon be in capacity of seeing our friends. Much weakness is left still. With thanks and old rememb<sup>rs</sup>. Yours,

C. L.

## 716. TO EDWARD MOXON

MY DEAR MOXON,

[P.M. 22nd December 1827.]

I am at length able to tell you that we are all doing well, and shall be able soon to see our friends as usual. If you will venture a winter walk to Enfield tomorrow week (Sunday 30th) you will find us much as usual; we intend a delicious quiet Christmas day, dull and friendless, for we have not spirits for festivities. Pray communicate the good news to the Hoods, and say I hope he is better. I should be thankful for any of the books you mention, but I am so apprehensive of their miscarriage by the stage,—at all events I want none just now. Pray call and see Mrs. Lovekin, I heard she was ill; say we shall be glad to see them some fine day after a week or so.

May I beg you to call upon Miss James, and say that we are quite well, and that Mary hopes she will excuse her writing herself yet; she knows that it is rather troublesome to her to write. We have rec<sup>d</sup> her letter. Farewell, till we meet.

Yours truly,

Enfield.

C. LAMB.

## 717. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B.,

[No date: *End of 1827.*]

We are all pretty well again and comfortable, and I take a first opportunity of sending the *Adventures of Ulysses*, hoping that among us—Homer, Chapman, and C<sup>o</sup>.—we shall afford you some pleasure. I fear, it is out of print, if not, A. K. will accept it, with wishes it were bigger; if another copy is not to be had, it reverts to me and my heirs *for ever*. With it I send a trumpery book to which, without my knowledge, the Editor of the *Bijoux* has contributed Lucy's verses: I am ashamed to ask her acceptance of the trash accompanying it. Adieu to Albums—for a great while, I said when I came here, and had not been fixed two days but my Landlord's daughter (not at the Pot house) requested me to write in her female friend's, and in her own; if I go to thou art there also, O all pervading ALBUM! All over the Leeward

Islands, in Newfoundland, and the Back Settlements, I understand there is no other reading. They haunt me. I die of Albo-phobia!

['A trumpery book.' This was *The Christmas Box* for 1828, in which the lines to Lucy Barton first appeared.

Writing in the *Englishman's Magazine* in 1831, in a review of his own *Album Verses*, Lamb amplifies his sentiments on albums. See my edition of the *Works*.

'If I go to —.' Psalm cxxxix 7, Prayer Book version: 'If I go down to hell, thou art there also.'

On 26th December, having heard from Lamb that his sister was well again, Crabb Robinson went to see them at Enfield, and in the evening Mrs. Anthony Robinson, who lived opposite on the Chase, came over for a rubber. Lamb, he says, was delighted with his retirement and dreading, rather than seeking, visitors.]

## 718. TO BARRON FIELD

MY DEAR B. F.,

[P.M. 3rd January 1828.]

I came to town on Monday, but did not see your brother Frank, he being engaged with the great man, and had no time to wait, or call on you, having very much to do before I got home. It will give us great pleasure to see you here, if you can take a bed at an Inn. I am very poorly, and have not spirits to pass a night in Town, or I would come up. Perhaps Talfourd would accompany you, or Frank if on a Sunday, if you will take pot luck. Mary is well, but we seem doom'd not to be both well together. Perhaps you can arrange it, to give us a line beforehand. I have apprised the young man concerning Colborn, & he has been to him.

Believe me, well or ill (I am neither *much* just now)

Yours as Ever

C. LAMB.

Enfield Chase side, next the Phoenix Insurance office (Mr. Westwood's) Mary's love & mine to Mrs. F. if she is with you.

## 719. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

[9th January 1828.]

I have been very poorly and nervous lately, but am recovering sleep, &c. I do not invite or make engagements for particular

days; but I need not say how pleasant your dropping in *any* Sunday morn<sup>g</sup> would be. Perhaps Jameson would accompany you. Pray beg him to keep an accurate record of the warning I sent by him to old Pan, for I dread lest he should at the 12 months' end deny the warning. The house is his daughter's, but we took it through him, and have paid the rent to his receipts for his daughter's. Consult J. if he thinks the warning sufficient. I am very nervous, or have been, about the house; lost my sleep, & expected to be ill; but slumbered gloriously last night golden slumbers. I shall not relapse. You fright me with your inserted slips in the most welcome Atlas. They begin to charge double for it, & call it two sheets. How can I confute them by opening it, when a note of yours might slip out, & we get in a hobble? When you write, write real letters. Mary's best love & mine to Mrs. A.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

[The business part of this letter may refer to Colebrook Cottage.]

#### 720. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. (? January, Sunday) 1828.]

DEAR MOXON,

I have to thank you for despatching so much business for me. I am uneasy respecting the enclosed receipts which you sent me and are dated Jan. 1827. Pray get them chang'd by Mr. Henshall to 1828. I have been in a very nervous way since I saw you. Pray excuse me to the Hoods for not answering his very pleasant letter. I am very poorly. The 'Keepsake' I hope is return'd. I sent it back by Mrs. Hazlitt on Thursday. 'Twas blotted outside when it came. The rest I think are mine. My heart bleeds about poor Hone, that such an agreeable book, and a Book there seem'd no reason should not go on for ever, should be given up, and a thing substituted which in its Nature cannot last. Don't send me any more 'Companions,' for it only vexes me about the Table Book. This is not weather to hope to see any body to day, but without any particular invitations, pray consider that we are *at any time* most glad to see you, You (with Hunt's 'Lord Byron' or Hazlitt's 'Napoleon' in your hand) or You simply

with your switch &c. The night was damnable and the morning is not too bless-able. If you get my dates changed, I will not trouble you with business for some time. Best of all rememb<sup>ces</sup> to the Hoods, with a malicious congratulation on their friend Rice's advancement.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

[Hone's *Table Book* ceased with 1827: it was succeeded by a reprint, in monthly parts, of Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*.

The *Companion* was the periodical started by Leigh Hunt in 1828.

'Hazlitt's "Napoleon."' Of this work the first two volumes appeared in 1828, and the other two in 1830.

'Their friend Rice's advancement.' The Rev. Edward Rice had got the Christ's Hospital living of Horley in 1827.]

721. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

[P.M. 31st January 1828.]

MY DEAR TALFOURD,

The prospect of seeing you on Sunday has cheered us much. What a nice pen I have got! did you ever see neater writing? I haven't.—Your way will be thro' Lower Street Islington, past Newington (not the vulgar *Butts*, but that renowned for Defoe and Watts formerly, and the great friend at present) by what is call'd the Green Lanes Road. Passing the Church you turn to the Right, & are on the Chase. We are opposite, but a little before you come to, Two Chapels. We are the House next, on this side, to Mr. Westwood's the Insurancer. A gambogish-color'd formal thickset Mansion. We are known at the Horse-shoe & the Rising Sun: but the above is a lucid exposition. You may put in the pocket of the vehicle Wallenstein and Aids to Reflection, both which you have owed me a long time: but you shall be welcome without them. Our very kindest Love to Mrs. Talfourd, till we meet,

and longer,

Yours faithf<sup>ly</sup>

CHARLES LAMB

Enfield Chase 31 Jan 28 Can you not come earlier than you speak of? We dine at *three*.

[I cannot identify 'the great friend' who lived at Newington—or Stoke Newington, as it is usually called. Defoe, when at school there, had a school-fellow named Crusoe. Isaac Watts lived for many years at Abney Park.

*Wallenstein* and *Aids to Reflection* were by Coleridge.]

## 722. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 18th February 1828.]

I had rather thought to have seen you yesterday, or I should have written to thank you for your attentions in the Book way &c. Hone's address is, 22 Belvidere Place, Southwark. 'Tis near the Obelisk. I can only say we shall be most glad to see you, when weather suits, and that it will be a joyful surprisal to see the Hoods. I should write to them, but am poorly and nervous. Emma is very proud of her *Valentine*. Mary does not immediately want Books, having a damn'd consignment of Novels in MS. from Malta: which I wish the Mediterranean had in its guts. Believe me yours truly C. L.

Monday.

[Emma's valentine probably came from Moxon, who, I feel sure, in spite of Lamb's utterance in a previous letter, had not yet told his love, although we know that it had budded.

'Novels in MS.' Lady Stoddart's, we may suppose.]

## 723. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

MY DEAR CLARKE,

Enfield, 25 Feb. 1828.

You have been accumulating on me such a heap of pleasant obligations that I feel uneasy in writing as to a Benefactor. Your smaller contributions, the little weekly rills, are refreshments in the desert, but your large books were feasts. I hope Mrs. Hazlitt, to whom I encharged it, has taken Hunt's Lord B. to the Novellos. His picture of Literary Lordship is as pleasant as a disagreeable subject can be made, his own poor man's Education at dear Christ's is as good and hearty as the subject. Hazlitt's

speculative episodes are capital; I skip the Battles. But how did I deserve to have the Book? The *Companion* has too much of Madam Pasta. Theatricals have ceased to be popular attractions. His walk home after the Play is as good as the best of the old Indicators. The watchmen are emboxed in a niche of fame, save the skaiting one that must be still fugitive. I wish I could send a scrap for good will. But I have been most seriously unwell & nervous a long long time. I have scarce mustered courage to begin this short note, but conscience duns me.

I had a pleasant letter from your sister, greatly overacknowledging my poor sonnet. I think I should have replied to it, but tell her I think so. Alas for sonnetting, 'tis as the nerves are; all the Summer I was dawdling among green lanes, and verses came as thick as fancies. I am sunk winterly below prose & zero.

But I trust the vital principle is only as under snow. That I shall yet laugh again.

I suppose the great change of place affects me, but I could not have lived in Town, I could not bear company.

I see Novello flourishes in the Del Capo line, and Dedications are not forgotten. I read the *Atlas*. When I pitched on the Ded<sup>a</sup> I looked for the Broom of 'Cowden knows' to be harmonized, but 'twas summat of Rossinis.

I want to hear about Hone, does he stand above water, how is his son? I have delayd writing to him, till it seems impossible. Break the ice for me.

The wet ground here is intolerable, the sky above clear & delusive, but under foot quagmires from night showers, & I am cold-footed and moisture-aborring as a cat, nevertheless I yesterday tramped to Waltham Cross; perhaps the poor bit of exertion necessary to scribble this was owing to that unusual bracing.

If I get out, I shall get stout, and then something will out—I mean for the *Companion*—you see I rhyme insensibly.

Traditions are rife here of one Clarke a schoolmaster, and a runaway pickle named Holmes, but much obscurity hangs over it. Is it possible they can be any relations?

'Tis worth the research, when you can find a sunny day, with ground firm &c. Master Sexton is intelligent, and for half-a-crown he'll pick you up a Father.

In truth we shall be most glad to see any of the Novellian Circle, middle of the week such as can come, or Sunday, as can't. But Spring will burgeon out quickly, and then, we'll talk more.

You'd like to see the improvements on the Chase, the new Cross in the market-place, the Chandler's shop from whence the rods were fetch'd. They are raised a farthing since the spread of Education. But perhaps you don't care to be reminded of the Holofernes' days, and nothing remains of the old laudable profession, but the clear firm impossible-to-be-mistaken School-master text hand with which is subscribed the ever-welcome name of Chas. Cowden C. Let me crowd in both our loves to all.

C. L.

Let me never be forgotten to include in my remembrance my good friend & whilom correspondent Master Stephen.

How, especially, is Victoria?

I try to remember all I used to meet at Shacklewell—The little household, cake-producing, wine-bringing out, Emma—the old Servant, that didn't stay, & ought to have staid, & was always very dirty & friendly, & Miss H., the countertenor with a fine voice, whose Sister married Thurtell. They all live in my minds eye, & N's and Holms's walks with us half back after supper. Troja fuit!

['The Companion.' Leigh Hunt's paper lasted only for seven months. Madame Pasta, of whom too much was written, was Giuditta Pasta (1798–1865), a singer of unusual compass, for whom Bellini wrote *La Sonnambula*.

The following is the account of the Sliding Watchman in the essay, 'Walks Home by Night in Bad Weather. Watchmen':

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding Watchman*. Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet over head, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white, coming towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once; he slipped from out of his box and his commonplaces at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, 'Everything's in imagination;—here goes the whole weight of my office.'

'Your sister.' Mrs. Isabella Jane Towers, author of *The Children's Fireside*, 1828, and other books for children, to whom Lamb had sent a sonnet.



'Novello . . . dedications . . . I read the *Atlas*.' In the *Atlas* for 17th February was reviewed *Select Airs from Spohr's celebrated Opera of Faust, arranged as duetts for the Pianoforte and inscribed to his friend Charles Cowden Clarke by Vincent Novello*. Holmes was musical critic for the *Atlas*.

'The Broom,' etc. *The Broom of Cowden-Knowes* is a ballad extant in many forms. The tune associated with it was remarkably popular.

'One Clarke a schoolmaster.' See note to Letter 401.

'Holofernes' days.' Holofernes, the schoolmaster, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Cowden Clarke had assisted his father.

'Master Stephen.' I do not identify Stephen. This is the name of the country gull in Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, and may be used by Lamb as a nickname. Hazlitt, in his essay 'On Coffee-House Politicians,' calls a waiter 'a complete Master Stephen in his way.'

'Victoria.' Mary Victoria Novello, afterwards Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke.

'At Shacklewell.' The Novellos' old home. They now lived in Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

'Whose sister married Thurtell.' Thurtell, the murderer of Mr. Weare, I suppose.]

## 724. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

MY DEAR ROBINSON,

[P.M. 26th February 1828.]

It will be a very painful thing to us indeed, if you give up coming to see us, as we fear, on account of the nearness of the poor Lady you inquire after. It is true that on the occasion she mentions, which was on her return from last seeing her daughter, she was very heated and feverish, but there seems to be a great amendment in her since, and she has within a day or two passed a quiet evening with us. At the same time I dare not advise any thing one way or another respecting her daughter coming to live with her. I entirely disclaim the least opinion about it. If we named any thing before her, it was erroneously, on the notion that *she* was the obstacle to the plan which had been suggested of placing her daughter in a Private Family, *which seem'd your wish*. But I have quite done with the subject. If we can be of any amusement to the poor Lady, without self disturbance, we will. But come and see us after Circuit, as if she were not. You have no more affect<sup>d</sup> friends than C. AND M. LAMB.

['The poor Lady' was, I imagine, the widow of Anthony Robinson.]

## 725. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO FANNY KELLY

Enfield, 10th Mar., 1828.

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Many thanks for your kind consideration about our young friend who is engaged to a clergyman's family near Bury, and it is settled that she goes there in April. But she and we are equally thankful for the communication. Emma has taken the liberty to name the situation to a young friend who will wait upon you immediately, and whom Emma thinks equally qualified with herself in French, and very *superior to her in music*, being a most excellent singer also. Emma hopes you will pardon her recommendation—from her intimate knowledge of her young friend, whose disposition she describes as excellent, and her parents and connections as most excellent also. She is about 18, and daughter to Mr. Adams, silversmith, no. 76 Strand, whom I have seen and greatly like. We think this to be the no.—but it is very near Adam Street, Adelphi; but she will call and beg to see Mrs. Bryan or you, supposing Mrs. B. to be still with you. Emma would write, but she is at a school here, where she passes all the time possible in giving a finish to her French and music before her final departure.

Mary is very well, thank God, and joins in thanks and our friendly remembrances to yourself and our common friends, and above all to good Mrs. Bryan, who has been so thoughtful for Emma.

We are fixed here at Enfield, on the Chase, next to Mr. Westwood's Insurance Office, where, whenever you can spare a day and a night, it would be most gratifying to see you with Mrs. Bryan.

Some of us will be in town ere long, and shall try to find you out in your new Old Dean Street, which we hope you find as pleasant as we did Henrietta Street. I should say something about our not having written to you for so long, but I am in haste to get this to the post with some others which must go by it, so pray accept a hasty but warm remembrance from us all.

Miss Adams has been five years at school at Mrs. Richardson's,

Dulwich, with Emma, who is sure that Mrs. R. would give her the best of characters.

Pray believe us,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

[Emma Isola was about to take up a situation as governess with Mrs. Williams, wife of a clergyman, at Fornham, Suffolk.

'Dean Street.' Miss Kelly had moved to 73 Dean Street, where, in 1839, she built the theatre which is now known as the Royalty.]

726. CHARLES LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON

March 19th, 1828.

MY DEAR M.,

It is my firm determination to have nothing to do with 'Forget-me-Nots'—pray excuse me as civilly as you can to Mr. Hurst. I will take care to refuse any other applications. The things which Pickering has, if to be had again, I have promised absolutely, you know, to poor Hood, from whom I had a melancholy epistle yesterday; besides that, Emma has decided objections to her own and her friend's Album verses being published; but if she gets over that, they are decidedly Hood's.

Till we meet, farewell. Loves to Dash.

C. L.

[Moxon seems to have asked Lamb for a contribution for one of Hurst's annuals, probably the *Keepsake*.

Hood, who was to edit the *Gem* for 1829, had been ill since the end of 1827, and about this very day (19th March) had gone to Brighton to convalesce. The change did him good at once.

'Dash.' Moxon seems to have been the present master of the dog.]

727. MARY LAMB TO FANNY KELLY

March 28 1828.

Mary Lamb sends her love to Miss Kelly, and she and her whole little household will be most glad to see her at Enfield, and still more if she will prevail upon Mrs. Bryan to accompany her; she has beds at their service, and hopes they will make what stay they can with her. A coach will bring them from the Bell, corner

of Leather Lane, Holborn, we believe, at nine in the morning and set them down at the cottage, on the Chase, next door to Mr. Westwood's Insurance Office.

Emma joins us in kindest thanks to Mrs. Bryan for the trouble she took so kindly for her young friend, and we all wait in a pleasant expectation of Monday.

The morning coach, we find, comes at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8, and the afternoon at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4, which ever may best suit the ladies.

Pray come, it is more than convenient. In my own hand,  
Ever yours affectionately,

M. LAMB.

728. CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[No date: ? 30th March 1828.]

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

I think it will be impossible for us to come to Highgate in the time you propose. We have friends coming to-morrow, who may stay the week; and we are in a bustle about Emma's leaving us—so we will put off the hope of seeing Mrs Allsop till we come to Town, after Emma's going, which is in a fortnight and a half, when we mean to spend a time in Town, but shall be happy to see you on Sunday, or any day.

In haste. Hope our little Porter does.

Yours ever,

C. L.

729. TO THE REV. EDWARD IRVING

Enfield Chase,

3rd April, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

I take advantage from the kindness which I have experienced from you in a slight acquaintance to introduce to you my very respected friend Mr Hone, who is of opinion that your interference in a point which he will mention to you may prove of essential benefit to him in some present difficulties. I should not take this liberty if I did not feel that you are a person not to be prejudiced by an obnoxious name. All that I know of him

obliges me to respect him, and to request your kindness for him, if you can serve him.

With feelings of kindest respect,

I am, dear Sir,

yours truly,

CHAS. LAMB.

[Hone later became devout and even preached at the Weigh-House Chapel in Eastcheap.

I place here, although it probably belongs to a later period, a letter from Irving to Lamb.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am ashamed at having kept this book so long. I have drawn largely upon your good nature. And yet I feel assured that it is not exhausted; and that enough remains to forgive me. Come and look at my Books and see if any of them can be of service to your studies. I desire to be kindly remembered to Miss Lamb.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD IRVING.]

730. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

DEAR SIR,

*April 3, 1828.*

It is whispered me that you will not be unwilling to look into our doleful hermitage. Without more preface, you will gladden our cell by accompanying our old chums of the London, Darley and Allan Cunningham, to Enfield on Wednesday. You shall have hermit's fare, with talk as seraphical as the novelty of the divine life will permit, with an innocent retrospect to the world which we have left, when I will thank you for your hospitable offer at Chiswick, and with plain hermit reasons evince the necessity of abiding here.

Without hearing from you, then, you shall give us leave to expect you. I have long had it on my conscience to invite you, but spirits have been low; and I am indebted to chance for this awkward but most sincere invitation.

Yours, with best love to Mrs. Cary,

C. LAMB.

Darley knows all about the coaches. Oh, for a Museum in the wilderness!

[Cary, who had been afternoon lecturer at Chiswick and curate of the Savoy, was now Assistant Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, with

an official residence there. Hence the offer of Hogarth's House at Chiswick, where he had been living.

On 4th April Crabb Robinson was at Enfield, where Miss Kelly and Moxon were fellow guests.

'Oh, for a Museum, etc.' Adapted from Cowper's beginning of Book ii of *The Task*, 'O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.']

## 731. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 21st April 1828.]

DEAR B. B.,

You must excuse my silence. I have been in very poor health and spirits, and cannot write letters. I only write to assure you, as you wish'd, of my existence. All that which Mitford tells you of H.'s book is rhodomontade, only H. has written unguardedly about me, and nothing makes a man more foolish than his own foolish panegyric. But I am pretty well cased to flattery, or its contrary. Neither affect me a turnip's worth. Do you see the Author of *May you Like it*? Do you write to him? Will you give my present plea to him of ill health for not acknowledging a pretty Book with a pretty frontispiece he sent me. He is most esteem'd by me. As for subscribing to Books, in plain truth I am a man of reduced income, and don't allow myself 12 shillings a-year to buy OLD BOOKS with, which must be my Excuse. I am truly sorry for Murray's demur, but I wash my hands of all booksellers, and hope to know them no more. I am sick and poorly and must leave off, with our joint kind remembrance to your daughter and friend A. K.

C. L.

['H.'s book.' In Hunt's *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries* Lamb was praised very warmly.

'The Author of *May you Like it*.' The Rev. C. B. Tayler.

The book with a pretty frontispiece was *A Fireside Book*, 1828, with a frontispiece by George Cruikshank.

'Murray's demur.' Probably an unfavourable reply to a suggestion of Barton's concerning a new volume.]

## 732. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: *Spring 1828.*]

MY DEAR HOOD,

Emmas hat came safe; and Emma, hat, and all, departed for Cambridge on Thursday, and will be at Bury to day. She has left an ugly gap in our society, which will not close hastily. I have only to say that Mrs Hood & yourself will be most welcome, come when you will. It is not walking weather, but it is good whist weather within doors, and so—if this time just now suit you, or the weeks end, or the beginning of a finer, suit your convenience, only letting us know the day a day or two before—we have had all the world & his wife here in the last week or two, they seem to have come I know not whence—but they are all gone, and have left room for a quiet couple. We are quiet as death and lonely as his dark chambers—

but parting wears off, as we shall wear off—the great remedy is to be as merry as we can, and the great secret is how to be so—  
come and relieve us—

both our best loves &amp; wishes to see you

C LAMB

[Emma Isola was packing up for Bury on 29th April. The next Thursday was 2nd May. Some time later in the month, when she had written two letters, Lamb's invitation to Hood was accepted, as appears from Letter 738.]

## 733. TO GEORGE DYER

Enfield, *April 29, 1828.*

DEAR DYER,

As well as a bad pen can do it, I must thank you for your friendly attention to the wishes of our young friend Emma, who was packing up for Bury when your sonnet arrived, and was too hurried to express her sense of its merits. I know she will treasure up that and your second communication among her choicest rarities, as from her *grandfather's* friend, whom not having seen, she loves to hear talked of. The second letter shall be sent after her, with our first parcel to Suffolk, where she is, to us, alas, dead and Bury'd; we sorely miss her. Should you at any hour think of four or six lines, to send her, addressed to herself simply, naming her grandsire, and to wish she may pass through life as

1828

GEORGE DYER

much respected, with your own G. Dyer at the end, she would feel rich indeed, for the nature of an Album asks for verses that have not been in print before; but this quite at your convenience: and to be less trouble to yourself, four lines would be sufficient. Enfield has come out in summer beauty. Come when you will and we will give you a bed. Emma has left hers, you know. I remain, my dear Dyer, your affectionate friend,

CHARLES LAMB.

[From the *Mirror*, 1841. Lamb had made the same pun—'Bury'd'—to George Dyer, in Letter No. 211.

Dyer seems to have sent something already published. We shall find later his second attempt.]

734. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[1st May 1828.]

DEAR A.,

I am better. Mary quite well. We expected to see you before. I can't write long letters. So a friendly love to you all.

Yours ever,

Enfield.

C. L.

This sunshine is healing.

735. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

[No date: ? May 1828.]

DEAR C.,

I shall do very well. The sunshine is medicinal, as you will find when you venture hither some fine day. Enfield is beautiful.

Yours truly,

C. L.

736. TO WILLIAM HONE

Enfield, Wednesday,  
May 2, 1828.

DEAR H.,

Valter Vilson dines with us to-morrow. Vell! How I should like to see Hone!

C. LAMB.

Mr. Hone, 22, Belvidere Place, near the Obelisk, Southwark.



## 737. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 3rd May 1828.]

DEAR M.,

My friend Patmore, author of the 'Months,' a very pretty publication, [and] of sundry Essays in the 'London,' 'New Monthly,' &c., wants to dispose of a volume or two of 'Tales.' Perhaps they might chance to suit Hurst; but be that as it may, he will call upon you, *under favor of my recommendation*; and as he is returning to France, where he lives, if you can do anything for him in the Treaty line, to save him dancing over the Channel every week, I am sure you will. I said I'd never trouble you again; but how vain are the resolves of mortal man! P. is a very hearty friendly fellow, and was poor John Scott's second, as I will be yours when you want one. May you never be mine!

Yours truly,

C. L.

Enfield.

[Patmore's book was entitled *The Mirror of the Months*, 1826.  
'Scott's second.' In the fatal duel with Christie.]

## 738. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: May 1828.]

DEAR HOOD,

We will look out for you on Wednesday, be sure, tho' we have not eyes like Emma, who, when I made her sit with her back to the window to keep her to her Latin, literally saw round backwards every one that past, and, O, [that] she were here to jump up and shriek out 'There are the Hoods!' We have had two pretty letters from her, which I long to show you—together with Enfield in her May beauty.

Loves to Jane.

[Here follow rough caricatures of Charles and his sister, and] 'I can't draw no better.'

## 739. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO FANNY KELLY

Enfield, May 9th, 1828.

Miss Lamb rejoices in the hope of seeing Miss Kelly here on Sunday. Cakes and ale at the Barley Mow, as before. Could not Mrs. Bryan accompany her, as we are richer in beds than before by half a bed.

Charles suggests that perhaps Mr. Arnold will accompany them, which would make a day of it. Do try and persuade him. He shall either have Emma's little bed, and my brother go out, or the latter stay in, and Mr. Arnold *bed* at the Rising Sun. Do come all three.

This is neither note nor letter, confounding 1st and 3rd persons, and 'tis Mary's letter, and yet 'tis written by *me*.

Yours and all yours

C. AND M. LAMB.

Can you extricate this confusion of plurals and singulars? I cannot. Who's I?

[The following is the first of the letters to Charles Ryle, taken by permission from a slender volume published by the Oxford University Press in 1931: *Seven Letters from Charles Lamb to Charles Ryle of the East India House*. Ryle was to be Lamb's executor, and it is probable that he was instrumental in getting for Miss Lamb a pension from the East India Company.]

## 740. CHARLES LAMB TO CHARLES RYLE

DEAR RYLE,

[P.M. 13th May 1828.]

Thanks for your friendly scrap. I am sorry I did not see Mr. Woolly, tho' we see many woolly things about the meadows. Enfield is now in her summer beauty. Why don't you come? will you come on *Sunday* & bring Mrs. Ryle in your hand? we are sure to be at home, you know. I am better, but dull. Mary is well, and thanks Mrs Ryle for her kind offer, which she means some day to accept.

Meanwhile believe me  
ever Yours Truly

Emma is gone alas!

C L

Kind rememb<sup>es</sup> to all true Leadenhallers.

## 741. TO WALTER WILSON

[Dated at end: 17th May (1828).]

DEAR WALTER,

The sight of your old name again was like a resurrection. It had passed away into the dimness of a dead friend. We shall be most joyful to see you here next week,—if I understand you right—for your note dated the 10th arrived only yesterday, Friday the 16th. Suppose I name *Thursday* next. If that don't suit, write to say so. A morning coach comes from the Bell or Bell & Crown by Leather Lane Holborn, and sets you down at our house on the Chase Side, next door to Mr. Westwood's, whom all the coachmen know—

I have four more notes to write, so dispatch this with again assuring you how happy we shall be to see you, & to discuss Defoe & old matters.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

Enfd. Saturd<sup>y</sup>. 17th May.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Wilson evidently could not come on Thursday 22nd, as Lamb proposed, so he came on Tuesday 27th. On Monday 26th Crabb Robinson walked to Enfield and stayed the night, and played whist next morning till "we were interrupted by the arrival of the stage with Lamb's old friend Walter Wilson, whom he had not seen for twenty years. Lamb and his sister have so much sentiment as to enjoy the sight of any old acquaintance. Soon after, Hone (also a common acquaintance) came and then I stole off to a walk back through the Green Lanes."']

## 742. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

[P.M. 17th May 1828.]

DEAR C.,

Your new books are nearly as good as old. Who the Devil wrote the novel? Your sister or our young friend. Without being very original in story or character, it is full of clever thoughts in clever language, which suits me, who have outlived interest in narrative. Mary is delighted. I shall make a conscience of returning the Pigsmeat, because that is not a book of one of the Family—the other we detain.

The sight of snow seen again warm'd my heart, with hundreds

of other touches! excellent. . . . but why apoplexy off the good old 1st Parson so soon.

Love in haste to all. Come and look at us again. The Kellys went off next day.

Mr. Clark, Messrs. Hunt & Clark, York Street, Covent Garden.

['The Pigsmeat.' Perhaps T. J. Hogg's *Two Hundred and Nine Days*, published in 1827.

This would be one of the 'four more notes to write,' mentioned in the previous letter. But where are the other three?

I find that on 17th May 1828 Mary Lamb wrote the following lines, preserved in the Huntington Library, in the album of Miss Westwood, who was just engaged to Mr. Sugden, a schoolmaster:

Small beauty to Your Book my lines can lend,  
Yet you shall have the best I can, sweet friend,  
To serve for poor memorials 'gainst the day  
That calls you from your Parent-roof away,  
From the mild offices of Filial life  
To the more serious duties of a Wife.  
The World is opening to you—may you rest  
With all your prospects realised, and blest.  
I, with the Elder Couple left behind,  
On evenings chatting, yet shall call to mind  
Those spirits of Youth which Age so ill can miss,  
And, wanting you, half grudge your S——n's bliss;  
Till mirthful malice tempts us to exclaim  
'Gainst the dear Thief who robb'd you of your *Name*.

MARY LAMB.

Enfield Chase,

17th May, 1828.

'Thief.' Thus in one version, and I have left it in for the sake of scansion. But in the Huntington original it is 'Philip.']

#### 743. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

MY DEAR TALFOURD,

[P.M. 20th May 1828.]

We propose being with you on Wednesday not unearly, Mary to take a bed with you, and I with Crabbe, if, as I understand, he be of the party.

Yours ever,

CH. LAMB.

[Lamb's future biographer was then living at 26 Henrietta Street, Brunswick

Square. He had married in 1822. Crabb Robinson's *Diary* for 21st May tells us that Talfourd's party consisted of the Lambs, Wordsworth, Miss Anne Rutt, three barristers, and himself. Lamb, who was in excellent spirits, slept at Robinson's that night.]

## 744. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[No date: 23rd May 1828.]

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

We had meant to have tried to see Mrs. Wordsworth and Dora next Wednesday, but we are intercepted by a violent toothache which Mary has got by getting up next morning after parting with you, to be with my going off at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8 Holborn. We are poor travellers, and moreover we have company (damn 'em) good people, Mr. Hone and an old crony not seen for 20 years, coming here on Tuesday, one stays night with us, and Mary doubts my power to get up time enough, and comfort enough, to be so far as you are. Will you name a day in the same or coming week that we can come to you in the morning, for it would plague us not to see the other two of you, whom we cannot individualize from you, before you go. It is bad enough not to see your Sister Dorothy.

God bless you sincerely

C. LAMB.

[By 'the other two of you' Lamb means Dora Wordsworth and Johnny Wordsworth. Lamb had already seen William. The address of the present letter is 'W. Wordsworth, Esq., 12 Bryanstone Street, Portman Square.']

## 745. MARY LAMB TO FANNY KELLY

(Possibly only a fragment)

Chase Side, 2nd June 1828.

I know not what to say to you. I wish that kind friend of mine, who indited Emma's so skilfully, were here to frame a handsome excuse for me, but indeed and in very truth, *we may not come*.

May your rooms be crowded, and your heart at peace and in harmony with every guest.

If you are very angry come to Enfield and let us have a comfortable quarrel.

## 746. CHARLES LAMB TO THE REV. H. F. CARY

DEAR SIR,

*June 10th, 1828.*

I long to see Wordsworth once more before he goes hence, but it would be at the expence of health and comfort my infirmities cannot afford. Once only I have been at a dinner party, to meet him, for a whole year past, and I do not know that I am not the worse for it now. There is a necessity for my drinking too much (don't show this to the Bishop of —, your friend) at and after dinner; then I require spirits at night to allay the crudity of the weaker Bacchus; and in the morning I cool my parched stomach with a fiery libation. Then I am aground in town, and call upon my London friends, and get new wets of ale, porter, &c.; then ride home, drinking where the coach stops, as duly as Edward set up his Waltham Crosses. This, or near it, was the process of my experiment of dining at Talfourd's to meet Wordsworth, and I am not well now. Now let me beg that we may meet here with assured safety to both sides. Darley and Procter come here on Sunday morning; pray arrange to come along with them. Here I can be tolerably moderate. In town, the very air of town turns my head and is intoxication enough, if intoxication knew a limit. I am a poor country mouse, and your cates disturb me. Tell me you will come. We have a bed, and a half or three quarters bed, at all your services; and the adjoining inn has many. If engaged on Sunday, tell me when you will come; a Saturday will suit as well. I would that Wordsworth would come too. Pray believe that 'tis my health only, which brought me here, that frightens me from the wicked town. Mary joins in kind remembrances to Mrs Cary and yourself.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

## 747. TO MRS. MORGAN

*Enfield, 17 June, 1828.*

The gentleman who brings this to you has been 12 years principal assistant at the first School in Enfield, and bears the highest character for carefulness and scholarship. He is about

opening an Establishment of his own, a Classical and *Commercial* Academy at Peckham. He has just married a very notable and amiable young person, our next neighbour's daughter, and I do not doubt of their final success, but everything must have a beginning and he wants pupils. It strikes me, that one or two of Mr. Thompson's sons may be about leaving you,—in that case, if you can recommend my friend's school, you will much oblige me. I can answer for the very excellent manner in which he has conducted himself here as an assistant, for I have talked it over with Dr. May's brother and I *know* him to be very learned. He will explain to you the situation of our cottage, where we hope to see you soon—with Mary's kind love.

[The gentleman was the Mr. Sugden who married Miss Westwood.]

## 748. TO LOUISA HOLCROFT

DEAR LOUISA,

*Enfield, June 17, 1828.*

I think I know the House you have in view. It is a Capital old Manor House lately in possession of Lord Cadogan. But whether it be that or another, we shall have in the meantime a small room and bed to let, pretty cheap, only Two Smiles a week, and find your own washing. If you are not already on the road, set out from the Bell, Holborn, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4, and ask to be set down at Mr. Lamb's on the Chase. Mary joins in the hope of seeing you very speedily, and in love to you all.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Mary has left off writing letters, I do all.

## 749. TO GEORGE DYER

MY DEAR DYER,

[P.M. 18th June 1828.]

I thank you most sincerely for your pretty verses for Emma. They answer to the IDEA which I had in my head when I ask'd for them, as exactly as if I had wrought them out myself from my own pattern. She shall wear them as an amulet about her heart. I only have not sent them yet, because I am in a place in the very core of her Album. the Albissimum.—

Do remember your promise of bringing Mrs. Dyer to Enfield, and make haste, for the peas and the nightingales are going out. Linnets (marry!) and new potatoes I can promise you some weeks longer. Mary & I join in loves to Mrs. Dyer. We heard of your being in Highgate t'other day, which is half-way, God bless you.

C. LAMB.

If you can make such pretty lines, at 75, I see no reason you should leave off on this side a 100, which may you live to!—

[This was G. D.'s contribution to the album:

DR. MISS ISOLA,

I was not acquainted with your grandfather personally, but I believe I have described him correctly, after the account of those who knew him well. If you disapprove the lines, please to throw the blame on Mr. Lamb.

Yrs affec.

G. DYER.

Yes—I remember, though I knew him not—  
 For I remember but his outer man,  
 His form, his mien, his look; and they were such,  
 As seem'd to say, 'this is an honest man.'  
 He seem'd too, mild and meek—one who could bow  
 Respectful to his species, with a store  
 Of kind affections for his fellow man.  
 Yet did he not appear a *bowing* man—  
 Cringing to greatness; and his inner man  
 Was by his outer faithfully expressed.  
 Worthy he was, as those who *knew* him say,  
 To be thy model, make him, Emma, such.  
 And let imagination picture him  
 As ever present, though invisible,  
 Thy guard and guide in Virtue's sacred path.

GEORGE DYER.

A Cambridge contemporary described him as 'generally beloved.' See note to letter of 30th August 1827.]

750. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

[No date: 1828.]

MY DEAR CLARKE,

I have to thank I. J. T. for a very pretty Book, which we both agree in thinking the exact thing to hit both young folks and their Elders. We like the Smugglers best, but there are many good



things passim. I like the *poem*, the peasants notion of the brimless Crown that does not keep off the sun (exquisite), & all the descriptions. I should feel more pleasantly about the 'Companion,' to which I wish every success, but I am sad at missing my 3 years old friend the Table or Every Day Book, which should have been perennial. There seem'd no reason he should not have lived to be as old as Sylvanus Urban. I am better than I was, but very poorly & nervous, which Spring must dissipate. Our best thanks to I. J. T. & kindness to all her & your Circle.

Yours & Theirs

Tell Hunt, I'll write, when I get up my Spirits

[*Signature cut off.*]

[I. J. T. was Isabella Jane Towers.

Leigh Hunt began the *Companion*, published by Clarke's firm, Hunt & Clarke, in 1828. It did not succeed.

'Sylvanus Urban' stands for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, founded in 1731.]

#### 751. TO MRS. MAY

[No date: Conjecturally about 3rd July 1828.]

DEAR MADAM,

We are all the better for our pleasant last night. I send the books which I meant to have called with. With kind respects to yourself, Mr. May, and your mother.

C. LAMB.

My! how hot it is!

[The Mays were probably Enfield neighbours.]

#### 752. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: ? Summer 1828.]

. . . I cannot apply to Southey. I could not if Mary were bringing out an annual. But Wordsworth will give you a note, no doubt; perhaps he will send my note on to him. We have been once in town to see W[ordsworth]; my sister for the first

time for a year. . . . If Mrs. Hood is as desirous of seeing her as she is of seeing Jane, my! what a meeting 'twill be! what hugging and collying! You and I are graver. One advantage there is, Mary says, in your coming later. Ducks are getting cheaper. Only think of eight shillings a pair for Dyer and his wife! We constantly expect you by every six o'clock stage. How teasing! Bring my 'Specimens' with you, and also of both your best behaviours. . . .

[The text is from H. B. Smith, *A Sentimental Library*, pages 133-4. Hood was, I presume, asking Lamb to assist him in gathering materials for the *Gem*.]

## 753. TO CHARLES RYLE

July 20 1828.

DEAR RYLE,

We congratulate you sincerely on the safe introduction of a *new girl* into the world. May you have an accession of a child, and a hundred a year to your salary, every year you remain at Leadenhall! So wisheth the poor old Pensioner. Mary takes it very kindly of you to inform her so soon, and looks forward to seeing you Sunday week. She says, why not come & sleep here on Saturday night, to get a longer walk? Will Elizabeth be able to come with you? Our very kindest loves to the new Mother & to her.

Yours ever C L.

Pray pay Gardner £3 (I suppose) for 10lb tea, & sixpence or something for the booking.

rememb<sup>s</sup> to High & Low in your office and to all in mine.

## 754. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY

[Dated at end: 30th August 1828.]

In great haste setting out to town I write you lest you should by accident come down tomorrow. We shall see you.

Yours very truly

Enfield,

C. LAMB.

August 30th, 1828.

## 755. TO JOHN RICKMAN

DEAR RICKMAN

*September 11, 1828.*

We are just come home from a London visit and are mortified to learn that we missed you on Saturday.—The same absence cannot recur before the 29th, or feast of St. Michael, on which day I pay my quarterly respects to the India Directors. If you can make another day between, you are sure of finding us.

The Nuts are very acceptable, Mary being a grievous offender that way; but to think of bringing *apples* to the Proprietor of a whole Tree, almost an Orchard, and who actually has an apple chamber redolent, was a solecism.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

Do you ever light upon G. D. now?—Could you bring him?

## 756. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY,

*[12th September 1828.]*

Emma's sister waits upon you to solicit two orders for any night that is convenient, according to your kind promise.

We are got safe home, rather quiet and rather dull, with a rainy day before us.

Mary joins in kind love, hoping to see you, with better weather, shortly.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Later Coleridge wrote to Stewart describing his visit, and the ill effects of a twelve-mile walk in tight shoes.'

'Writing to Watts on 14th September 1828 Coleridge says: "To-morrow I am engaged to pay my long delayed visit to my dear friends, Charles and Mary Lamb at Enfield."']

## 757. TO MRS. THOMAS HOOD

DEAR MRS. HOOD,

*[P.M. 25th September 1828.]*

Mary begs me to say from her that we are very desirous to hear from you, how you both are, what Hood is about, your probable

movements. We have given up our idea of coming again to town for some little time, having been very much accompanied—M. Burney, his sister & Husband, & Coleridge etc—and think it would not add to our quiet yet awhile.

Believe us ever

Yours affectionately

C. LAMB.

758. TO LOUISA HOLCROFT

October 2, 1828.

Mary Lamb has written her last letter in this world. Do not imagine that her individual substance has perished! 'Tis extant yet and sleek, but her epistolary part is dead before her, and has left me *writing legatee*. Could not you have slept down for a day or two this Michaelmas vacation? 'Twould have been worth while to have seen the difference on our green. On the 28th 'twas whitened over with those pretty birds that look like snow in summer, and cackle like ice breaking up: the fatal 29th arrive (is that English?), and their place knew them no more. Here and there a solitary duck survives to remind one of the superior race which had been extinguished—swans to *them*.

You remember I asked a large party of them into our grounds to meet *you*. Of all that pleasant party, your dear self excepted, not one remains with a whole throat.

You send loves to Mrs. Morgan—who or what is she, or what dream was it that any such person is here? You add, too, that she is grown plump—is that a reason why love should be sent her? I understand neither the logic nor affection implied in that passage.

I have nearly lost my arithmetic since you went, but *count* upon renewing it some day with you. Enfield is dull, but London is turbulent. We have disqualified ourselves for a town life by migrating here, but cannot (for our Cockney souls) get up a rural taste, so we hang suburban.

I could not bring myself to face Mr. Kenny in Brunswick Square (time and next occasion may take off the terror). I thought it would look so like coming to be *repaid* for any little hospitalities which I might have had in my power to show him while he staid

at Enfield, which were no more than one gentleman ought to do to another—marry, 'tis well if he thought 'em so much.

And how are all the little orphans committed to your trust? Mind their morals first. I would not give twopence for all the learning you can put into them in comparison with that. Do they lay three in a bed? Do you see them properly lain and tidy before you go to bed yourself of a night—I mean before you lie yourself down to sleep?

Mary tells me to say that Mrs. Collier knows we shall be happy to see her any day without ceremony.

And to have you again when you have vacation, for you were not very troublesome—indeed, we are more hospitable by nature than some folks would guess from our practice. With best loves to Mrs. Kenny, twins and no twins, yours truly,

C. AND M. LAMB.

[Writing to a schoolmistress, Lamb playfully reverses the usage of 'lay' and 'lie.' But the former was used in the sense of the latter by people of decent education at the period.]

#### 759. TO JOHN RICKMAN

[P.M. 3rd October 1828.]

Meditanti mihi rescribere ad te Latinam aliquam epistolam pro tuâ ipsius expolitissima occurrerunt obstacula non nulla quotidiana, et inter prima amicus noster inconditus Martinus Burnei, qui commoratus erat apud nos aliquamdiu, et per dies singulos Notitias Legales, et nihil nisi Legales, balbutiens, incusserat mihi metum, ne Latine cupiens scribere, loquendi formulas barbaras et forensicas, potius quam Ciceronianas, edidissem. Nam universus est in Legi-studiis; edit, bibit, ludit (scilicet cum pictis chartis) nil omnino nisi Legem; *Ignorantium* in Fabulâ agens ita pertinaciter, ut jurares habitare in medullis istius capitis intimis (num anatomicè loquor?) septem—non Diabolos, sicut in Parabola—sed Leguleios, qui sensus ipsius (et amicorum) cum strepitu et multiloquentia penitus confundant. Librum secum, suppellectile solum, huc apportaverat, cui titulus 'Fearne on Contingent Remainders,' qui nimium perlectus, et nimis tenuiter intellectus, pene denuo effecerat, ut

cerebro legentis vix quæque *remanentia*, quæ contigerint, superfuert. Dimisso M. B. cum suppellectile suo, ad debitum meum erga te revertor. Iter tibi reverso cum commentariis non sine voluptate maxima iterum atque iterum relego, utpote qui ex usitatis rebus semper aliquid novi referas. Quod mones me de milliaribus nostris, nempe erroribus scatentibus, exponam brevibus quare instructionibus tuis minus audiens fiam. Si de rebus istiusmodi cum primoribus conferrem, 'Heus Tu,' exclamaret aliquis vel ex Viarum Curatoribus, vel Parochiæ Supervisoribus, 'quid hæ res ad te? Tu ex Domiciliatore vis fieri Domi-magister?' Licet scias, me Domum proprium in agro Enfeldio, sororis nominibus, per fictionem naturalem et domesticam, conduxerim, laborum atque ærumnarum, cum *comitialium* (Vestry meetings) tum parochialium, istiusmodi vitandarum causa, et ni ipse supervisor, vel saltem aliquis vir magnus, evasissem. Quale respondissem? Otium cum dignitate quam minimâ assecutus sum. Et, ut vera confitear, arrident mihi haud leviter, et mentem gratissime tangunt, hæ anomalie prædictæ quas perstringis. Absoluto prorsus a negotiis mundanis omnigenis (quorsus aliter superannuatus fierem?) errores hi viatici non multum mihi displicent, utpote habenti mundum (quod aiunt) præ oculos, et a distinctionibus, cum spatii tum temporis, nimis accuratis penitus submoto. Hac ratione quasi immortalis prodeo; in cælorum etenim supernorum infinitis spatiis (quæ tenuitate meorum locorum imitari aveo quantum possum) quid opus esset milliarium? Ad negotia humana attinent differentie locales. Ipse ambulo otiosus, et quasi incircumscriptus. Quocirca Horologia etiam nostra Enfeldiensia haud parum laudo, quorum pars plurima horas indicant nequaquam serviliter, ad nutum solis mundani, et subter empyreum positi, sed quæque diverse pro arbitriis suis dulcibus feriantia, et resonantia ad libitum—one, two, three—ut evenerit—mihi ipsi sicut feliciori cuidam Whittingtonio, prædicantia festive, quod, quoad me saltem, extinctum fuerit Tempus. Hæ sunt rationes quare expostulationibus tuis, hominis negotiosi et sub-solaris, in hac re minus obtemporatus sim. Alioquin, cum ad milliare quoddam accedo, distantias computans ab Aula Hickesiana (The Middx. Sessions House) quæ extat, dignitatem Aulicam in præsentem agnosco; et, si furcifer essem, pertremiscerem. Accedens

ad alterum quod computaverit a Situ quo Aula predicta olim steterat, de lapsis mole et magnitudine meditationes volvo, et mecum reputo, quam caduca sit splendidissimarum structionum humanarum conditio, et cogitationibus hujusmodi omnem fastum et arrogantiam depono. Hisce meditationibus cor indies melius fit. Alicui (mei consimili) iter facienti, quæ a milliaribus apte dispositis eveniant commoda, arctius et concinnius me docuit V. Bournius, carmine cui titulus hic ipse 'Milliaria,' ita concluso — (meministine, vel totum transcribam?)

Ignoræ tantum præstat distantia nota;  
Millia quæ reddit plura, minusque viæ.

Quid vult in epistola tua 'Utor manu et stylo nostri juvenis,' nempe filii? Oculis nostris antiquis diligenter insipientibus apparet, immo prælucet, stylus ipsius tuus, manus ipsissima. Aut Rickmanni aut Diaboli. Solutionem differo ad congressionem nostram proximam, quæ ne ad longinquum tempus differatur, precor.

Deficiente mihi Latinitate, quod suprâ a limationibus conjectare possis, quid restat nisi hoc? Valeto et facito, ut Domina Rickmanna tecum vivat haud immemor nostri.

Enfield Chase Side, *October 4, 1828.*

I can't put this properly into Latin. Dabam, what is it?

C. LAMB.

['Dabam.' The usual style of dating a letter in Latin. 4th October would be called the fourth day before the Nones.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn gives me the following translation:

[P.M. 3rd October 1828.]

I have been thinking of sending some kind of an answer in Latin to your very elaborate letter, but something has arisen every day to hinder me. To begin with, our awkward friend M. B. has been with us for a while, and every day and all day we have had such a lecture—you know how he stutters—on legal, mind, nothing but legal notices, that I have been afraid the Latin I want to write might prove rather barbaro-forensic than Ciceronian. He is swallowed up, body and soul, in law; he eats, drinks, plays (at the card table) Law, nothing but Law. He acts Ignoramus in the play so thoroughly, that you would swear that in the inmost marrow of his head (is not this the proper anatomical term?) there have housed themselves seven not devils, as in the parable, but pettifoggers, to bemuddle with their noisy chatter his own and his friends' wits. He brought here—'twas all his luggage—a book, *Fearne on Contingent Remainders*. This book he has read so hard, and so indifferently understood, that his brain had

almost returned to a state in which there were few or no remainders to contingence. Enough, however, of M. B. and his luggage. To come back to your claims upon me. Your return journey, with notes, I read again and again, with the greatest pleasure. You always make something fresh out of a hackneyed theme. Our milestones, you warn me, bristle with blunders, but I must shortly explain why I cannot comply with your directions herein.

Suppose I were to consult the local magnates about a matter of this kind.—‘Look you!’ says one of our waywardens or parish overseers, what business is this of *yours*? Do you want to drop the lodger and come out as a householder?—Now you must know that I took this house of mine at Enfield, by an obvious domiciliary fiction, in my sister’s name, to avoid the bother and trouble of parish and vestry meetings, and to escape finding myself one day an overseer or big-wig of some sort. What then would have been my reply to the above question?

Leisure I have secured: but of dignity, not a tittle. Besides, to tell you the truth, these irregularities which you censure are, to my thinking, most entertaining, and in fact very touching indeed. Here am I, quit of worldly affairs of every kind; for if superannuation does not mean that, what does it mean? The World then, being, as the saying is, ‘all before me,’ and being myself entirely removed from any accurate distinctions of space or time, these mistakes in road-measure do not seriously offend me. In this way I appear as a sort of immortal. For in the infinite space of the heavens above (which in this contracted sphere of mine I desire to imitate so far as may be) what need is there of milestones? Local distance has to do with mortal affairs. In my walks abroad I am unlimited, and quite at my own disposal, and on that account I have a good word for our Enfield clocks too. Their hands generally point without any servile reference to this sun of our world, in his *sub-empyrean* position. They strike, too, differently, resting from work according to their own sweet wills,—one—two—three—anything they like, and thus to me, a more fortunate Whittington, they pleasantly announce that Time, so far as I am concerned, is no more. Here you have my reasons for not attending in this matter to the complaints of a busy subsolar such as you are.

Furthermore, when I reach the milestone that counts from the Hicks’ Hall that stands now (the Middlesex Sessions-house), I own at once the Aulic dignity, and, were I a gaol-bird, I should shake in my shoes. When I reach the next, which counts from the site where the old Hall once stood, my thoughts turn to the fallen grandeur of the pile, and I reflect upon the perishable condition of the most imposing of human structures. Thus I banish from my soul all pride and arrogance, and with such meditations purify my heart from day to day. A wayfarer such as I am, may learn from Vincent Bourne, in words terser and neater than any of mine, the advantages of milestones properly arranged. The lines are at the end of a little poem of his, called *Milestones*—(do you remember it or shall I write it all out?)

How well the Milestones’ use doth this express,  
Which make the miles seem more and way seem less.

What do you mean by writing: ‘I am borrowing hand and style from this



youngster of mine'—your son, I take it? The style looks, nay, on careful inspection by these old eyes, is most clearly your very own, and the hand too. Either Rickman's or the Devil's. I will defer your explanation till our next meeting—may it be soon!

My Latin failing me, as you may infer from erasures above, there is only this to add: Farewell, and be sure to give Mrs. Rickman my kind remembrances. 'Ignoramus in the play.' *Ignoramus*, a play in Latin, by George Ruggle, 1575–1622.]

## 760. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 11th October 1828.]

A splendid edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim*—why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cockle hat and staff transformed to a smart cockd beaver and a jemmy cane, his amice gray to the last Regent Street cut, and his painful Palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacriligious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts in as homely but good a style as possible. The *Vanity Fair*, and the pilgrims there—the silly soothness in his setting out countenance—the Christian idiocy (in a good sense) of his admiration of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, the Lions so truly Allegorical and remote from any similitude to Pidcock's. The great head (the author's) capacious of dreams and similitudes dreaming in the dungeon. Perhaps you don't know *my* edition, what I had when a child: if you do, can you bear new designs from Martin, enameld into copper or silver plate by Heath, accompanied with verses from Mrs. Heman's pen—O how unlike his own—

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?  
 Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?  
 Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation?  
 Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?  
 Dost thou love picking meat? or wouldst thou see  
 A man i' th' clouds, and hear him speak to thee?  
 Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?  
 Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?  
 Or wouldst thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,  
 And find thyself again without a charm?

Wouldst read *thyself*, and read thou knowst not what,  
 And yet know whether thou art blest or not  
 By reading the same lines? O then come hither,  
 And lay my book, thy head and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Shew me such poetry in any of the 15 forthcoming combinations of show and emptiness, yclept Annuals. Let me whisper in your ear that wholesome sacramental bread is not more nutritious than papistical wafer stuff, than these (to head and heart) exceed the visual frippery of Mitford's Salamander God, baking himself up to the work of creation in a solar oven, not yet by the terms of the context itself existing. Blake's ravings made genteel. So there's verses for thy verses; and now let me tell you that the sight of your hand gladdend me.

I have been daily trying to write to you, but paralysed. You have spurd me on this tiny effort, and at intervals I hope to hear from and talk to you. But my spirits have been in a deprest way for a long long time, and they are things which must be to you of faith, for who can explain depression? Yes I am hooked into the Gem, but only for some lines written on a dead infant of the Editor's, which being as it were his property, I could not refuse their appearing, but I hate the paper, the type, the gloss, the dandy plates, the names of contributors poked up into your eyes in 1st page, and whistled thro' all the covers of magazines, the barefaced sort of emulation, the unmodest candidateship, brot into so little space—in those old Londons a signature was lost in the wood of matter—the paper coarse (till latterly, which spoil'd them)—in short I detest to appear in an Annual.

What a fertile genius (an[d] a quiet good soul withal) is Hood. He has 50 things in hand, farces to supply the Adelphi for the season, a comedy for one of the great theatres, just ready, a whole entertainment by himself for Mathews and Yates to figure in, a meditated Comic Annual for next year, to be nearly done by himself.—You'd like him very much. Wordsworth I see has a good many pieces announced in one of em, not our Gem. W. Scott has distributed himself like a bribe haunch among 'em. Of all the poets, Cary has had the good sense to keep quite clear of 'em, with Clergy-gentle-manly right notions. Don't think I

set up for being proud in this point, I like a bit of flattery tickling my vanity as well as any one. But these pompous masquerades without masks (naked names or faces) I hate. So there's a bit of my mind. Besides they infallibly cheat you, I mean the book-sellers. If I get but a copy, I only expect it from Hood's being my friend. Coleridge has lately been here. He too is deep among the Prophets—the Year-servers—the mob of Gentleman Annuals. But they'll cheat him, I know.

And now, dear B. B., the Sun shining out merrily, and the dirty clouds we had yesterday having washd their own faces clean with their own rain, tempts me to wander up Winchmore Hill, or into some of the delightful vicinages of Enfield, which I hope to show you at some time when you can get a few days up to the great Town. Believe me it would give both of us great pleasure to show you all three (we can lodge you) our pleasant farms and villages.—

We both join in kindest loves to you and yours.—

CH. LAMB REDIVIVUS.

Saturday.

[The edition of Bunyan was that published for Barton's friend, John Major, and John Murray in 1830, with a life of Bunyan by Southey, and illustrations by John Martin and W. Harvey, and a prefatory poem, not by Mrs. Hemans but by Bernard Barton, immediately before Bunyan's 'Author's Apology for his Book,' from which Lamb quotes.

'A jemmy cane.' One carried by a Jemmy Jessamy, a dandy.

'Amice gray.' Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 427.

'Pidcock's.' Pidcock showed his lions at Bartholomew Fair; he was succeeded by Polito of Exeter Change.

'Heath.' This was Charles Heath (1785–1848), son of James Heath, a great engraver of steel plates for the Annuals.

'Mitford's Salamander God.' I cannot explain this, except by Mr. Macdonald's supposition that Lamb meant to write 'Martin's.'

'The Gem.' See note on page 183.

Hood's entertainment for Mathews and Frederick Yates, then joint-managers of the Adelphi, I have not identified. Authors' names on play-bills were, in those days, unimportant. The play was the thing.

'A bribe haunch.' See note on page 244, vol. i.

Coleridge and the Annuals. For example, Coleridge's *Names* was in the *Keepsake* for 1829; his *Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode* in part in the *Amulet* for 1829. He had also contributed previously to the *Literary Souvenir*, the *Amulet*, and the *Bijou*.

'The mob of Gentleman Annuals.' From Pope, *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 'The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.']

## 761. MARY LAMB TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS HOOD

[No date: ? *Autumn 1828.*]

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

My brother and Emma are to send you a partnership letter, but as I have a great dislike to my stupid scrap at the fag end of a dull letter, and, as I am left alone, I will say my say first; and in the first place thank you for your kind letter; it was a mighty comfort to me. Ever since you left me, I have been thinking I know not what, but every possible thing that I could invent, why you should be angry with me for something I had done or left undone during your uncomfortable sojourn with us, and now I read your letter and think and feel all is well again. Emma and her sister Harriet are gone to Theobalds Park, and Charles is gone to Barnet to cure his headache, which a good old lady has talked him into. She came on Thursday and left us yesterday evening. I mean she was Mrs. Paris, with whom Emma's aunt lived at Cambridge, and she had so much to [tell] her about Cambridge friends, and to [tell] us about London ditto, that her tongue was never at rest through the whole day, and at night she took Hood's Whims and Oddities to bed with her and laught all night. Bless her spirits! I wish I had them and she were as mopey as I am. Emma came on Monday, and the week has passed away I know not how. But we have promised all the week that we should go and see the Picture friday or saturday, and stay a night or so with you. Friday came and we could not turn Mrs. Paris out so soon, and on friday evening the thing was wholly given up. Saturday morning brought fresh hopes; Mrs. Paris agreed to go to see the picture with us, and we were to walk to Edmonton. My Hat and my *new gown* were put on in great haste, and his honor, who decides all things here, would have it that we could not get to Edmonton in time; and there was an end of all things. Expecting to see you, I did not write.

Monday evening.

Charles and Emma are taking a second walk. Harriet is gone home. Charles wishes to know more about the Widow. Is it to be made to match a drawing? If you could throw a little more light on the subject, I think he would do it, when Emma is gone; but his time will be quite taken up with her; for, besides refreshing her Latin, he gives her long lessons in arithmetic, which she is sadly deficient in. She leaves in a week, unless she receives a renewal of her holydays, which Mrs. Williams has half promised to send her. I do verily believe that I may hope to pass the last one, or two, or three nights with you, as she is to go from London to Bury. We will write to you the instant we receive Mrs. W.'s letter. As to my poor sonnet—and it is a very poor sonnet, only [it] answered very well the purpose it was written for—Emma left it behind her, and nobody remembers more than one line of it, which is, I think, sufficient to convince you it would make no great impression in an Annual. So pray let it rest in peace, and I will make Charles write a better one instead.

This shall go to the Post to-night. If any [one] chooses to add anything to it they may. It will glad my heart to see you again.

Yours (both yours) truly and affectionately,

M. LAMB.

Becky is going by the Post office, so I will send it away. I mean to commence letter-writer to the family.

[The reference to 'A Widow' shows that Hood was preparing the *Gem*, and what is not generally known, that Lamb had been asked to write on that subject. As it happened, Hood wrote the essay for him and signed it Elia (see note to the next letter).

Mrs. Paris we have met.

Harriet, Emma Isola's sister, we shall hear of again.

The picture was Haydon's 'Alexander taming Bucephalus.'

The sonnet was that ultimately printed in *Blackwood* for June 1829.

Charles Lamb's and Emma's joint letter I have not seen. It should be a jewel.]

## 762. CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: ? *Early December 1828.*  
Enfield.

DEAR LAMB,

You are an impudent varlet; but I will keep your secret. We dine at Ayrton's on Thursday, and shall try to find Sarah and her two spare beds for that night only. Miss M. and her tragedy may be d—d: so may *not* you and your rib. Health attend you.

Yours,

T. HOOD, ESQ.

Miss Bridget Hood sends love.

[I put this letter here to keep the references to 'A Widow' together.

In the *Gem*, 1829, in addition to his poem, *On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born*, Lamb was credited with the following piece of prose, entitled 'A Widow,' which was really the work of Hood:

#### A WIDOW

Hath always been a mark for mockery—a standing butt for wit to level at. Jest after jest hath been huddled upon her close cap, and stuck, like burrs, upon her weeds. Her sables are a perpetual 'Black Joke.'

Satirists—prose and verse—have made merry with her bereavements. She is a stock character on the stage. Farce bottleth up her crocodile tears, or labelleth her empty lachrymatories. Comedy mocketh her precocious flirtations—Tragedy even girdeth at her frailty, and twitteth her with 'the funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth the marriage tables.'

I confess when I called the other day on my kinswoman G.—then in the second week of her widowhood—and saw her sitting, her young boy by her side, in her recent sables, I felt unable to reconcile her estate with any risible associations. The Lady with a skeleton moiety—in the old print, in Bowles's old shop window—seemed but a type of her condition. Her husband,—whole hemisphere in love's world—was deficient. One complete side—her left—was death-stricken. It was a matrimonial paralysis, unprovocative of laughter. I could as soon have tittered at one of those melancholy objects that drag their poor dead-alive bodies about the streets.

It seems difficult to account for the popular prejudice against lone women. There is a majority, I trust, of such honest, decorous mourners as my kinswoman: yet are Widows, like the Hebrew, a proverb and a byeword amongst nations. From the first putting on of the sooty garments, they become a stock joke—chimney-sweep or blackamoor is not surer—by mere virtue of their nigrITUDE.

Are the wanton amatory glances of a few pairs of graceless eyes, twinkling through their cunning waters, to reflect so evil a light on a whole community? Verily the sad benighted orbs of that noble relict—the Lady Rachel Russell—blinded through unserene drops for her dead Lord,—might atone for such oglings!

Are the traditional freaks of a Dame of Ephesus, or a Wife of Bath, or a Queen of Denmark, to cast so broad a shadow over a whole sisterhood. There must be, methinks, some more general infirmity—common, probably, to all Eve-kind—to justify so sweeping a stigma.

Does the satiric spirit, perhaps, institute splenetic comparisons between the lofty poetical pretensions of posthumous tenderness and their fulfilment? The sentiments of Love especially affect a high heroical pitch, of which the human performance can present, at best, but a burlesque parody. A widow, that hath lived only for her husband, should die with him. She is flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; and it is not seemly for a mere rib to be his survivor. The prose of her practice accords not with the poetry of her professions. She hath done with the world,—and you meet her in Regent Street. Earth hath now nothing left for her—but she swears and administers. She cannot survive him—and invests in the *Long Annuities*.

The romantic fancy resents, and the satiric spirit records, these discrepancies. By the conjugal theory itself there ought to be no Widows; and, accordingly, a class, that by our milder manners is merely ridiculed, on the ruder banks of the Ganges is literally *roasted*. C. LAMB.

‘Miss M. and her tragedy.’ I fancy Miss M. would be Miss Mitford, and her tragedy *Rienzi*, produced at Drury Lane, 9th October 1828. It was a success.

‘Dame of Ephesus.’ She was a model of virtue and was starving herself in the vault which contained her husband’s body when she came across a sentry who persuaded her to eat and love again. Petronius, 111–12.]

## 763. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

DEAR TALFOURD, [No date: Probably 15th October 1828.]

You could not have told me of a more friendly thing than you have been doing. I am proud of my namesake. I shall take care never to do any dirty action, pick pockets, or anyhow get myself hanged, for fear of reflecting ignominy upon your young Chrisom. I have now a motive to be good. I shall not *omnis moriar*;—my name borne down the black gulf of oblivion.

I shall survive in eleven letters, five more than Cæsar. Possibly I shall come to be knighted, or more! Sir C. L. Talfourd, Bart.

Yet hath it an authorish twang with it, which will wear out my name for poetry. Give him a smile from me till I see him! If you do not drop down before, some day in the *week after next* I will come and take one night’s lodging with you, if convenient,

before you go hence. You shall name it. We are in town to-morrow *speciali gratia*, but by no arrangement can get up near you.

Believe us both, with greatest regards, yours and Mrs. Talfourd's.

CHARLES LAMB-PHILO-TALFOURD.

I come as near it as I can.

[Talfourd had named his newly born son Charles Lamb Talfourd. The boy lived only until 1835. From the tender verses which his father wrote on his death I take the following stanzas:

A year made slow by care and toil  
Has paced its weary round,  
Since Death enrich'd with kindred spoil  
The snow-clad, frost-ribb'd ground.

Then LAMB, with whose endearing name  
Our boy we proudly graced,  
Shrank from the warmth of sweeter fame  
Than mightier Bards embraced. . . .

Though the soft spirit of those eyes  
Might ne'er with LAMB's compete—  
Ne'er sparkle with a wit as wise,  
Or melt in tears, as sweet;

That calm and unforgotten look  
A kindred love reveals,  
With his who never friend forsook,  
Or hurt a thing that feels.

In thought profound, in wildest glee,  
In sorrows dark and strange,  
The soul of Lamb's bright infancy  
Endured no spot or change.

From traits of each our love receives  
For comfort, nobler scope;  
While light, which child-like genius leaves,  
Confirms the infant's hope;

And in that hope with sweetness fraught  
Be aching hearts beguiled,  
To blend in one delightful thought  
The POET and the CHILD!

['I shall not,' etc. 'Non omnis moriar': I shall not wholly die.—Horace, *Odes*, III. xxx. 6.]



## 764. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

*(Fragment)*[No date: *Autumn 1828.*]

DEAR C.,

I have only to say that we shall be most happy to see all or any of you, the sooner (only) the better, as the green leaves are all yellowing, the yellow browning, the brown reddening, and the red falling daily. . . .

## 765. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

[Enfield, *October 1828.*]

DEAR CLARKE,

We did expect to see you with Victoria and the Novellos before this, and do not quite understand why we have not. Mrs. N. and V. [Vincent] promised us after the York expedition; a day being named before, which fail'd. 'Tis not too late. The autumn leaves drop gold, and Enfield is beautifuller—to a common eye—than when you lurked at the Greyhound. Benedicks are close, but how I so totally missed you at that time, going for my morning cup of ale daily, is a mystery. 'Twas stealing a match before one's face in earnest. But certainly we had not a dream of your appropinquity. I instantly prepared an Epithalamium, in the form of a Sonata—which I was sending to Novello to compose—but Mary forbid it me, as too light for the occasion—as if the subject required anything heavy—so in a tiff with her I sent no congratulation at all. Tho' I promise you the wedding was very pleasant news to me indeed. Let your reply name a day this next week, when you will come as many as a coach will hold; such a day as we had at Dulwich. My very kindest love and Mary's to Victoria and the Novellos.

The enclosed is from a friend nameless, but highish in office, and a man whose accuracy of statement may be relied on with implicit confidence. He wants the *exposé* to appear in a newspaper as the 'greatest piece of legal and Parliamentary villainy he ever rememb<sup>d</sup>,' and he has had experience in both; and thinks it would answer afterwards in a cheap pamphlet printed at

Lambeth in 8<sup>o</sup> sheet, as 16,000 families in that parish are interested. I know not whether the present *Examiner* keeps up the character of exposing abuses, for I scarce see a paper now. If so, you may ascertain Mr. Hunt of the strictest truth of the statement, at the peril of my head. But if this won't do, transmit it me back, I beg, per coach, or better, bring it with you. Yours unaltered,

C. LAMB.

[Clarke had married Mary Victoria Novello on 5th July 1828, and they had spent their honeymoon at the Greyhound, Enfield, unknown to the Lambs.

'The enclosed.' This has vanished. Hunt was Leigh Hunt.]

#### 766. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

MY DEAR NOVELLO,

[Dated at end: 6th November 1828.]

I am afraid I shall appear rather tardy in offering my congratulations, however sincere, upon your daughter's marriage. The truth is, I had put together a little *Serenata* upon the occasion, but was prevented from sending it by my sister, to whose judgment I am apt to defer too much in these kind of things; so that, now I have her consent, the offering, I am afraid, will have lost the grace of seasonableness. Such as it is, I send it. She thinks it a little too old-fashioned in the manner, too much like what they wrote a century back. But I cannot write in the modern style, if I try ever so hard. I have attended to the proper divisions for the music, and you will have little difficulty in composing it. If I may advise, make Pepusch your model, or Blow. It will be necessary to have a good second voice, as the stress of the melody lies there:

#### SERENATA, FOR TWO VOICES

*On the Marriage of Charles Cowden Clarke, Esqre., to Victoria, eldest daughter of Vincent Novello, Esqre.*

#### DUETTO

Wake th' harmonious voice and string,  
 Love and Hymen's triumph sing,  
 Sounds with secret charms combining,  
 In melodious union joining,  
 Best the wondrous joys can tell,  
 That in hearts united dwell.

## RECITATIVE

*First Voice.*

To young Victoria's happy fame  
 Well may the Arts a trophy raise,  
 Music grows sweeter in her praise,  
 And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name.  
 To touch the brave Cowdenio's heart,  
 The Graces all in her conspire;  
 Love arms her with his surest dart,  
 Apollo with his lyre.

## AIR

The list'ning Muses all around her  
 Think 'tis Phœbus' strain they hear;  
 And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,  
 Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

## RECITATIVE

*Second Voice.*

While crowds of rivals with despair  
 Silent admire, or vainly court the Fair,  
 Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,  
 A Hero is the glorious prize!  
 In courts, in camps, thro' distant realms renown'd,  
 Cowdenio comes!—Victoria, see,  
 He comes with British honour crown'd,  
 Love leads his eager steps to thee.

## AIR

In tender sighs he silence breaks,  
 The Fair his flame approves,  
 Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,  
 She smiles, she yields, she loves.

## RECITATIVE

*First Voice.*

Now Hymen at the altar stands,  
 And while he joins their faithful hands,  
 Behold! by ardent vows brought down,  
 Immortal Concord, heavenly bright,  
 Array'd in robes of purest light,  
 Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.  
 Her golden harp the goddess brings;  
     Its magic sound  
 Commands a sudden silence all around,  
 And strains prophetic thus attune the strings.

## DUETTO

*First Voice.*           The Swain his Nymph possessing,  
*Second Voice.*       The Nymph her swain caressing,  
*First and Second.*   Shall still improve the blessing,  
                             For ever kind and true.  
*Both.*                 While rolling years are flying,  
                             Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,  
                             With fuel never dying,  
                             Shall still the flame renew.

To so great a master as yourself I have no need to suggest that the peculiar tone of the composition demands sprightliness, occasionally checked by tenderness, as in the second air,—

She smiles,—she yields,—she loves.

Again, you need not be told that each fifth line of the two first recitatives requires a crescendo.

And your exquisite taste will prevent your falling into the error of Purcell, who at a passage similar to *that* in my first air,

Drops his bow, and stands to hear,  
 directed the first violin thus:

Here the first violin must drop his bow.

But, besides the absurdity of disarming his principal performer of so necessary an adjunct to his instrument, in such an emphatic part of the composition too, which must have had a droll effect at the time, all such minutiae of adaptation are at this time of day very properly exploded, and Jackson of Exeter very fairly ranks them under the head of puns.

Should you succeed in the setting of it, we propose having it performed (we have one very tolerable second voice here, and Mr. Holmes, I dare say, would supply the minor parts) at the Greyhound. But it must be a secret to the young couple till we can get the band in readiness.

Believe me, dear Novello,  
 Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Enfield, 6 Nov., '28.

[Mrs. Cowden Clarke, becoming for the moment the true woman, remarks in her notes on this letter that the references to Purcell and to Jackson of Exeter are inventions.]

## 767. TO SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD

Enfield, November 9 1828.

SIR,

I beg to return my acknowledgments for the present of your elegant volume, which I should have esteemed, without the bribe of the name prefixed to it. I have been much pleased with it throughout, but am most taken with the peculiar delicacy of some of the sonnets. I shall put them up among my poetical treasures.

Your obliged Servant,

C. LAMB.

[The book was *Lyric Offerings*, inscribed to Charles Lamb, just issued through Harrison Ainsworth by Samuel Laman Blanchard (1804-45), who, after Lamb's death, contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine* some additional 'Popular Fallacies.']

## 768. TO MR. PRYOR

November 26, 1828.

Mr. Lamb requests the pleasure of Mr. Pryor's company at supper Friday Evening next.

[Who Mr. Pryor was I cannot say. Probably an Enfield resident. Mrs. Anderson says: 'It will be noticed what a number of visitors the Lambs had at Enfield that summer and autumn. They were in London 30th August—11th September; after their return they had Coleridge, Martin Burney, Sarah Payne and her husband, the Cowden Clarkes, Miss Kelly, probably Rickman, George Dyer, and others.']

## 769. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: ? December 1828.]

As I see no blood-marks on the Green Lanes Road, I conclude you got in safe skins home. Have you thought of inquiring Miss Wilson's change of abode? Of the 2 copies of my drama I want one sent to Wordsworth, together with a complete copy of Hone's 'Table Book,' for which I shall be your debtor till we meet. Perhaps Longman will take charge of this parcel. The other is for Coleridge at Mr. Gilman's, Grove, Highgate, which may be sent, or, if you have a curiosity to see him you will make

an errand with it to him, & tell him we mean very soon to come & see him, if the Gilmans can give or get us a bed. I am ashamed to be so troublesome. Pray let Hood see the 'Ecclectic Review'—a rogue! The 2<sup>d</sup> parts of the Blackwood you may make waste paper of.

Yours truly,

C. L.

[I do not identify Miss Wilson. Perhaps a relation of Walter Wilson, or even of the professor, 'Christopher North.' Lamb's drama was *A Wife's Trial* in *Blackwood* for December 1828. The same number of the *Ecclectic Review* referred to Hood's parody of Lamb, 'A Widow,' as profaning Leslie's picture of the widow by its 'heartless ribaldry.' By the 2<sup>d</sup> parts of *Blackwood* Lamb referred, I imagine, to the pages on which his play was not printed.]

#### 770. TO LOUISA HOLCROFT

DEAR MISS H.,

December 5, 1828.

Mary, who never writes, bids me thank you for the handkerchief. I do not understand such work, but if I apprehend her rightly, she would have preferred blonde to white sarcenet for the trimming; but she did not wish me to tell you so. I only hint it for the next. We are sorry for the mess of illness you are involved in. Are you stout enough to be the general nurse? Who told you we should not be glad to see you on Sundays and all? Tho' we devote that day to its proper duties, as you know, yet you are come of a religious stock, and to you it is not irksome to join in our simple forms, where the heart is all. Your little protégée is well, and as yet honest, but she has no one to give her caps now.

Thus far I had written last night. You will see by my altered scrawl that I am not so well this morning. I got up with a fevered skin, and spots are come out all over me. Pray God it is not the measles. You did not let any of the children touch the seal with their little measly hands, did you? You should be careful when contagion is in the house. Pray God, your letter may not have conveyed the disorder. Our poor Postman looks flushed since. What a thing it would be to introduce a disease into a whole village! Yet so simple a thing as a letter has been known to convey a malady. I look at your note. I see it is

wafered, not sealed. That makes it more likely. Wafers are flour, and I've known a serious illness to be communicated in a piece of plum cake. I never had the measles. How my head throbs! You cannot be too cautious, dear Louisa, what you do under such circum—

I am a little better than when I broke off at the last word. Your good sense will point out to you that the deficient syllables should be 'stances.' Circumstances. If I am incoherent, impute it to alarm. I will walk in the air—

I am not much refreshed. The air seemed hot and muggy. Somehow I feel quite irritable—there is no word in English—à la variole—we have no phrase to answer it—smallpoxical comes the nearest. Maybe 'twas worse than the measles what Charles has. I will send for Mr. Asbury.

I have seen the apothecary. He pronounces my complaint to be, as I feared, of the variola kind, but gives me hopes I shall not be much marked. I hope we shall get well together. But at my time of life it is attended with more hazards. Whatever becomes of me, I shall leave the world without a harsh thought of you. It was only a girlish imprudence. I am quite faint. Two pimples more come out within this last minute. Mary is crying. She looks red. So does Becky. I must go to bed.

Yours in constant Pain,

C. L.

You will see by my Will, if it comes to that—I bear you no ill w—. Oh!

Miss Holcroft, Mr. Kenny's, 12 Brunswick Square.

[Vale Asbury was an Enfield doctor. We shall meet him again, on more genuine terms.]

#### 771. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 5th December 1828.]

I am ashamed to receive so many nice Books from you, and to have none to send you in return; You are always sending me some fruits or wholesome pot-herbs, and mine is the garden of the Sluggard, nothing but weeds or scarce they. Nevertheless if I knew how to transmit it, I would send you Blackwood's of this month, which contains a little Drama, to have your opinion of it,

and how far I have improved, or otherwise, upon its prototype. Thank you for your kind Sonnet. It does me good to see the Dedication to a Christian Bishop. I am for a Comprehension, as Divines call it, but so as that the Church shall go a good deal more than halfway over to the Silent Meeting house. I have ever said that the Quakers are the only *Professors* of Christianity as I read it in the Evangiles; I say *Professors*—marry, as to practice, with their gaudy hot types and poetical vanities—they are much at one with the sinful. Martin's frontispiece is a very fine thing, let C. L. say what he please to the contrary. Of the Poems, I like them as a volume better than any one of the preceding; particularly, Power and Gentleness; The Present; Lady Russell—with the exception that I do not like the noble act of Curtius, true or false, one of the grand foundations of old Roman patriotism, to be sacrificed to Lady R.'s taking notes on her husband's trial. If a thing is good, why invidiously bring it into light with something better? There are too few heroic things in this world to admit of our marshalling them in anxious etiquettes of precedence. Would you make a poem on the Story of Ruth (pretty Story!) and then say, Aye, but how much better is the story of Joseph and his Brethren!—to go on, the Stanzas to 'Chalon' want the *name* of Clarkson in the body of them; it is left to inference. The Battle of Gibeon is spirited again—but you sacrifice it in last stanza to the Song at Bethlehem. Is it quite orthodox to do so. The first was good, you suppose, for that dispensation. Why set the word against the word? It puzzles a weak Christian. So Watts's Psalms are an implied censure on David's. But as long as the Bible is supposed to be an equally divine Emanation with the Testament, so long it will stagger weaklings to have them set in opposition. Godiva is delicately touch'd. I have always thought it a beautiful story characteristic of old English times. But I could not help amusing myself with the thought—if Martin had chosen this subject for a frontispiece—there would have been in some dark corner a white Lady, white as the Walker on the waves—riding upon some mystical quadruped—and high above would have risen 'tower above tower a massy structure high' the Tenterden steeples of Coventry, till the poor Cross would scarce have known itself among the clouds, and far above them all, the distant Clint hills peering over chimney pots,



piled up, Ossa-on-Olympus fashion, till the admiring Spectator (admirer of a noble deed) might have gone look for the Lady, as you must hunt for the other in the Lobster. But M. should be made Royal Architect. What palaces he would pile—but then what parliamentary grants to make them good! ne'ertheless I like the frontispiece. The Elephant is pleasant; and I am glad you are getting into a wider scope of subjects. There may be too much, not religion, but too many *good words* into a book, till it becomes, as Sh. says of religion, a rhapsody of words. I will just name that you have brought in the Song to the Shepherds in four or five if not six places. Now this is not good economy. The Enoch is fine; and here I can sacrifice Elijah to it, because 'tis illustrative only, and not disparaging of the latter prophet's departure. I like this best in the Book. Lastly, I much like the Heron, 'tis exquisite: know you Lord Thurlow's Sonnet to a Bird of that sort on Lacken water? If not, 'tis indispensable I send it you, with my Blackw<sup>d</sup>., if you tell me how best to send them. Fludyer is pleasant. You are getting gay and Hood-ish. What is the Enigma? money—if not, I fairly confess I am foiled—and sphynx must [*here are words crossed through*] 4 times I've tried to write eat—eat me—and the blotting pen turns it into cat me. And now I will take my leave with saying I esteem thy verses, like thy present, honour thy frontispicer, and right-reverence thy Patron and Dedicatee, and am, dear B. B.

Yours heartily,

C. L.

Our joint kindest Loves to A. K. and your Daughter.

[Barton's new book was *A New Year's Eve and Other Poems*, 1828, dedicated to Charles Richard Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.

Martin's frontispiece represented Christ walking on the water. Lamb recalls his remarks in a previous letter about this painter, who, though he never became Royal Architect, was the originator of the present Thames Embankment. Macaulay, in his essay on Southey's edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the *Edinburgh* for December 1831, makes some very similar remarks about Martin and the way in which he would probably paint Lear.

In the poem *Lady Rachel Russell*; or, *A Roman Hero and an English Heroine Compared*, Barton compared the act of Curtius, who leaped into the gulf in the Forum, with Lady Russell standing beside her lord, who was executed for complicity in the Rye House plot.

Chalon was the painter of a portrait of Thomas Clarkson.

*The Battle of Gibeon* is a poem inspired by Martin's picture of Joshua; the last stanza runs thus:

Made known by marvels awfully sublime!  
 Yet far more glorious in the Christian's sight  
 Than these stern terrors of the olden time,  
 The gentler splendours of that peaceful night,  
 When opening clouds displayed, in vision bright,  
 The heavenly host to Bethlehem's shepherd train,  
 Shedding around them more than cloudless light!  
 'Glory to God on high!' their opening strain,  
 Its chorus, 'Peace on Earth!' its theme Messiah's reign!

'Tower above tower.' A composite quotation, made up of Milman's 'Tower above tower, one pyramid of flame' (*Belsazzar*), and Milton's 'In Heav'n by many a tower'd structure high' (*Paradise Lost*, i. 733).

'Tenterden steeples of Coventry.' Towers as high as the steeple of Tenterden in Kent.

'In the Lobster.' Referring to that part of a lobster which is called Eve.

'The Elephant.' Some mildly humorous verses *To an Elephant*.

'As Sh. says of religion.' Shakespeare, I assume, in *Hamlet*, III. iv, 47-8:

And sweet religion makes  
 A rhapsody of words.

Barton had written a poem called *Syr Heron*. This is Lord Thurlow's sonnet, of which Lamb was very fond. He quoted it in a note to his *Elia* essay on the sonnets of Sidney in the *London Magazine*, and copied it into his album:

TO A BIRD, THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LACKEN,  
 IN THE WINTER

O melancholy Bird, a winter's day,  
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool,  
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school  
 To Patience, which all evil can allay.  
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;  
 And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool  
 Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,  
 And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.  
 There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,  
 Though these be good, true wisdom to impart:  
 He, who has not enough, for these, to spare,  
 Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,  
 And teach his soul, by brooks, and rivers fair:  
 Nature is always wise in every part.

*Fludyer* was a poem to Sir Charles Fludyer on the devastation effected on his marine villa at Felixstowe by the encroachments of the sea. The answer to

the enigma, Mrs. FitzGerald (Lucy Barton) told Canon Ainger, was not money but an auctioneer's hammer.

In the following letter Lamb refers again to 'A Widow,' Hood's parody of him.]

## 772. TO THOMAS HOOD

DEAR HOOD,

17th Dec [1828].

Pray make my sister's kind excuses in the best way you can to Mrs. Hood for not answering her very friendly letter, which she is very much pleased at receiving. We have hopes of seeing Emma the week after Christmas, but only for a very short holyday, I hardly think we shall come to town during her short stay. But if possible, I will contrive to see your farce. For that unlucky paper in the Gem, I will say all that is in my mind, that it may never enter as a topic of conversation between us, nor rise up to disturb a friendship which I value.

When I got the proof sheet, I was puzzled and stagger'd. I did not at all expect that you would put my name to anything; I only understood you were going to write something in my way. However, I did accept it, and by that acceptance am bound to incur whatever penalties &c—with the exception of two words in inverted commas near the beginning, which has raised up all the stir, I see no reason why any objection should have been raised against it. But Robinson in a large company at Bury was publicly taxed for having been formerly a praiser of my writings, and the obnoxious passage triumphantly appealed to with 'See what your friend Lamb can write.' I do not know whether you know that those words to a common tune,—they are prefixed to one of Moore's Melodies—are taken from some very old indelicate song, which neither I nor any-one I ever met with, I believe, ever saw, but 'tis tradition, and I thought it had pass'd into a mere name of a tune (as it stands in the Melodies) & would be past over. But so many Enemies are about in worthless Journals to pick a hole in poor Authors' coats, that I only wonder we came off so easily.

Had any one of them spoken out, it must have ruin'd the sale of the Book to all purposes. As it is, I cannot send it to Bury as I purpose, but have sent it to my little Godson at Brighton.

This outcry could not have been foreseen by you, and I consider it as *unlucky* only. If I have any quarrel with you, it WAS (for I have made it up from my heart) that when I went to your house two days after receiving said proof, I found the volume done up, and a few days after a censure of it in a weekly thing, so that I had no option of taking or declining the said honour.

I think you had better let it drop, or say we did it between us & make light of it. I did confess it to R. & to one more, but acquitted you of all blame, believing that you thought you had my assent to it.

Having exhausted all my ill blood in the above, let it be as it had never been, & us old friends to the latest day as ever.

I'll come & see the farce—  
& God bless you both—

C L

['My little Godson at Brighton.' The infant Talfourd.  
The two unfortunate words were 'Black Joke.']

#### 773. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

MY DEAR THREE C.'s,

[December 1828.]

The way from Southgate to Colney Hatch thro' the unfrequentedest Blackberry paths that ever concealed their coy bunches from a truant Citizen, we have accidentally fallen upon—the giant Tree by Cheshunt we have missed, but keep your chart to go by, unless you will be our conduct—at present I am disabled from further flights than just to skirt round Clay Hill, with a peep at the fine back woods, by strained tendons, got by skipping a skipping-rope at 53—heu mihi non sum qualis. But do you know, now you come to talk of walks, a ramble of four hours or so—there and back—to the willow and lavender plantations at the south corner of Northaw Church by a well dedicated to Saint Claridge, with the clumps of finest moss rising hillock fashion, which I counted to the number of two hundred and sixty, and are called 'Claridge's covers'—the tradition being that that saint entertained so many angels or hermits there, upon occasion of blessing the waters? The legends have set down the fruits spread upon that occasion, and in the Black Book of St. Albans some are named which are not supposed to have been introduced

into this island till a century later. But waiving the miracle, a sweeter spot is not in ten counties round; you are knee deep in clover, that is to say, if you are not above a middling man's height; from this paradise, making a day of it, you go to see the ruins of an old convent at March Hall, where some of the painted glass is yet whole and fresh.

If you do not know this, you do not know the capabilities of this country, you may be said to be a stranger to Enfield. I found it out one morning in October, and so delighted was I that I did not get home before dark, well a-paid.

I shall long to show you the clump meadows, as they are called; we might do that, without reaching March Hall. When the days are longer, we might take both, and come home by Forest Cross, so skirt over Pennington and the cheerful little village of Churchley to Forty Hill.

But these are dreams till summer; meanwhile we should be most glad to see you for a lesser excursion—say, Sunday next, you and *another*, or if more, best on a weekday with a notice, but o' Sundays, as far as a leg of mutton goes, most welcome. We can squeeze out a bed. Edmonton coaches run every hour, and my pen has run out its quarter. Heartily farewell.

[Much of the 'Lamb country' touched upon in this letter is now built on.

'Non sum qualis [eram]': I am not the man I was.—Horace, *Odes*, iv. i. 3.

'The giant Tree by Cheshunt' is Goff's Oak. Moxon wrote a sonnet on it.

'The Black Book of St. Albans.' The Black Books exposed abuses in the Church.]

## 774. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[No date: *Late 1828.*]

I don't know by your letter whether you are resident at Newington Green, nor at *what number*. So I discharge this, as a surer shot, at Russell Court. Your almanack is funny; it only disappointed me as being not an almanack. What a one you might make! embracing a real calendar, with astrological ridicule, predictions like Tom Brown's 'for every day in the week.' The only information I receive from this is that New Year's Day happened this year on the 1st of January. I do not see the days even set down on which I ought to go to church, the Dominical Letter:

fie! I will only add that Enfield is still here, with its accustomed shoulders of mutton, fine Geneva tippie, &c.

So hoping sometime for a fine day's walk with you, I rest.

C. L.

Mary's love to both of you.

Mr Hone, 29 Russell Court, Brydges Street, Covent Garden.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This letter can be dated by reference to *Life of Hone*, page 289. The Almanack was *Poor Humphrey's Calendar*, published nominally by Matilda Hone, at her little print-shop in Russell Court. Hone and his family had moved to Newington Green at the end of September 1828, after his release from King's Bench prison.']

# 775. TO GEORGE DYER

DEAR DYER,

[No date: ? January 1829.]

My very good friend, and Charles Clarke's father in law, Vincent Novello, wishes to shake hands with you. Make him play you a tune. He is a damn'd fine musician, and what is better, a good man and true. He will tell you how glad we should be to have Mrs. Dyer and you here for a few days. Our young friend, Miss Isola, has been here holydaymaking, but leaves us tomorrow.

Yours Ever

CH. LAMB.

Enfield.

[*Added in a feminine hand:*] Emma's love to Mr. and Mrs. Dyer.

['Charles Clarke's father in law.' Dyer had been assistant to Clarke's schoolmaster father.]

# 776. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

MY DEAR PROCTER,

[P.M. 19th January 1829.]

I am ashamed to have not taken the drift of your pleasant letter, which I find to have been pure invention. But jokes are not suspected in Boeotian Enfield. We are plain people; and our talk is of corn, and cattle, and Waltham markets. Besides, I was a little out of sorts when I received it. The fact is, I am involved in a case which has fretted me to death; and I have no

into this island till a century later. But waiving the miracle, a sweeter spot is not in ten counties round; you are knee deep in clover, that is to say, if you are not above a middling man's height; from this paradise, making a day of it, you go to see the ruins of an old convent at March Hall, where some of the painted glass is yet whole and fresh.

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[P.M. 19th January 1829.]

I am ashamed to have not taken the drift of your pleasant letter, which I find to have been pure invention. But jokes are not suspected in Boeotian Enfield. We are plain people; and our talk is of corn, and cattle, and Waltham markets. Besides, I was a little out of sorts when I received it. The fact is, I am involved in a case which has fretted me to death; and I have no



reliance, except on you, to extricate me. I am sure you will give me your best legal advice, having no professional friend besides but Robinson and Talfourd, with neither of whom at present I am on the best terms. My brother's widow left a will, made during the lifetime of my brother, in which I am named sole executor, by which she bequeaths forty acres of arable property, which it seems she held under Covert Baron, unknown to my brother, to the heirs of the body of Elizabeth Dowden, her married daughter by a first husband, in fee-simple, recoverable by fine—*invested* property, mind; for there is the difficulty—subject to leet and quit-rent; in short, worded in the most guarded terms, to shut out the property from Isaac Dowden, the husband. Intelligence has just come of the death of this person in India, where he made a will, entailing this property (which seem'd entangled enough already) to the heirs of his body, that should not be born of his wife; for it seems by the law in India, natural children can recover. They have put the cause into Exchequer process, here removed by Certiorari from the native Courts; and the question is, whether I should, as executor, try the cause here, or again re-remove it to the Supreme Sessions at Bangalore? (which I understand I can, or plead a hearing before the Privy Council here). As it involves all the little property of Elizabeth Dowden, I am anxious to take the fittest steps, and what may be least expensive. Pray assist me, for the case is so embarrassed, that it deprives me of sleep and appetite. M. Burney thinks there is a case like it in Chapt. 170, sect. 5, in Fearn's Contingent Remainders. Pray read it over with him dispassionately, and let me have the result. The complexity lies in the questionable power of the husband to alienate. . . .

I had another favour to beg, which is the beggarliest of beggings.

A few lines of verse for a young friend's Album (six will be enough). M. Burney will tell you who she is I want 'em for. A girl of gold. Six lines—make 'em eight—signed Barry C——. They need not be very good, as I chiefly want 'em as a foil to mine. But I shall be seriously obliged by any refuse scrap. We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having Albums.' I fled hither to escape the Albumean persecution, and had not been in my new house twenty-four hours, when the

daughter of the next house came in with a friend's Album to beg a contribution, and the following day intimated she had one of her own. Two more have sprung up since. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will Albums be. New Holland has Albums. But the age is to be complied with. M. B. will tell you the sort of girl I request the ten lines for. Somewhat of a pensive cast, what you admire. The lines may come before the Law question, as that can not be determined before Hilary Term, and I wish your deliberate judgment on that. The other may be flimsy and superficial. And if you have not burnt your returned letter, pray re-send it me, as a monumental token of my stupidity. 'Twas a little unthinking of you to touch upon a sore subject. Why, by dabbling in those accursed Albums, I have become a byword of infamy all over the kingdom. I have sicken'd decent women for asking me to write in Albums. There be 'dark jests' abroad, Master Cornwall; and some riddles may live to be clear'd up. And 'tis not every saddle is put on the right steed; and forgeries and false Gospels are not peculiar to the Age following the Apostles. And some tubs don't stand on their right bottoms. Which is all I wish to say in these ticklish Times—and so your Servant,

CHS. LAMB.

[We do not know the nature of the 'bite' that Procter had put upon Lamb; but Lamb quickly retaliated with the first paragraph of this letter, which is mainly invention. In his *Old Acquaintance* Mr. Fields wrote: 'He [Procter] told me that the law question raised in this epistle was a sheer fabrication of Lamb's, gotten up by him to puzzle his young correspondent, the conveyancer. The coolness referred to as between himself and Robinson and Talfourd, Procter said, was also a fiction invented by Lamb to carry out his legal mystification.'

At the end of the first paragraph came some words in another hand: '*in usum* enfeoffments whereof he was only collaterally seized, &c.,' beneath which Lamb wrote: 'The above is some of M. Burney's memoranda which he has left me, and you may cut out and give him.' The original is in the Harvard University Library.

'Master Cornwall.' Presumably a reference to the intrigues of *King Lear*.]

777. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

Jan. 22nd, 1829.

Don't trouble yourself about the verses. Take 'em coolly as they come. Any day between this and Midsummer will do. Ten lines the extreme. There is no mystery in my incognita. She has often seen you, though you may not have observed a silent brown girl, who for the last twelve years has run wild about our house in her Christmas holidays. She is Italian by name and extraction. Ten lines about the blue sky of her country will do, as it's her foible to be proud of it. But they must not be over courtly or Lady-fied as she is with a Lady who says to her 'go and she goeth; come and she cometh.' Item, I have made her a tolerable Latinist. The verses should be moral too, as for a Clergyman's family. She is called Emma Isola. I approve heartily of your turning your four vols. into a lesser compass. 'Twill Sybillise the gold left. I shall, I think, be in town in a few weeks, when I will assuredly see you. I will put in here loves to Mrs. Procter and the Anti-Capulets, because Mary tells me I omitted them in my last. I like to see my friends here. I have put my lawsuit into the hands of an Enfield practitioner—a plain man, who seems perfectly to understand it, and gives me hopes of a favourable result.

Rumour tells us that Miss Holcroft is married; though the varlet has not had the grace to make any communication to us on the subject. Who is Badman, or Bed'em? Have I seen him at Montacute's? I hear he is a great chymist. I am sometimes chymical myself. A thought strikes me with horror. Pray heaven he may not have done it for the sake of trying chymical experiments upon her,—young female subjects are so scarce! Louisa would make a capital shot. An't you glad about Burke's case? We may set off the Scotch murders against the Scotch novels—Hare, the Great Un-hanged.

Martin Burney is richly worth your knowing. He is on the top scale of my friendship ladder, on which an angel or two is still climbing, and some, alas! descending. I am out of the literary world at present. Pray, is there anything new from the admired pen of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*? Has Mrs. He-mans (double masculine) done anything pretty lately? Why

sleeps the lyre of Hervey, and of Alaric Watts? Is the muse of L. E. L. silent? Did you see a sonnet of mine in Blackwood's last? Curious construction! *Elaborata facilitas*! And now I'll tell. 'Twas written for the 'Gem'; but the editors declined it, on the plea that it would *shock all mothers*; so they published 'The Widow' instead. I am born out of time. I have no conjecture about what the present world calls delicacy. I thought 'Rosamund Gray' was a pretty modest thing. Hessey assures me that the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Damn the age; I will write for Antiquity!'

*Erratum* in sonnet:—Last line but something, for *tender*, read *tend*. The Scotch do not know our law terms; but I find some remains of honest, plain, old writing lurking there still. They were not so mealy-mouthed as to refuse my verses. Maybe, 'tis their oatmeal.

Blackwood sent me £20 for the drama. Somebody cheated me out of it next day; and my new pair of breeches, just sent home, cracking at first putting on, I exclaimed, in my wrath, 'All tailors are cheats, and all men are tailors.' Then I was better.

[This letter breaks off abruptly here. But there is a fragment of another letter, undated, which may be appended to it.

'Your four vols.' Procter's poetical works, in three volumes, were published in 1822. Since then he had issued *The Flood of Thessaly*, 1823. He was perhaps meditating a new one-volume selection.

'Sybillise.' According to tradition, a Sibyl offered to King Tarquin of Rome nine books at a high price. He refused them. She then burnt three, and offered six at the same price. Tarquin still refusing the offer, she burnt three more, and appeared with the remaining three, which were bought and preserved with great care.

'Anti-Capulets.' The Basil Montagus.

'Badman.' Louisa Holcroft married Carlyle's friend Badams, a manufacturer and scientific experimentalist of Birmingham, with whom the philosopher spent some weeks in 1827 in attempting a cure for dyspepsia (see the *Early Recollections*).

'Burke's case.' William Burke and William Hare, the body-snatchers and murderers of Edinburgh, who killed persons to sell their corpses to Knox's school of anatomy. Burke was hanged a week later than this letter, on 28th January. Hare turned King's evidence and disappeared. A 'shot' was a subject in these men's vocabulary. The author of the Waverley novels—the Great Unknown—had, of course, become known long before this.

'Martin Burney.' In 1818 Lamb had dedicated the prose volume of his *Works* to Burney, in a sonnet ending with the lines:

Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,  
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.

Hervey was Thomas Kibble Hervey (1799-1859), a great album poet.

'A sonnet of mine in Blackwood.' In the number for January 1829. The full text is given in Letter 781.

'Hessey.' Of the firm of Taylor & Hessey, the late publishers of the *London Magazine*.]

## 778. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

[Early 1829.]

And now, Procter, I will tell you a story. Hierocles, the Sicilian Tyrant, who lived in the thirtieth Olympiad, just seven hundred and sixty years *ante* A.D., by the Gregorian Computation, having won the Prize in a Race of Mules, besought the Poet Simonides, with the incentive moreover of a donative of 1200 Sesterces, which might be about £12. 7. 3½ of our money, to write him an Olympic Hymn in praise of the mules. But Simonides, declining to vulgarise his Muse with the mention of any such mongrels, the Tyrant (which signifies in the Greek of that age only *king*) rounds him in the ear that he shall have 8000 sesterces if he will touch up his beasts handsomely. Whereupon Simonides—the 'tender Simonides,' as antiquity delights to phrase him—began to relent, and stringing his golden lyre begins a lofty ode to the cattle with—

*Hail ! daughters of the swift-winged steed.*

Sinking, you see, one part of their genealogy. Now for the application. What I told you, dear Procter, about my young friend was nothing but the exact truth. But I sunk the circumstance that her mother was a negro, or half-caste—which convinces me, what I always thought, that something of the tender genius of Simonides lives again in my strains. Mary corrects me, and will have it that the lady's mother was a Hindostanee half-caste, and no negress, but was I to send you wool-gathering over the vast plains watered by the Ganges, or the more bewildering wilds of Timbuctoo, to search for images?

[Procter's verses for Emma Isola's album ran thus:

### TO THE SPIRIT OF ITALY

Why dost thou murmur?—Peace, and mourn no more,  
O'er Baia's bay, or on thy Tuscan shore,  
In lone Ferrara, or where Ocean creeps  
Round Venice, where the once wing'd lion sleeps!  
What!—though to conquer'd skies thou bear'st thy name  
No more, nor play'st war's bad and bloody game,—  
*Another* laurel springs,—*another* fame!

Strait from thine arms the stern child Science sprung,  
And round thee Art her rainbow colours flung,  
And in thy flowery bosom wisdom lay,  
(Bright serpent) till the world awoke to day,  
And Music left the stars to come to thee  
And spread thy sweet sad name 'o'er land and sea,'  
Spirit of many shapes, refining Italy!

Oh, beautiful art thou, and far renowned,  
Pale Mother with the ruined turrets crowned!  
Still thy broad Padus flows; thy Tyber runs  
Past Rome for ever, beneath summer suns;  
Still are thy mountain summits fringed with pines;  
Still hang upon thine elms the fond frail vines;  
Still (south) the sunny nature lies serene;  
Still (northwards) the Great Lake<sup>1</sup> is smiling seen,  
O'er whose blue waters hovering, like a dove,  
Is—Isola Bella,—whom the poets love!

B. CORNWALL.]

### 779. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(*Incomplete*)

[No date: *Early 1829.*]

The comings in of an incipient conveyancer are not adequate to the receipt of three twopenny post non-paids in a week. Therefore, after this, I condemn my stub to long and deep silence, or shall awaken it to write to lords. Lest those raptures in this honeymoon of my correspondence, which you avow for the gentle person of my Nuncio, after passing through certain natural grades, as Love, Love and Water, Love with the chill off, then subsiding to that point which the heroic suitor of his wedded

<sup>1</sup> Lago Maggiore.—Procter's note.

dame, the noble-spirited Lord Randolph in the play, declares to be the ambition of his passion, a reciprocation of 'complacent kindness,'—should suddenly plump down (scarce staying to bait at the mid point of indifference, so hungry it is for distaste) to a loathing and blank aversion, to the rendering probable such counter expressions as this,—'Damn that infernal twopenny postman' (words which make the not yet gluttoned innamorato 'lift up his hands and wonder who can use them.') While, then, you are not ruined, let me assure thee, O thou, above the painter, and next only under Giraldus Cambrensis, the most immortal and worthy to be immortal, Barry, thy most ingenious and golden cadences do take my fancy mightily. They are at this identical moment under the snip and the paste of the fairest hands (bating chilblains) in Cambridge, soon to be transplanted to Suffolk, to the envy of half of the young ladies in Bury. But tell me, and tell me truly, gentle Swain, is that Isola Bella a true spot in geographical denomination, or a floating Delos in thy brain? Lurks that fair island in verity in the bosom of Lake Maggiore, or some other with less poetic name, which thou hast Cornwallized for the occasion? And what if Maggiore itself be but a coinage of adaptation? Of this pray resolve me immediately, for my albumess will be catechised on this subject; and how can I prompt her? Lake Leman, I know, and Lemon Lake (in a punch bowl) I have swum in, though those lymphs be long since dry. But Maggiore may be in the moon. Unsphinx this riddle for me, for my shelves have no gazetteer. And mayest thou never murder thy father-in-law in the Trivia of Lincoln's Inn New Square Passage, where Searl Street and the Street of Portugal embrace, nor afterwards make absurd proposals to the Widow M. But I know you abhor any such notions. Nevertheless so did O-Edipus (as Admiral Burney used to call him, splitting the diphthong in spite or ignorance) for that matter. C. L.

['Lord Randolph.' In Home's *Douglas*, Mrs. Siddons was famous as Lady Randolph.

'Above the painter.' James Barry, R.A.

'Giraldus Cambrensis.' The historian, Giraldus de Barri.

Procter's poem for Emma Isola's album, as we have seen, mentions Isola Bella, the island in Lago Maggiore. Delos was the floating island which Neptune fixed in order that Latona might rest there, and Apollo and Diana be born.

'Trivia.' Place where three ways meet.

Basil Montagu was Procter's father-in-law. Procter's address was 10 New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

[Ædipus, who solved the riddle of the Sphinx, killed his father, and married his mother unwittingly.]

## 780. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

*Jan. 28, 1829.*

DEAR ALLSOP,

Old Star is setting. Take him and cut him into Little Stars. Nevertheless the extinction of the greater light is not by the lesser light (Stella, or Mrs. Star) apprehended so nigh, but that she will be thankful if you can let young Scintillation (Master Star) twinkle down by the coach on Sunday, to catch the last glimmer of the decaying parental light. No news is good news; so we conclude Mrs. A. and little *a* are doing well. Our kindest Loves,

C. L.

[I am not astronomer enough to explain the mystery of these stars.]

## 781. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

*[? 29th January 1829.]*

When Miss Ouldcroft (who is now Mrs. Beddome, and Bed—dom'd to her!) was at Enfield, which she was in summer-time, and owed her health to its sun and genial influences, she visited (with young lady-like impertinence) a poor man's cottage that had a pretty baby (O the yearnling!), and gave it fine caps and sweetmeats. On a day, broke into the parlour our two maids uproarious. 'O ma'am, who do you think Miss Ouldcroft (they pronounce it Holcroft) has been working a cap for?' 'A child,' answered Mary, in true Shandean female simplicity. 'It's the man's child as was taken up for sheep-stealing.' Miss Ouldcroft was staggered, and would have cut the connection; but by main force I made her go and take her leave of her protégée (which I only spell with a *g* because I can't make a pretty *j*). I thought, if she went no more, the Abactor or Abactor's wife (vide Ainsworth) would suppose she had heard something; and I have delicacy for a sheep-stealer. The overseers actually overhauled a mutton-pie at the baker's (his first,



last, and only hope of mutton-pie), which he never came to eat, and thence inferred his guilt. *Per occasionem cuius* I framed the sonnet; observe its elaborate construction. I was four days about it.

## THE GYPSY'S MALISON

Suck, baby, suck, Mother's love grows by giving,  
 Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;  
 Black Manhood comes, when riotous guilty living  
 Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.  
 Kiss, baby, kiss, Mother's lips shine by kisses,  
 Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings;  
 Black Manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses  
 Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.  
 Hang, baby, hang, mother's love loves such forces,  
 Choke the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging;  
 Black Manhood comes, when violent lawless courses  
 Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging.

So sang a wither'd Sibyl energetical,  
 And bann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetic.

Barry, study that sonnet. It is curiously and perversely elaborate. 'Tis a choking subject, and therefore the reader is directed to the structure of it. See you! and was this a fourteener to be rejected by a trumpery annual? forsooth, 'twould shock all mothers; and may all mothers, who would so be shocked, bedom'd! as if mothers were such sort of logicians as to infer the future hanging of *their* child from the theoretical hangibility (or capacity of being hanged, if the judge pleases) of every infant born with a neck on. Oh B. C., my whole heart is faint, and my whole head is sick (how is it?) at this damned, canting, unmasculine unbxwdy (I had almost said) age! Don't show this to your child's mother or I shall be Orpheusized, scattered into Hebrus. Damn the King, lords, commons, and *specially* (as I said on Muswell Hill on a Sunday when I could get no beer a quarter before one) all Bishops, Priests, and Curates. Vale.

['Yeanling.' Lamb's improvement on 'yea-ling.' It is recognized in the Oxford Dictionary as a 'nonce-word,' not found elsewhere.

'Ainsworth.' Referring to Robert Ainsworth's *Thesaurus*, 1736. *Abactor* (see Forcellini), a stealer or driver away of cattle. Ainsworth gives only *abactus*—driven away by force.

*The Gypsy's Malison.* This is the sonnet in *Blackwood* for January 1829.

'Orpheusized.' A reference to the Thracian women, who, presumably from the madness of unrequited love, tore Orpheus limb from limb and flung the fragments into the River Hebrus.]

## 782. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

February 2, 1829.

Facundissime Poeta! quanquam istiusmodi epitheta oratoribus potius quam poetis attinere facile scio—tamen, facundissime!

Commoratur nobiscum jamdiu, in agro Enfeldiense, scilicet, leguleius futurus, illustrissimus Martinus Burnei, otium agens, negotia nominalia, et officinam clientum vacuam, paululum fugiens. Orat, implorat te—nempe, Martinus—ut si (quod Dii faciant) fortè fortunâ, absente ipso, advenerit tardus cliens, eum certiore feceris per literas hûc missas. Intelligisne? an me Anglicè et barbarice ad te hominem perdoctum scribere oportet?

Si status de franco tenemento datur avo, et in eodem facto si mediate vel immediate datur *hæredibus vel hæredibus corporis dicti avi*, postrema, hæc verba sunt Limitationis, non Perquisitionis.

Dixi.

CARLAGNULUS.

[Mr. Stephen Gwynn kindly made for me the following translation:

Most eloquent Poet: though I know well such epithets befit orators rather than poets—and yet, Most eloquent!

There has been staying with us this while past at our country seat of Enfield to wit, the future attorney, the illustrious Martin Burney, taking his leisure, flying for a space from his nominal occupations, and his office empty of clients. He—that is, Martin—begs and entreats of you that if (heaven send it so!) by some stroke of fortune, in his absence there should arrive a belated client, you would inform him by letter here. Do you understand? or must I write in barbarous English to a scholar like you?

If an estate in freehold is given to an ancestor, and if in the same deed directly or indirectly the gift is made to the heir or heirs of the body of the said ancestor, these last words have the force of Limitation, not of Purchase.

I have spoken.

CHARLES LAMB.

The last passage was probably copied direct from some law book of Burney's, and is unintelligible except to students of law-Latin.]

## 783. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

Feb. 2, 1829.

DEAR COWDEN,

Your books are as the gushing of streams in a desert. By the way, you have sent no autobiographies. Your letter seems to

imply you had. Nor do I want any. Cowden, they are of the books which I give away. What damn'd Unitarian skewer-soul'd things the general biographies turn out. Rank and Talent you shall have when Mrs. May has done with 'em. Mary likes Mrs. Bedinfield much. For me I read nothing but *Astrea*—it has turn'd my brain—I go about with a switch turn'd up at the end for a crook; and Lambs being too old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a green ribband. Becky and her cousin are getting pastoral dresses, and then we shall all four go about Arcadizing. O cruel Shepherdess! Inconstant yet fair, and more inconstant for being fair! Her gold ringlets fell in a disorder superior to order!

Come and join us.

I am called the Black Shepherd—you shall be Cowden with the Tuft.

Prosaically, we shall be glad to have you both,—or any two of you—drop in by surprise some Saturday night.

This must go off.

Loves to Vittoria.

C. L.

[*'Rank and Talent.'* A novel by W. P. Scargill, 1829.

*'Astrea.'* Probably the romance by Honoré d'Urfé.

*'Cowden with the Tuft.'* So called from his hair, and from *Riquet with the Tuft*, the fairy tale. We read in the Cowden Clarkes' *Recollections of Writers*: "The latter name ("*Cowden with the Tuft*") slyly implies the smooth baldness with scant curly hair distinguishing the head of the friend addressed, and which seemed to strike Charles Lamb so forcibly, that one evening, after gazing at it for some time, he suddenly broke forth with the exclamation: "Gad, Clarke! what whiskers you have behind your head!""]

784. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR R.,

[P.M. 27th February 1829.]

Expectation was alert on the receipt of your strange-shaped present, while yet undisclosed from its fusc envelope. Some said, 'tis a viol da Gamba, others pronounced it a fiddle. I myself hoped it a Liquer case pregnant with Eau de Vie and such odd Nectar. When midwifed into daylight, the gossips were at loss

to pronounce upon its species. Most took it for a marrow spoon, an apple scoop, a banker's guinea shovel. At length its true scope appeared, its drift—to save the backbone of my sister stooping to scuttles. A philanthropic intent, borrowed no doubt from some of the Colliers. You save people's backs one way, and break 'em again by loads of obligation. The spectacles are delicate and Vulcanian. No lighter texture than their steel did the cuckoldy blacksmith frame to catch Mrs. Vulcan and the Captain in. For ungalled forehead, as for back unbursten, you have Mary's thanks. Marry, for my own peculium of obligation, 'twas supererogatory. A second part of Pamela was enough in conscience. Two Pamelas in a house is too much without two Mr. B.'s to reward 'em.

Mary, who is handselling her new aerial perspectives upon a pair of old worsted stockings trod out in Cheshunt lanes, sends love. I, great good liking. Bid us a personal farewell before you see the Vatican.

Chas. Lamb, Enfield.

[Crabb Robinson, just starting for Rome, had sent Lamb a copy of *Pamela* under the impression that he had borrowed one.

'Two Mr. B.'s.' In Richardson's novel Pamela marries the young Squire B. and reforms him.]

# 785. TO MARTIN BURNEY

March 19 1829

DEAR M.,

I got your welcome epistle & most satisfactory last night, and rambling over the Evoe hills brought home what you have read this morning. I have just time to put it in the post

& say adieu

venito cito et revisito nos

et rescribito

Martin Charles Burney, Esq<sup>re</sup>.

On the Western Circuit.

C. L.

*Enclosed in letter.*

Had I a power, Lady, to my will,  
You should not want Handwritings. I would fill  
Your leaves with Autographs—resplendent names  
Of Knights and 'Squires of old, and Courtly Dames,

Kings, Emperors, Popes. Next under these should stand  
 The hands of famous Lawyers; a grave band,  
 Who in their Courts of Law or Equity  
 Have best upheld Freedom and Property.  
 These should *moot cases* in your book, and vie  
 To shew their reading, and their Serjeantry.  
 But I have none of these; nor can I send  
 The notes by Bullen to her Tyrant penn'd  
 In her authentic hand; nor in soft hours  
 Lines writ by Rosamund in Clifford's bowers.  
 The lack of such rare Signatures I moan,  
 With scarce the courage to set down *my own*.

CHS. LAMB.

[This is the only letter to Martin Burney that has come to light. The verses were for the autograph book of Mrs. Thomas Wilde, *née* Wileman, first wife of Serjeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro.

'The Evoe hills.' *Evoe!* or *Euboe!* is the shout of joy to Bacchus which Horace repeated after seeing him on distant crags.—*Odes*, II. xix. 7.

'Venito cito,' etc.: Come quickly, visit us again, and write back.]

## 786. TO SAMUEL ROGERS

MY DEAR SIR,

Chase, Enfield: 22nd Mar., 1829.

I have but lately learned, by letter from Mr. Moxon, the death of your brother. For the little I had seen of him, I greatly respected him. I do not even know how recent your loss may have been, and hope that I do not unseasonably present you with a few lines suggested to me this morning by the thought of him. I beg to be most kindly remembered to your remaining brother, and to Miss Rogers.

Your's truly,

CHARLES LAMB.

Rogers, of all the men that I have known  
 But slightly, who have died, your brother's loss  
 Touched me most sensibly. There came across  
 My mind an image of the cordial tone  
 Of your fraternal meetings, where a guest  
 I more than once have sate; and grieve to think,  
 That of that threefold cord one precious link  
 By Death's rude hand is sever'd from the rest.

Of our old gentry he appear'd a stem;  
 A magistrate who, while the evil-doer  
 He kept in terror, could respect the poor,  
 And not for every trifle harass them—  
 As some, divine and laic, too oft do.  
 This man's a private loss and public too.

[Daniel Rogers, the banker's elder brother, had just died.]

## 787. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 25th March 1829.]

I send you by desire Darley's very poetical poem. You will like, I think, the novel headings of each scene. Scenical directions in verse are novelties. With it I send a few *duplicates*, which are *therefore* no value to me, and may amuse an idle hour. Read 'Christmas,' 'tis the production of a young author, who reads all your writings. A good word from you about his little book would be as balm to him. It has no pretensions, and makes none. But parts are pretty. In Field's Appendix turn to a Poem called the Kangaroo. It is in the best way of our old poets, if I mistake not. I have just come from Town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension. And have brought home, from stalls in Barbican, the old Pilgrim's Progress with the prints—Vanity Fair, &c.—now scarce. Four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is, in sheepskin—The whole theologic works of—

THOMAS AQUINAS!

My arms aked with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas—or the Lady to the Lover in old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain—the price of obtaining her—clamber'd with her to the top, and fell dead with fatigue.

O the glorious old Schoolmen!

There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Who hath seen Michael Angelo's things—of us that never pilgrimaged to Rome—and yet which of us disbelieves his greatness. How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties, till my brain spins!

N.B. I have writ in the old Hamlet, offer it to Mitford in my name, if he have not seen it. 'Tis woefully below our editions of it. But keep it, if you like. (What is M. to me?)

I do not mean this to go for a letter, only to apprize you, that the parcel is booked for you this 25 March 1829 from the Four Swans Bishopsgate.

With both our loves to Lucy and A. K. Yours Ever

C. L.

['Darley's . . . poem.' *Sylvia ; or, The May Queen*, by George Darley.

'Christmas.' A poem by Edward Moxon, dedicated to Lamb.

'Field's Appendix.' *Geographical Memoirs on New South Wales*, edited by Barron Field, with his *First-Fruits of Australian Poetry* as appendix.

The old romance, Dr. Paget Toynbee pointed out, is *Les Dous Amantz* of Marie of France, which Lamb had read in Miss Betham's metrical translation, *The Lay of Marie*.]

#### 788. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR ROBINSON,

[P.M. 10th April 1829.]

We are afraid you will slip from us from England without again seeing us. It would be charity to come and see me. I have these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic pains, in loins, back, shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie, and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body all at once like a log with a lever. While this rainy weather lasts, I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip joint the pangs sometimes are so excruciating, that I cry out. It is as violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them. But indeed they are sharp. You go about, in rain or fine at all hours without discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I in my life time have had my good things. Hence my frame is brittle—yours strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well, I don't want to moralise. I only wish

to say that if you are inclined to a game at Doubly Dumby, I would try and bolster up myself in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so and less painful than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much. Mary, who is most kind, joins in the wish.

C. LAMB.

789. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[P.M. 17th April 1829.]

I do not confess to mischief. It was the subtlest diabolical piece of malice, heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker. Never was freer from all pains and aches. Every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments was blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing, when you should just receive my congratulations. How mad you'd be. Well, it is not in my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend, I have a share. His disquietude crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling, and pace across the room,



shooting out my free arms legs &c. this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that Nature meant us to sympathise with agonies. Those face-contortions, retortions, distortions, have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce—not so pleasant to the actor indeed, but Grimaldi cries when we laugh, and 'tis but one that suffers to make thousands rejoyce.

You say that Shampooing is ineffectual. But *per se* it is good, to show the introv[ol]utions, extravolutions, of which the animal frame is capable. To show what the creature is receptive of, short of dissolution.

You are worst of nights, a'nt you?

Twill be as good as a Sermon to you to lie abed all this night.



and meditate the subject of the day. 'Tis Good Friday. How appropriate!

Think when but your little finger pains you, what endured to white-wash you and the rest of us.

Nobody will be the more justified for your endurance. You won't save the soul of a mouse. 'Tis a pure selfish pleasure.

You never was rack'd, was you? I should like an authentic map of those feelings.

You seem to have the flying gout.

You can scarcely scruce a smile out of your face—can you? I sit at immunity, and sneer *ad libitum*.

'Tis now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking 'em, for any thing the worse I find myself.

Your Doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good.

Don't come while you are so bad. I shan't be able to attend to your throes and the dumbee at once.

I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But don't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your sensibility more exquisite.

Your affectionate and truly healthy friend C. LAMB.

Mary thought a Letter from me might amuse you in your torment—

[Robinson was the victim of a sudden attack of acute rheumatism. He had a course of Turkish baths at Brighton to cure him.]

## 790. TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

DEAR SIR,

[No date: *Spring 1829*.]

I have not yet found myself in a writing humour. The little pieces I send are merely to keep a place in the Magazine, and as acknowledgements of the monthly copy of it, which comes very regularly and pleasantly to Enfield. The last Noctes were the best I have seen, the end made me perfectly stagger. I felt as drunk as North and his compeer. Your [one word illegible]

C. LAMB.

[Accompanying the poems *The Christening* and *For a Young Lady's Album*, as they appear in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1829.

William Blackwood (1776-1834) was the Edinburgh publisher.

The 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' of John Wilson, 'Christopher North,' were then running in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

It must have been some gratification to the editor that Lamb—considering his very intimate association with the *London Magazine* and John Scott—should wish to appear in the provocative 'Maga' at all. The *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, *Fraser's Magazine*—where are they? But *Blackwood's Magazine* flourishes still.

On 8th, 9th, and 10th May Crabb Robinson was at Enfield, and found the Lambs well but 'in a fidget' about the departure of their old servant Becky, who was leaving to be married. He thought the new maid cheerful and healthy.]

### 791. TO SARAH JAMES

[No date: ? 16th April 1829.]

We have just got your letter. I think Mother Reynolds will go on quietly, Mrs. Scrimshaw having kittened. The name of the late Laureat was Henry James Pye, and when his 1st Birthday Ode came out, which was very poor, somebody being asked his opinion of it, said:

And when the Pye was open'd  
The birds began to sing,  
And was not this a dainty dish  
To set before the King!

Pye was brother to old Major Pye, and father to Mrs. Arnold, and uncle to a General Pye, all friends of Miss Kelly. Pye succeeded Thos. Warton, Warton succeeded Wm. Whitehead, Whitehead succeeded Colley Cibber, Cibber succeeded Eusden, Eusden succeeded Thos. Shadwell, Shadwell succeeded Dryden, Dryden succeeded Davenant, Davenant God knows whom. There never was a Rogers a Poet Laureat; there is an old living Poet of that name, a Banker as you know, Author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' where Moxon goes to breakfast in a fine house in the green Park, but he was never Laureat. Southey is the present one, and for anything I know or care, Moxon may succeed him. We have a copy of 'Xmas' for you, so you may give your own to Mary as soon as you please. We think you need not have exhibited your mountain shyness before M. B. He is neither shy himself, nor patronizes it in others.—So with many thanks, good-bye. Emma comes on Thursday.

C. L.

The Poet Laureat, whom Davenant succeeded was Rare 'Ben Jonson,' who I believe was the first regular Laureat with the appointment of £100 a year and a Butt of Sack or Canary—so add that to my little list.—C. L.

[Macdonald boldly dates this letter 31st December 1828, and perhaps rightly, but Mrs. Anderson points out that cats do not often have kittens at Christmas. I have dated it at a venture April 1829, because Moxon's *Christmas* was published in March of that year. Easter Day, 1829, was on 19th April, and Emma, says Mrs. Anderson, would probably come the Thursday before, i.e. 16th, as she went back about the 28th. It is the only letter to Mary Lamb's nurse, Miss James, that exists. Mrs. Reynolds was Lamb's aged pensioner, whom we have met. Pye died in 1813, and was succeeded by Southey. The author of the witticism on his first ode was George Steevens, the critic. The comment gained point from the circumstance that Pye had drawn largely on images from bird life in his verses.]

## 792. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

DEAR C.,

[15th May 1829.]

Mary begs me to write, she being very busy with a new Maid: I do not know that my friend Talfourd has any connection with the Publication Mrs C. mentions, but his address is 26 Henrietta Street Brunswick Square & I am sure your application will be very kindly attended to, saying you come at my desire——

Kind rem<sup>brs</sup> to all

C L

[On 18th May 1829 John Bates Dibdin died.]

## 793. TO JOHN PRITT HARLEY

DEAR SIR,

May 20 1829.

Pray excuse the paper, which is all I have. Mr. Kenny a year ago said you would not mislike having the enclosed song to sing at your benefit in the character of 'A Sentimental Butcher.' The farce is to be printed in a Magazine, and the song is quite at your service. To the tune of 'Billy Lackaday,' or what you please.

Your hble. Servt.

C. LAMB.

[John Pritt Harley (1786-1858) was a popular actor and singer of that time,

and for a while stage manager at the Lyceum. These are the best verses of 'The Butcher's Song' in *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*:

Arrived, you see, to man's estate,  
The Butcher's calling is my fate;  
Yet still I keep my feeling ways,  
And leave the town on slaughtering days.

At Kentish Town, or Highgate Hill,  
I sit, retired, beside some rill;  
And tears bedew my glistening eye,  
To think my playful lambs must die!

But when they're dead I sell their meat,  
On shambles kept both clean and neat;  
Sweet-breads also I guard full well,  
And keep them from the blue-bottle.

Envy, with breath sharp as my steel,  
Has ne'er yet blown upon my veal;  
And mouths of dames, and daintiest fops,  
Do water at my nice lamb-chops.]

## 794. TO WALTER WILSON

DEAR W.,

May 28, 1829.

Introduce this, or omit it, as you like. I think I wrote better about it in a letter to you from India H. If you have that, perhaps out of the two I could patch up a better thing, if you'd return both. But I am very poorly, and have been harassed with an illness of my sister's.

The Ode was printed in the 'New Times' nearly the end of 1825, and I have only omitted some silly lines. Call it a corrected copy.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

Put my name to either or both, as you like.

[This letter contains Lamb's remarks on the Secondary Novels of Defoe, printed in Wilson's *Life and Times of De Foe*, Chapter XVII of vol. iii, and also his *Ode to the Treadmill*, which Wilson omitted from that work. See my edition of Lamb's *Works* for both pieces. See note to Letter 812.]

## 795. TO MRS. VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR MRS. NOVELLO,

[No date: ? May 1829.]

We should have gladly tabled with you at your kitchen and parlour and all, if we could have brought Soho within a reasonable walk to and fro in one day from Enfield. Emma's return which we expect weekly will determine our coming to town and when we do, we will surely see you. Mary returns your kindest of messages. She is in best health, I am never but nervous but believe me,

With love to all,

Your truly,

CHARLES LAMB.

Friday. Thank Clarke for his note

I am in poor spirits to be a correspondent.

## 796. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

May 29, 1829.

I do not know a soul that at my recommendation is likely to do what you wish to have done. You know pretty well of whom they consist.

## 797. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 3rd June 1829.]

I am very much grieved indeed for the indisposition of poor Lucy. Your letter found me in domestic troubles. My sister is again taken ill, and I am obliged to remove her out of the house for many weeks, I fear, before I can hope to have her again. I have been very desolate indeed. My loneliness is a little abated by our young friend Emma having just come here for her holidays, and a schoolfellow of hers that was, with her. Still the house is not the same, tho' she is the same. Mary had been pleasing herself with the prospect of seeing her at this time; and with all their company, the house feels at times a frightful solitude. May you and I in no very long time have a more cheerful

theme to write about, and congratulate upon a daughter's and a Sister's perfect recovery. Do not be long without telling me how Lucy goes on. I have a right to call her by her quaker-name, you know.

Emma knows that I am writing to you, and begs to be remembered to you with thankfulness for your ready contribution. Her album is filling apace. But of her contributors one, almost the flower of it, a most amiable young man and late acquaintance of mine, has been carried off by consumption, on return from one of the Azores islands, to which he went with hopes of mastering the disease, came back improved, went back to a most close and confined counting house, and relapsed. His name was Dibdin, Grandson of the Songster. You will be glad to hear that Emma, tho' unknown to you, has given the highest satisfaction in her little place of Governante in a Clergyman's family, which you may believe by the Parson and his Lady drinking poor Mary's health on her birthday, tho' they never saw her, merely because she was a friend of Emma's, and the Vicar also sent me a brace of partridges. To get out of home themes, have you seen Southey's Dialogues? His lake descriptions, and the account of his Library at Keswick, are very fine. But he needed not have called up the Ghost of More to hold the conversations with, which might as well have pass'd between A and B, or Caius and Lucius. It is making too free with a defunct Chancellor and Martyr.

I feel as if I had nothing farther to write about—O! I forget the prettiest letter I ever read, that I have received from 'Pleasures of Memory' Rogers, in acknowledgment of a Sonnet I sent him on the Loss of his Brother. It is too long to transcribe, but I hope to shew it you some day, as I hope sometime again to see you, when all of us are well. Only it ends thus 'We were nearly of an age (he was the elder). He was the only person in the world in whose eyes I always appeared young.'—

I will now take my leave with assuring you that I am most interested in hoping to hear favorable accounts from you.—

With kindest regards to A. K. and you

Yours truly,

C. L.

[Southey's *Sir Thomas More*; or, *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, had just been published.

Rogers's letter will be found in Lamb's transcription on page 294.]

## 798. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

*June 10, 1829.*

MY DEAR AYRTON,

It grieves me that I cannot join you. Besides that I have two young friends in the house, I expect a London visitor on Thursday. I hope to see H. C. R. here before he goes—and you before we all go.

God bless you. Health to the Party. Love to Mrs A.

C. LAMB.

[The 'two young friends' were Emma Isola and her schoolfellow, Maria Fryer.]

## 799. TO SARAH HAZLITT

*[P.M. 29th June 1829.]*

DEAR MRS. HAZLITT,

I am so very nervous and miserable that I cannot ask you here. I have suffered so much from all day & all night long company, with which I have been harassed, and which is new to us since being here, and am so incapable of the sort of life, that I wish I had done anything than come here. It is from no unkindness to you, but I apply it to every London friend I have, and heartily pray that they would leave me alone. It is a disease, but I cannot help it, the same in a less degree [*sic*] that drove me for weeks into a state of utter sleeplessness a year or to [two] since & I must break thro all ceremonies & all friendships too rather than incur the danger I was then in. I am sorry to seem unkind to William, whom I like better than any youth of his age, but I cannot invite him to come when he pleases, in my present state. It vexes me to be so unfriendly, but I am very poorly & tis necessity.

Yours, very miserable

C. L.

Mrs Hazlitt, 10 Buckingham Street, Strand.

## 800. TO WILLIAM HAZLITT, JUN.

*[No date: Early July 1829.]*

MY DEAR WM.,

I am very uncomfortable, and when Emma leaves me, I shall wish to be quite alone, therefore pray tell your Mother I regret that I cannot see her here this time, but hope to see her when

times are better with me. The young ladies are very pleasant, but my spirits have much ado to keep pace with theirs. I decidedly wish to be alone, or I know of none I should rather see than your mother. Make my best excuse. Emma will explain to you the state of my wretched spirits.

Yours, C. LAMB.

When I am wretched, company makes me tenfold more so.

Mr. Wm. Hazlitt, Junr., 36 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, or at the Southampton Arms.

[According to W. Carew Hazlitt, this letter is written on the first page of a quarto sheet of paper. The remaining portion is occupied by the following letter to W. Hazlitt from Miss Isola:

Maria and I have had a good laugh over your funny letter. I was astonished at the fine writing, and it afforded us great amusement, I assure you. You must indeed have found it very warm; I daresay that you manage to parade Regent Street daily; taste is everything. Your sonnet is indeed admirable for the first; but perhaps *your ideas* might have been more engaged on eating at this time, so you had better chosen it as your subject. We have had such a delightful walk to Waltham this morning, and rested ourselves with Biscuits and Ginger Beer (not so vulgar as you are) and then visited the Abbey; but unfortunately we could not meet with the man. I am sorry your mother will not be able to visit Enfield; but indeed Mr. L.'s spirits are very bad, or I am sure he would have been happy. But he is very indifferent, and hopes to get better by being alone. Do pray give my kind love to your mother. I am now writing on THE Portfolio; it looks very neat. We believe all your tale of Mr. Moxon, and I think it unkind you should refuse to render assistance to anyone; but undoubtedly you have your own reasons.

I am sorry to say Maria leaves me to-morrow. I shall miss her sadly, and we have enjoyed ourselves so much, which makes us less inclined to part. But I expect to leave next week. Holidays are bad, so unsettling. But I could not do without them [*two or three words illegible.*] Maria sends her love. I am,

Yours sincerely

EMMA ISOLA.]

801. TO BERNARD BARTON

Enfield Chase Side

Saturday 25 July A.D. 1829.—11 A.M.

There—a fuller plumper juiceier date never dropt from Idumean palm. Am I in the dateive case now? if not, a fig for dates, which is more than a date is worth. I never stood much



affected to these liminary specialities. Least of all since the date of my superannuation.

|                                      |   |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|---|
| What have I with Time to do?         | } | Dear B. B.—Your hand writing has conveyed much pleasure to me |
| Slaves of desks, twas meant for you. |   |   |

in the report of Lucy's restoration. Would I could send you as good news of my poor Lucy. But some wearisome weeks I must remain lonely yet. I have had the loneliest time near 10 weeks, broken by a short apparition of Emma for her holydays, whose departure only deepend the returning solitude, and by 10 days I have past in Town. But Town, with all my native hankering after it, is not what it was. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone. And in London I was frightfully convinced of this as I past houses and places—empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about any body. The bodies I cared for are in graves, or dispersed. My old Clubs, that lived so long and flourish'd so steadily, are crumbled away. When I took leave of our adopted young friend at Charing Cross, 'twas heavy unfeeling rain, and I had no where to go. Home have I none—and not a sympathising house to turn to in the great city. Never did the waters of the heaven pour down on a forlorn head. Yet I tried 10 days at a sort of a friend's house, but it was large and straggling—one of the individuals of my old long knot of friends, card players, pleasant companions—that have tumbled to pieces into dust and other things—and I got home on Thursday, convinced that I was better to get home to my hole at Enfield, and hide like a sick cat in my corner.

Less than a month I hope will bring home Mary. She is at Fulham, looking better in her health than ever, but sadly rambling, and scarce showing any pleasure in seeing me, or curiosity when I should come again. But the old feelings will come back again, and we shall drown old sorrows over a game at Picquet again. But 'tis a tedious cut out of a life of sixty four, to lose twelve or thirteen weeks every year or two. And to make me more alone, our illtemperd maid is gone, who with all her airs, was yet a home piece of furniture, a record of better days; the young thing that has succeeded her is good and attentive, but she is nothing—and I have no one here to talk over old matters with. Scolding and quarreling have something of familiarity and a community of interest—they imply acquaintance—they are of resentment, which

is of the family of dearness. I can neither scold nor quarrel at this insignificant implement of household services; she is less than a cat, and just better than a deal Dresser. What I can do, and do overdo, is to walk, but deadly long are the days—these summer all-day days, with but a half hour's candlelight and no firelight. I do not write, tell your kind inquisitive Eliza, and can hardly read.

In the ensuing Blackwood will be an old rejected farce of mine, which may be new to you, if you see that same dull Medley. What things are all the Magazines now! I contrive studiously not to see them. The popular New Monthly is perfect trash. Poor Hessey, I suppose you see, has failed. Hunt and Clarke too. Your 'Vulgar truths' will be a good name—and I think your prose must please—me at least—but 'tis useless to write poetry with no purchasers. 'Tis cold work Authorship without something to puff one into fashion. Could you not write something on Quakerism—for Quakers to read—but nominally address to Non Quakers? explaining your dogmas—waiting on the Spirit—by the analogy of human calmness and patient waiting on the judgment? I scarcely know what I mean, but to make Non Quakers reconciled to your doctrines, by shewing something like them in mere human operations—but I hardly understand myself, so let it pass for nothing.

I pity you for over-work, but I assure you no-work is worse. The mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food. I brag'd formerly that I could not have too much time. I have a surfeit. With few years to come, the days are wearisome. But weariness is not eternal. Something will shine out to take the load off, that flags me, which is at present intolerable. I have killed an hour or two in this poor scrawl. I am a sanguinary murderer of time, and would kill him inchmeal just now. But the snake is vital. Well, I shall write merrier anon.—'Tis the present copy of my countenance I send—and to complain is a little to alleviate.—May you enjoy yourself as far as the wicked wood will let you—and think that you are not quite alone, as I am. Health to Lucia and to Anna and kind rememb<sup>ers</sup>.

Yours forlorn.

C. L.

['Idumean palm.' Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 12.

'Out of a life of sixty-four.' Mary Lamb was born 3rd December 1764.

'Yet I tried 10 days.' This was at John Rickman's, as we know from a letter from Rickman to Southey on 14th July 1829: 'Miss Lamb is said to be convalescent; p. interim he is here visiting me and enjoys himself well.'

'Your kind . . . Eliza.' Eliza Barton, Bernard's sister.

'Rejected farce.' *The Pawnbroker's Daughter* was printed in *Blackwood*, January 1830.

'Poor Hessey.' He had failed as a book auctioneer. The firm of Taylor & Hessey had broken up some time before.

'I brag'd formerly.' Referring, I think, to his sonnet *Leisure*.]

## 802. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

[Tuesday, 28th July 1829.]

I thank you for thinking of my recreation. But I am best here—I feel I am; I have tried town lately, but came back worse. Here I must wait till my loneliness has its natural cure. Besides that, though I am not very sanguine, yet I live in hopes of better news from Fulham, and cannot be out of the way. 'Tis ten weeks to-morrow.—I saw Mary a week since; she was in excellent bodily health, but otherwise far from well. But a week or so may give a turn. Love to Mrs A. and children, and fair weather accompany you.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson says that Mary Lamb recovered about 19th August.]

## 803. TO DR. J. BADAMS

DEAR BADAMS,

Enfield [No date: ? Summer 1829.]

I am very, very sorry at my heatedness yesterday, which spoiled the pleasure I should have taken in seeing you better, but I had had a four or five hours' hot walk, with the delicate task of dissuading a friend from a purpose of taking a house here, which friend would have attracted down crowds of literary men, which men would have driven me wild. And in my rage it seemed to me that the person I unjustly fell upon was meditating the same sort of colonisation here. Respects and sincere likings to Mrs. Badams, and the most humble apology C. L. can offer.

[Mrs. Anderson's note. 'Ainger dates this early 1832, but I put it here because we know that just at this time Lamb was craving for solitude. Hood moved to Rose Cottage, Winchmore Hill, about the end of 1829. Quite likely he at first thought of Enfield, and he was the literary friend Lamb had dissuaded from "taking a house here." Lamb must have walked to Hood's—"a hot walk,"

therefore summer time. Then gone on to Badams, who had married Louisa Holcroft at the beginning of the year. There he must have met someone else who seemed to be thinking of settling at Enfield, and let his irritation be too apparent. From Carlyle's *Early Life* we gather that the Badams took a house at Enfield in the autumn of 1831, and C. met the Lambs there. But by Xmas 1832 their address was 11 Old Church St., Paddington.'

It was for Mrs. Badams that Lamb drew up the following paper:]

#### 804. TO LOUISA BADAMS

#### INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLAYING WHIST

|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
|   | A |   |
| D |   | B |
|   | C |   |

A sits with the left hand to B  
 B sits with the left hand to C  
 C sits with the left hand to D  
 D sits with the left hand to A

The suit which any one leads *from* is presumed to be his best. Therefore the Player on his right hand will not return his lead, because it leads up to him as last Player, and the friend of the Person (who so returns it) must put on his best, as third Player, & endanger losing it.

But the Player on the left hand may return such a lead, because it may bring out the best card in the first Player's hand, and, if not the best of all, give a chance of its being won.

To lead *up* to a card is to lead to a suit which the last Player is supposed to have the best of. When any one leads, of course his antagonist is last Player. Therefore do not lead up to him. To lead *thro'* a card, is after an antagonist has led a suit, presumed to be his best, then for the opposing Player that sits on his left hand, to return it. The reason is in the Rule next before this. Lead (that is begin the game) with your best suit, most or strongest; with 5 Trumps, begin with them.

Remember your Partner's lead, & return it.

When an adve[r]sary trumps, that is, wins another suit with trumps, lead trumps, to get his trumps out.

Having Ace, King, Queen; King, Queen, Knave; Queen,

Knave, Ten; lead the highest of the Sequences. Sequences are good to lead from. But if last or third player, win with the lowest of the Sequence.

When the highest card has won, be sure next round to put on the next highest, if you have it, because it stands a chance of being trump'd in the third going round.

## 805. TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

[No date: About 12th September 1829.]

DEAR HAYDON,

I have been tardy in telling you that your Chairing the Member gave me great pleasure;—'tis true broad Hogarthian fun, the High Sheriff capital. Considering, too, that you had the materials imposed upon you, and that you did not select them from the rude world as H. did, I hope to see many more such from your hand. If the former picture went beyond this I have had a loss, and the King a bargain. I longed to rub the back of my hand across the hearty canvas that two senses might be gratified. Perhaps the subject is a little discordantly placed opposite to another act of Chairing, where the huzzas were Hosannahs,—but I was pleased to see so many of my old acquaintances brought together notwithstanding.

Believe me, yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Haydon's 'Chairing the Member' was exhibited in Bond Street in 1829, together with 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' and other of his works. 'The former picture' was his 'Mock Election,' which the king had bought for 500 guineas. For 'Chairing the Member' Haydon received only 300 guineas.]

## 806. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 22nd September 1829.]

DEAR MOXON,

If you can oblige me with the Garrick Papers or Ann of Gierstien, I shall be thankful. I am almost fearful whether my Sister will be able to enjoy any reading at present for since her coming home, after 12 weeks, she has had an unusual relapse into the saddest low spirits that ever poor creature had, and has been some weeks under medical care. She is unable to see any yet. When she is better I shall be very glad to talk over your ramble

with you. Have you done any sonnets, can you send me any to overlook? I am almost in despair, Mary's case seems so hopeless.

Believe me

Yours C. L.

I do not want Mr. Jameson or Lady Morgan.

Enfield

Wedn<sup>y</sup>.

['The Garrick Papers.' Lamb refers, I suppose, to the *Private Correspondence of David Garrick*, in some form previous to its publication in 1832.

'Ann of Gierstien.' Scott's novel, better spelt, was published this year.

'After 12 weeks.' Meaning after twelve weeks away.

'Mr. Jameson.' I cannot find any book by a Jameson likely to have been offered to Lamb; but Mrs. Jameson's *Loves of the Poets* was published this year. Probably he meant to write Mrs. Jameson. Lady Morgan was the author of *The Wild Irish Girl*, and other novels. Her 1829 book was *The Book of the Boudoir*.]

#### 807. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

DEAR C., [No date, but probably *Wednesday, 23rd September 1829*.]

I send your book by this afternoons coach, and apprise you of it, that if it do not come, you may enquire at the Bell Holborn—

Mary is very ill indeed—I never knew her to have such a relapse after any of her long illnesses—I am almost out of hope.

Yours truly

Wednesday

C. LAMB.

The note inside the Book was writ some time since. Pray send me a Line, to say you have the Book.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'In a copy of *Memoirs and Anecdotes of Philip Thicknesse*, with the book-plate and autograph of Thomas Westwood, "from C. Lamb, Esq." is the following in Lamb's writing: "Dear Clarke, I suspect this was the book you meant to have sent for. C. L." Might this be the "note inside the book"?']

#### 808. TO JAMES GILLMAN

Chase-Side, Enfield, 26th Oct., 1829.

DEAR GILLMAN,

Allsop brought me your kind message yesterday. How can I account for having not visited Highgate this long time? Change of place seemed to have changed me. How grieved I was to

hear in what indifferent health Coleridge has been, and I not to know of it! A little school divinity, well applied, may be healing. I send him honest Tom of Aquin; that was always an obscure great idea to me: I never thought or dreamed to see him in the flesh, but t'other day I rescued him from a stall in Barbican, and brought him off in triumph. He comes to greet Coleridge's acceptance, for his shoe-latchets I am unworthy to unloose. Yet there are pretty pro's and con's, and such unsatisfactory learning in him. Commend me to the question of etiquette—'*utrum annunciatio debuerit fieri per angelum*'—*Quæst. 30, Articulus 2.* I protest, till now I had thought Gabriel a fellow of some mark and livelihood, not a simple esquire, as I find him. Well, do not break your lay brains, nor I neither, with these curious nothings. They are nuts to our dear friend, whom hoping to see at your first friendly hint that it will be convenient, I end with begging our very kindest loves to Mrs. Gillman. We have had a sorry house of it here. Our spirits have been reduced till we were at hope's end what to do—obliged to quit this house, and afraid to engage another, till in extremity I took the desperate resolve of kicking house and all down, like Bunyan's pack; and here we are in a new life at board and lodging, with an honest couple our neighbours. We have ridded ourselves of the cares of dirty acres; and the change, though of less than a week, has had the most beneficial effects on Mary already. She looks two years and a half younger for it. But we have had sore trials.

God send us one happy meeting!—Yours faithfully,

C. LAMB.

['The question of etiquette.' See the *Summa Theologiæ*, Pars Tertia, Quæst. xxx. Articulus ii. It would be interesting to know whether Lamb remembered an earlier letter in which he had set Coleridge some similar 'nuts.'

'In a new life.' The Lambs moved next door to the Westwoods'. The house, altered externally, still stands and is known as 'Westwood Cottage.']

#### 809. TO EDWARD MOXON

MY DEAR MOXON, [No date: October or November 1829.]

Much thanks for the books. Hood is excellent. Mr. Westwood, who wishes to consult you about his son, will acquaint you with our change of life. Mary's very bad spirits drove me upon it, and it seems to answer admirably. We shall be happy

1829

THOMAS HOOD (?)

to see you at our Table d'hôte. Say the Sunday after next, but am at present poorlyish.

Yours truly C. L.

[Hood's book might be either his *Epping Hunt* or his *Comic Annual*.]

810. TO THOMAS HOOD (?)

[No date: *Early November 1829*.]

Calamy is *good reading*. Mary is always thankful for Books in her way. I won't trouble you for any in *my way* yet, having enough to read. Young Hazlitt lives, at least his father does, at 3 or 36 [36 I have it down, with the 6 scratch'd out] Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. If not to be found, his mother's address is, Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Tomlinson's, Potters Bar. At one or other he must be heard of. We shall expect you with the full moon. Meantime, our thanks. C. L.

We go on very quietly &c.

['Calamy' would be *Dr. Calamy's Historical Account of his own Life and Times*, 1829.

W. C. Hazlitt, in his *Memoirs of Hazlitt*, says that his grandfather moved in 1829 to 3 Bouverie Street, and in the beginning of 1830 to 6 Frith Street, Soho. Young Hazlitt was William junior, afterwards Mr. Registrar Hazlitt, and then seventeen years of age. There is now a tablet on the house in Bouverie Street which has replaced No. 3.]

811. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

[P.M. Probably *10th November 1829*.]

DEAR FUGUE-IST,

or hear'st thou rather

CONTRAPUNTIST—?

We expect you four (as many as the Table will hold without squeeging) at Mrs. Westwood's Table D'Hôte on Thursday. You will find the White House shut up, and us moved under the wing of the Phoenix, which gives us friendly refuge. Beds for guests, marry, we have none, but cleanly accomodings at the Crown & Horseshoe.

Yours harmonically,

C. L.

Vincentio (what Ho!) Novello, a Squire,

66, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.



['Hear'st thou rather?' stands for 'Art thou rather called?' The idiom is Latin, as in Horace's 'Seu Jane libentius audis,' *Satires* II. vi. 20, and was adopted by Milton: 'Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream?' *Paradise Lost*, iii. 7.

'The Phoenix.' Mr. Westwood was agent for the Phoenix Insurance Company, and the badge of that office was probably on the house.]

## 812. TO WALTER WILSON

Enfield, 15th November, 1829.

MY DEAR WILSON,

I have not opened a packet of unknown contents for many years, that gave me so much pleasure as when I disclosed your three volumes. I have given them a careful perusal, and they have taken their degree of classical books upon my shelves. De Foe was always my darling; but what darkness was I in as to far the larger part of his writings! I have now an epitome of them all. I think the way in which you have done the 'Life' the most judicious you could have pitched upon. You have made him tell his own story, and your comments are in keeping with the tale. Why, I never heard of such a work as 'the Review.' Strange that in my stall-hunting days I never so much as lit upon an odd volume of it. This circumstance looks as if they were never of any great circulation. But I may have met with 'em, and not knowing the prize, overpast 'em. I was almost a stranger to the whole history of Dissenters in those reigns, and picked my way through that strange book the 'Consolidator' at random. How affecting are some of his personal appeals! what a machine of projects he set on foot! and following writers have picked his pocket of the patents. I do not understand whereabouts in *Roxana* he himself left off. I always thought the complete-tourist-sort of description of the town she passes through on her last embarkation miserably unseasonable and out of place. I knew not they were spurious. Enlighten me as to where the apocryphal matter commences. I, by accident, can correct one A.D. 'Family Instructor,' vol. ii. 1718; you say his first volume had then reached the fourth edition; now I have a fifth, printed for Eman. Matthews, 1717. So have I plucked one rotten date, or rather picked it up where it had inadvertently fallen, from your flourishing date tree, the Palm of Engaddi. I may take it for my pains. I think yours a book which every public library must

have, and every English scholar should have. I am sure it has enriched my meagre stock of the author's works. I seem to be twice as opulent. Mary is by my side just finishing the second volume. It must have interest to divert her away so long from her modern novels. Colburn will be quite jealous. I was a little disappointed at my 'Ode to the Treadmill' not finding a place; but it came out of time. The two papers of mine will puzzle the reader, being so akin. Odd that, never keeping a scrap of my own letters, with some fifteen years' interval I should nearly have said the same things. But I shall always feel happy in having my name go down any how with De Foe's, and that of his historiographer. I promise myself, if not immortality, yet diuturnity of being read in consequence. We have both had much illness this year; and feeling infirmities and fretfulness grow upon us, we have cast off the cares of housekeeping, sold off our goods, and commenced boarding and lodging with a very comfortable old couple next door to where you found us. We use a sort of common table. Nevertheless, we have reserved a private one for an old friend; and when Mrs. Wilson and you revisit Babylon, we shall pray you to make it yours for a season. Our very kindest remembrances to you both.

From your old friend and *fellow-journalist*, now in two instances,  
C. LAMB.

Hazlitt is going to make your book a basis for a review of De Foe's Novels in the 'Edinbro.' I wish I had health and spirits to do it. Hone I have not seen, but I doubt not he will be much pleased with your performance. I very much hope you will give us an account of Dunton, &c. But what I should more like to see would be a Life and Times of Bunyan. Wishing health to you and long life to your healthy book, again I subscribe me,

Yours in verity, C. L.

[Wilson's *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe* had just been published in three volumes, with the date 1830.

Defoe's *Review* was started in February 1704, under the title, *A Review of the Affairs of France . . . purged from the Errors and Partiality of News-writers, and Petty-Statesmen, of all sides*. It continued until May 1713. *The Consolidator*; or, *Memoirs of sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon*. Translated from the *Lunar Language*, was published in 1705, a political satire, which, it has been thought, gave hints to Swift for *Gulliver*.

Lamb had sent Wilson his *Ode to the Treadmill*. The substance of his letter of 16th December 1822 was printed by Wilson in Chapter XXII of vol. iii; the new material which he wrote especially for the book was printed in Chapter XVII of the same volume. The space dividing them was not fifteen years but seven.

'Diuturnity.' Spelt 'diuturnity.' A rare word signifying long duration.

'Fellow-journalist.' The other instance would be the journals of the India House, where Wilson had once been a clerk with Lamb.

Hazlitt's review of Wilson's book is in the *Edinburgh* for January 1830, with this reference to Lamb's criticisms: '*Captain Singleton* is a hardened, brutal desperado, without one redeeming trait, or almost human feeling; and, in spite of what Mr. Lamb says of his lonely musings and agonies of a conscience-stricken repentance, we find nothing of this in the text.'

'Dunton.' This would be John Dunton (1659-1733), the bookseller, and author of *The Athenian Gazette*, *Dunton's Whipping-Post*, and scores of pamphlets and satires.]

## 813. TO JAMES GILLMAN

(? Fragment)

[No date: ? 29th November 1829.]

Pray trust me with the 'Church History,' as well as the 'Worthies.' A moon shall restore both. Also give me back Him of Aquinum. In return you have the *light of my countenance*. Adieu.

P.S.—A sister also of mine comes with it. A son of Nimshi drives her. Their driving will have been furious, impassioned. Pray God they have not toppled over the tunnel! I promise you I fear their steed, bred out of the wind without father, semi-Melchisedecish, hot, phaetontic. From my country lodgings at Enfield.

C. L.

[The *Church History* and the *Worthies* are by Fuller.

'Light of my countenance.' W. Carew Hazlitt says that this was a copy of Brook Pulham's etching, but he was often wrong.

'The tunnel' was the Highgate Archway.

The steed resembled the offspring of the mares, born of the wind, Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 274, and Melchizedec, 'without father, without mother, without descent,' Hebrews vii 3, and was as wild as the horses of the Sun Phaethon mismanaged, Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ii. 234, or those Jehu drove 'furiously,' 2 Kings ix 20.

According to the next letter the driver was Thomas Westwood.]

## 814. TO JAMES GILLMAN

DEAR G.,

30 Nov., 1829.

The excursionists reached home, and the good town of Enfield a little after four, without slip or dislocation. Little has transpired concerning the events of the back-journey, save that on passing the house of 'Squire Mellish, situate a stone-bow's cast from the hamlet, Father Westwood, with good-natured wonderment, exclaimed, 'I cannot think what is gone of Mr. Mellish's rooks. I fancy they have taken flight somewhere; but I have missed them two or three years past.' All this while, according to his fellow-traveller's report, the rookery was darkening the air above with undiminished population, and deafening all ears but his with their cawings. But nature has been gently withdrawing such phenomena from the notice of Thomas Westwood's senses, from the time he began to miss the rooks. T. Westwood has passed a retired life in this hamlet of thirty or forty years, living upon the minimum which is consistent with gentility, yet a star among the minor gentry, receiving the bows of the tradespeople and courtesies of the alms' women daily. Children venerate him not less for his external show of gentry, than they wonder at him for a gentle rising endorsation of the person, not amounting to a hump, or if a hump, innocuous as the hump of the buffalo, and coronative of as mild qualities. 'Tis a throne on which patience seems to sit—the proud perch of a self-respecting humility, stooping with condescension. Thereupon the cares of life have sate, and rid him easily. For he has thrived the *angustia domus* with dexterity. Life opened upon him with comparative brilliancy. He set out as a rider or traveller for a wholesale house, in which capacity he tells of many hair-breadth escapes that befell him; one especially, how he rode a mad horse into the town of Devizes; how horse and rider arrived in a foam, to the utter consternation of the expostulating hostlers, innkeepers, &c. It seems it was sultry weather, piping hot; the steed tormented into frenzy with gad-flies, long past being road-worthy; but safety and the interest of the house he rode for were incompatible things; a fall in serge cloth was expected; and a mad entrance they made of it. Whether the exploit was purely voluntary, or partially; or whether a certain personal defiguration

in the man part of this extraordinary centaur (non-assistive to partition of natures) might not enforce the conjunction, I stand not to inquire. I look not with 'skew eyes into the deeds of heroes. The hosier that was burnt with his shop, in Field-lane, on Tuesday night, shall have past to heaven for me like a Marian Martyr, provided always, that he consecrated the fortuitous incremation with a short ejaculation in the exit, as much as if he had taken his state degrees of martyrdom *in formâ* in the market vicinage. There is adoptive as well as acquisitive sacrifice. Be the animus what it might, the fact is indisputable, that this composition was seen flying all abroad, and mine host of Daintry may yet remember its passing through his town, if his scores are not more faithful than his memory. After this exploit (enough for one man), Thomas Westwood seems to have subsided into a less hazardous occupation; and in the twenty-fifth year of his age we find him a haberdasher in Bow Lane: yet still retentive of his early riding (though leaving it to rawer stomachs), and Christmasly at night sithence to this last, and shall to his latest Christmas, hath he, doth he, and shall he, tell after supper the story of the insane steed and the desperate rider. Save for Bedlam or Luke's no eye could have guessed that melting day what house he rid for. But he reposes on his bridles, and after the ups and downs (metaphoric only) of a life behind the counter—hard riding sometimes, I fear, for poor T. W.—with the scrapings together of the shop, and *one anecdote*, he hath finally settled at Enfield; by hard economising, gardening, building for himself, hath reared a mansion, married a daughter, qualified a son for a counting-house, gotten the respect of high and low, served for self or substitute the greater parish offices: hath a special voice at vestries; and, domiciliating us, hath reflected a portion of his house-keeping respectability upon your humble servants. We are greater, being his lodgers, than when we were substantial renters. His name is a passport to take off the sneers of the native Enfielders against obnoxious foreigners. We are en-denized. Thus much of T. Westwood have I thought fit to acquaint you, that you may see the exemplary reliance upon Providence with which I entrusted so dear a charge as my own sister to the guidance of a man that rode the mad horse into Devizes. To come from his heroic character, all the amiable

qualities of domestic life concentrate in this tamed Bellerophon. He is excellent over a glass of grog; just as pleasant without it; laughs when he hears a joke, and when (which is much oftener) he hears it not; sings glorious old sea songs on festival nights; and but upon a slight acquaintance of two years, Coleridge, is as dear a deaf old man to us, as old Norris, rest his soul! was after fifty. To him and his scanty literature (what there is of it, *sound*) have we flown from the metropolis and its cursed annualists, reviewers, authors, and the whole muddy ink press of that stagnant pool.

Now, Gillman again, you do not know the treasure of the Fullers. I calculate on having massy reading till Christmas. All I want here, is books of the true sort, not those things in boards that moderns mistake for books—what they club for at book clubs.

I did not mean to cheat you with a blank side; but my eye smarts, for which I am taking medicine, and abstain, this day at least, from any aliments but milk-porridge, the innocent taste of which I am anxious to renew after a half-century's disacquaintance. If a blot fall here like a tear, it is not pathos, but an angry eye.

Farewell, while my *specilla* are sound.

Yours and yours,

C. LAMB.

['Squire Mellish.' William Mellish, M.P. for Middlesex for some years.

'Devizes' becomes 'Dunstable' in a later letter.

Thomas Westwood's son, for whom Lamb found an appointment, wrote some excellent articles in *Notes and Queries* many years later, describing the Lambs' life at his father's.

'*Angustia domus*': Straitened means at home. Juvenal has '*res angusta domi*,' *Satires*, iii. 165, and vi. 357.

'Old Norris.' See letter to Crabb Robinson, 20th January 1827.

*Specilla* is here used for glasses. See the end of the next letter.

Lamb was soon to grow out of any affection for the Westwoods.]

## 815. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 8th December 1829.]

You are very good to have been uneasy about us, and I have the satisfaction to tell you, that we are both in better health and spirits than we have been for a year or two past; I may say, than we have been since we have been at Enfield. The cause may not

appear quite adequate, when I tell you, that a course of ill health and spirits brought us to the determination of giving up our house here, and we are boarding and lodging with a worthy old couple, long inhabitants of Enfield, where everything is done for us without our trouble, further than a reasonable weekly payment. We should have done so before, but it is not easy to flesh and blood to give up an ancient establishment, to discard old Penates, and from house keepers to turn house-sharers. (N.B. We are not in the Workhouse.) Dioclesian in his garden found more repose than on the imperial seat of Rome, and the nob of Charles the Fifth asked seldomer under a monk's cowl than under the diadem. With such shadows of assimilation we countenance our degradation. With such a load of dignifyd cares just removed from our shoulders, we can the more understand and pity the accession to yours, by the advancement to an Assigneeship. I will tell you honestly B. B. that it has been long my deliberate judgment, that all Bankrupts, of what denomination civil or religious whatever, ought to be hang'd. The pity of mankind has for ages run in a wrong channel, and has been diverted from poor Creditors (how many have I known sufferers! Hazlitt has just been defrauded of £100 by his Bookseller-friend's breaking) to scoundrel Debtors. I know all the topics, that distress may come upon an honest man without his fault, that the failure of one that he trusted was his calamity &c. &c. Then let *both* be hang'd. O how careful it would make traders! These are my deliberate thoughts after many years' experience in matters of trade. What a world of trouble it would save you, if Friend \* \* \* \* \* had been immediately hangd, without benefit of clergy, which (being a Quaker I presume) he could not reasonably insist upon. Why, after slaving twelve months in your assign-business, you will be enabled to declare seven pence in the Pound in all human probability. B. B., he should be *hanged*. Trade will never re-flourish in this land till such a Law is establish'd. I write big not to save ink but eyes, mine having been troubled with reading thro' three folios of old Fuller in almost as few days, and I went to bed last night in agony, and am writing with a vial of eye water before me, alternately dipping in vial and inkstand. This may enflame my zeal against Bankrupts—but it was my speculation when I could see better. Half

the world's misery (Eden else) is owing to want of money, and all that want is owing to Bankrupts. I declare I would, if the State wanted Practitioners, turn Hangman myself, and should have great pleasure in hanging the first after my salutary law should be establish'd. I have seen no annuals and wish to see none. I like your fun upon them, and was quite pleased with Bowles's sonnet. Hood is or was at Brighton, but a note, prose or rhyme, to him, Robert Street, Adelphi, I am sure would extract a copy of *his*, which also I have not seen. Wishing you and yours all Health, I conclude while these frail glasses are to me—eyes.

C. L.

['Dioclesian.' The Emperor Diocletian abdicated the throne after twenty-one years' reign, and retired to his garden. Charles V of Germany imitated the Roman Emperor, and after thirty-six years took the cowl.

'Hazlitt has just been defrauded.' The failure of Hunt & Clarke, the publishers of the *Life of Napoleon*, cost Hazlitt £500. He had received only £140 towards this, in a bill which on their insolvency became worthless.

'Friend \* \* \* \* \*.' Not identifiable. Some defaulting financier, I assume.]

#### 816. TO MARY SHELLEY

DEAR MRS. SHELLEY,

[No date: About 18th January 1830.]

If you ever run away, which is problematical, don't run to a country village, which has been a market town, but is such no longer. Enfield, where we are, is seated most indifferently upon the borders of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertfordshire, partaking of the quiet dulness of the first, & the total want of interest pervading the two latter Counties. You stray into the Church yard, hoping to find a Cathedral. You think, I will go and look at the Print shops, and there is only one, where they sell Valentines. The chief Bookseller deals in prose versions of Melodrama, with plates of Ghosts and Murders, and other Subterranean passages. The tarts in the only Pastry-cook-looking shop are baked stale. The Macaroons are perennial, kept torpid in glass cases, excepting when Mrs \*\*\*\* gives a card party. There is no jewellers, but there's a place where brass knobs are sold. You cast your dreary eyes about, up Baker Street, and it gets worse. There was something like a tape and thread shop at that end, but here—is two apples stuck between a farthings worth of ginger bread, & the children too poor to break stock.



The week days would be intolerable, but for the superior invention which they show here in making Sundays worse. Clowns stand about what was the Market place, and spit minute-ly to relieve ennui. Clowns, to whom Enfield trades-people are gentle people. Inland Clowns, Clods, and things below cows. They assemble to infect the air with dulness from Waltham marshes. They clear off o' the Monday mornings, like other fogs. It is ice, but nobody slides, nobody tumbles down, nobody dies as I can see, or nobody cares if they do, the Doctors seem to have no Patients, there is no Accidents nor Offences, a good thief would be something in this well-governed Hamlet. We have for indoors amusement a Library without books, and the middle of the week hopes of a Sunday newspaper to link us by filmy associations to a world we are dead to. Regent Street was, and it is by difficult induction we infer that Charing Cross still is. There may be Plays. But nobody here seems to have heard of such contingencies.

You go out with a dog, and the dog comes home with you, and the difference is, he does not mind dirty stockings.

[Lamb was being a little treacherous to Hertfordshire. 'Total want of interest,' he says; yet he had written the 'Mackery End' essay about that 'fine corn county.' Also 'My Relations.'

The letter which follows, to Wordsworth, was written in answer to this from the poet to Lamb:

10th January 1830.

MY DEAR LAMB,

A whole twelvemonth have I been a letter in your debt, for which fault I have been sufficiently punished by self reproach.

I liked your play marvellously, having no objection to it but one, which strikes me as applicable to a large majority of plays, those of Shakespeare himself not entirely excepted—I mean a little degradation of character for a more dramatic turn of plot.

Your present of Hone's book was most acceptable; and so much so, that your part of the book is the cause why I did not write long ago. I wished to enter a little minutely into notice of the dramatic extracts, and, on account of the smallness of the print, deferred doing so till longer days would allow me to read without candle-light, which I have long since given up.

But alas! when the days lengthened, my eyesight departed, and for many months, I could not read for three minutes at a time. You will be sorry to hear that this infirmity still hangs about me, and almost cuts me off from reading altogether. But how are you and how is your dear sister? I long much, as we all do, to know. For ourselves, this last year, owing to my

sister's dangerous illness, the effects of which are not yet got over, has been an anxious one and melancholy. But no more of this. My sister has probably told everything about the family; so that I may conclude with less scruple, by assuring you of my sincere and faithful affection for you and your dear sister.

WM. WORDSWORTH.]

817. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[P.M. 22nd January 1830.]

And is it a year since we parted from you at the steps of Edmonton Stage? There are not now the years that there used to be. The tale of the dwindled age of men, reported of successional mankind, is true of the same man only. We do not live a year in a year now. 'Tis a punctum stans. The seasons pass us with indifference. Spring cheers not, nor winter heightens our gloom, Autumn hath foregone its moralities, they are hey-pass re-pass [as] in a show-box. Yet as far as last year occurs back, for they scarce shew a reflex now, they make no memory as heretofore — 'twas sufficiently gloomy. Let the sullen nothing pass.

Suffice it that after sad spirits prolonged thro' many of its months, as it called them, we have cast our skins, have taken a farewell of the pompous troublesome trifle calld housekeeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers at next door with an old couple, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield. Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them, with the garden but to see it grow, with the tax gatherer but to hear him knock, with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how, quietists, confiding ravens. We have the otium pro dignitate, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite kill'd, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleetmarket, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health? intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals?—a total blank. O never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the

cheerful haunts of streets—or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snorings of the Seven Sleepers, but to have a little teasing image of a town about one, country folks that do not look like country folks, shops two yards square, half a dozen apples and two penn'orth of overlookd gingerbread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford Street—and, for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the shew-picture is a last year's Valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travel'd (marry, they just begin to be conscious of the Red Gauntlet), to have a new plasterd flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a Cathedral. The very blackguards here are degenerate. The topping gentry, stock brokers. The passengers too many to ensure your quiet, or let you go about whistling, or gaping—too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet Street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one's books at one's fire by candle one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country, but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into Saint Giles's. O let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet and recreative study, can make the country any thing better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison till man with promethean felicity and boldness luckily sinn'd himself out of it. Thence followd Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Man found out inventions.

From my den I return you condolence for your decaying sight, not for any thing there is to see in the country, but for the miss of the pleasure of reading a London newspaper. The poets are as well to listen to, any thing high may, nay must, be read out—you read it to yourself with an imaginary auditor—but the light paragraphs must be glid over by the proper eye, mouthing mumbles their gossamery substance. 'Tis these trifles I should mourn in fading sight. A newspaper is the single gleam of comfort I receive here, it comes from rich Cathay with tidings

of mankind. Yet I could not attend to it read out by the most beloved voice. But your eyes do not get worse, I gather. O for the collyrium of Tobias inclosed in a whiting's liver to send you with no apocryphal good wishes! The last long time I heard from you, you had knock'd your head against something. Do not do so. For your head (I do not flatter) is not a nob, or the top of a brass nail, or the end of a nine pin—unless a Vulcanian hammer could fairly batter a Recluse out of it, then would I bid the smirch'd god knock and knock lustily, the two-handed skinker. What a nice long letter Dorothy has written! Mary must squeeze out a line *propria manu*, but indeed her fingers have been incorrigibly nervous to letter writing for a long interval. 'Twill please you all to hear that, tho' I fret like a lion in a net, her present health and spirits are better than they have been for some time past: she is absolutely three years and a half younger, as I tell her, since we have adopted this boarding plan. Our providers are an honest pair, dame Westwood and her husband—he, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells, retired since with something under a competence, writes himself parcel gentleman, hath borne parish offices, sings fine old sea songs at threescore and ten, sighs only now and then when he thinks that he has a son on his hands about 15, whom he finds a difficulty in getting out into the world, and then checks a sigh with muttering, as I once heard him prettily, not meaning to be heard, 'I have married my daughter however,'—takes the weather as it comes, outsides it to town in severest season, and a' winter nights tells old stories not tending to literature, how comfortable to author-rid folks! and has *one anecdote*, upon which and about forty pounds a year he seems to have retired in green old age. It was how he was a *rider* in his youth, travelling for shops, and once (not to baulk his employer's bargain) on a sweltering day in August, rode foaming into Dunstable upon a *mad horse* to the dismay and expostulatory wonderment of innkeepers, ostlers &c. who declared they would not have bestrid the beast to win the Darby. Understand the creature gall'd to death and desperation by gad flies, cormorants winged, worse than beset Inachus' daughter. This he tells, this he brindles and burnishes on a' winter's eves, 'tis his star of set glory, his rejuvenescence to descant upon. Far from me be it

(dii avertant) to look a gift story in the mouth, or cruelly to surmise (as those who doubt the plunge of Curtius) that the inseparate conjuncture of man and beast, the centaur-phenomenon that staggerd all Dunstable, might have been the effect of unromantic necessity, that the horse-part carried the reasoning, willy nilly, that needs must when such a devil drove, that certain spiral configurations in the frame of Thomas Westwood unfriendly to alighting, made the alliance more forcible than voluntary. Let him enjoy his fame for me, nor let me hint a whisper that shall dismount Bellerophon. Put case he was an involuntary martyr, yet if in the fiery conflict he buckled the soul of a constant haberdasher to him, and adopted his flames, let Accident and He share the glory! You would all like Thomas Westwood.



How weak is painting to describe a man! Say that he stands four feet and a nail high by his own yard measure, which like the Sceptre of Agamemnon shall never sprout again, still you have no adequate idea, nor when I tell you that his dear hump, which I have favord in the picture, seems to me of the buffalo—indicative and repository of mild qualities, a budget of kindnesses, still you have not the man. Knew you old Norris of the Temple, 60 years ours and our father's friend, he was not more natural to us than this old W. the acquaintance of scarce more weeks. Under his roof now ought I to take my rest, but that back-looking ambition tells me I might yet be a Londoner. Well, if we ever do move, we have encumbrances the less to impede us: all our furniture has faded under the auctioneer's hammer, going for nothing like the tarnishd frippery of the prodigal, and we have only a spoon or two left to bless us. Clothed we came into Enfield, and naked we must go out of it. I would live in London shirtless, bookless. Henry Crabb is at Rome, advices to that effect have reach'd Bury. But by solemn legacy he bequeath'd at parting (whether he should live or die) a Turkey of Suffolk to

be sent every succeeding Xmas to us and divers other friends. What a genuine old Bachelor's action! I fear he will find the air of Italy too classic. His station is in the Hartz forest, his soul is *Begoethed*. Miss Kelly we never see; Talfourd not this half-year; the latter flourishes, but the exact number of his children, God forgive me, I have utterly forgotten, we single people are often out in our count there. Shall I say two? One darling I know they have lost within a twelvemonth, but scarce known to me by sight, and that was a second child lost. We see scarce anybody. We have just now Emma with us for her holydays; you remember her playing at brag with Mr. Quillinan at poor Monkhouse's! She is grown an agreeable young woman; she sees what I write, so you may understand me with limitations. She was our inmate for a twelvemonth, grew natural to us, and then they told us it was best for her to go out as a Governess, and so she went out, and we were only two of us, and our pleasant house-mate is changed to an occasional visitor. If they want my sister to go out (as they call it) there will be only one of us. Heaven keep us all from this acceding to Unity!

Can I cram loves enough to you all in this little O? Excuse particularizing.  
C. L.

## MARY LAMB TO DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

(*Added to same letter*)

MY DEAR MISS WORDSWORTH,

Charles has left me space to fill up with my own poor scribble; which I must do as well as I can, being quite out of practise, and after he has been reading his queer letter out to us I can hardly put down in a plain style all I had to tell you, how pleasant your handwriting was to me. He has lumped you all together in one rude remembrance at the end, but I beg to send my love individually and by *name* to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, to Miss Hutchinson, whom we often talk of, and think of as being with you always, to the dutiful good daughter and patient amanuensis Dora, and even to Johanna, whom we have not seen, if she will accept it. Charles has told you of my long illness and our present settlement, which I assure you is very quiet and comfortable to me,

and to him too, if he would own it. I am very sorry we shall not see John, but I never go to town, nor my brother but at his quarterly visits at the India House, and when he does, he finds it melancholy, so many of our old friends being dead or dispersed, and the very streets, he says altering every day. Many thanks for your Letter and the nice news in it, which I should have replied to more at large than I see he has done. I am sure it deserved it. He has not said a word about your intentions for Rome, which I sincerely wish you health one day to accomplish. In that case we may meet by the way. We are so glad to hear dear *little* William is doing well. If you knew how happy your letters made us you would write I know more frequently. Pray think of this. How cheerfully should we pay the postage every week.

Your affectionate

MARY LAMB.

['Baucis and Baucida.' A slip, I suppose, for Philemon and Baucis (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*).

'Confiding ravens.' The Lord 'feedeth the young ravens that call upon him,' Psalm cxlvii 9.

'Paraclete.' The monastic school started by Abelard, and later occupied by Eloisa. Pope, at the end of his *Eloisa to Abelard*, writes of 'Paraclete's white walls and silver springs.'

*Redgauntlet* dated from 1824.

'From rich Cathay.' The caravan 'bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay' in Thomson's *Winter*, line 808.

'Collyrium of Tobias.' See *Tobit* xi.

'In a calenture.' A calenture is a form of fever at sea in which the sufferer believes himself to be surrounded by green fields, and often leaps overboard. Wordsworth describes one in *The Brothers*.

'A Recluse.' Wordsworth's promised poem, that was never completed. First printed in 1888.

Inachus's daughter was Io, persecuted by a gadfly sent by Juno.

'Sceptre of Agamemnon.' *Iliad*, i. 234.

'Henry Crabb.' Robinson was a personal friend of Goethe's. He had spent some days with him at Weimar in the summer of 1829. Goethe told Robinson that he admired Lamb's sonnet *The Family Name*.

'Mr. Quillinan.' Edward Quillinan, afterwards Wordsworth's son-in-law. 'Johanna.' Joanna Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Joanna of the laugh. See note on page 243 of vol. i.

'John.' John Wordsworth, Wordsworth's eldest son, was now twenty-six; William, Wordsworth's second son, no longer little, was nineteen.]

## 818. CHARLES LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

*Feb. 21, 1830.*

I came to town last week, but could not stretch so far as you. A letter has just come from Mrs. Williams to say that Emma is so poorly that she must have long holidays here. It has agitated us so much, and we shall expect her so hourly, that you shall excuse me to Wordsworth for not coming up; we are both nervous and poorly. Your punctual newspapers are our bit of comfort. Adieu, till better times.

C. LAMB.

Ryle comes on Sunday week. Can you come with him? See him.

## 819. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

*[P.M. 25th February 1830.]*

To reply to you by return of post, I must gobble up my dinner, and dispatch this in propriâ Personâ to the office, to be in in time. So take it from me hastily, that you are perfectly welcome to furnish A. C. with the scrap, which I had almost forgotten writing. The more my character comes to be known, the less my veracity will come to be suspected. Time every day clears up some suspected narrative of Herodotus, Bruce, and others of us great Travellers. Why, that Joseph Paice was as real a person as Joseph Hume, and a great deal pleasanter. A careful observer of life, Bernard, has no need to invent. Nature romances it for him. Dinner plates rattle, and I positively shall incur indigestion by carrying it half concocted to the Post House. Let me congratulate you on the Spring coming in, and do you in return condole with me for the Winter going out. When the old one goes, seldom comes a better. I dread the prospect of Summer, with his all day long days. No need of his assistance to make country places dull. With fire and candle light, I can dream myself in Holborn. With lightsome skies shining in to bed time, I can not. This Meseck, and these tents of Kedar—I would dwell in the skirts of Jericho rather, and think every blast of the coming in Mail a Ram's Horn. Give me old London at Fire



and Plague times, rather than these tepid gales, healthy country air, and purposeless exercise. Leg of mutton absolutely on the table.

Take our hasty loves and short farewell.

C. L.

[A. C. was Allan Cunningham, who wanted Lamb's letter on Blake for his *Lives of the Painters*. It was not, however, used there until included in Mrs. Charles Heaton's edition in Bohn's Library.

'Bruce.' The Abyssinian explorer, whom the Christ's Hospital boys used to emulate, as Lamb tells us in the *Elia* essay on 'Newspapers.'

'Joseph Paice.' A director of the South-Sea Company and Lamb's first employer, of whom he writes in the *Elia* essay on 'Modern Gallantry.']

# 820. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

[26th February 1830.]

DEAR MADAM,

May God bless you for your attention to our poor Emma! I am so shaken with your sad news I can scarce write. She is too ill to be removed at present; but we can only say that if she is spared, when that can be practicable, we have always a home for her. Speak to her of it, when she is capable of understanding, and let me conjure you to let us know from day to day, the state she is in. But one line is all we crave. Nothing we can do for her, that shall not be done. We shall be in the terriblest suspense. We had no notion she was going to be ill. A line from anybody in your house will much oblige us. I feel for the situation this trouble places you in.

Can I go to her aunt, or do anything? I do not know what to offer. We are in great distress. Pray relieve us, if you can, by somehow letting us know. I will fetch her here, or anything. Your kindness can never be forgot. Pray excuse my abruptness. I hardly know what I write. And take our warmest thanks. Hoping to hear something, I remain, dear Madam,

Yours most faithfully,

C. LAMB.

Our grateful respects to Mr. Williams.

[Emma was seriously ill with brain-fever at Bury.]

## 821. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

Enfield, 1 March, 1830.

DEAR MADAM,

We cannot thank you enough. Your two words 'much better' were so considerate and good. The good news affected my sister to an agony of tears; but they have relieved us from such a weight. We were ready to expect the worst, and were hardly able to bear the good hearing. You speak so kindly of her, too, and think she may be able to resume her duties. We were prepared, as far as our humble means would have enabled us, to have taken her from all duties. But, far better for the dear girl it is that she should have a prospect of being useful.

I am sure you will pardon my writing again; for my heart is so full, that it was impossible to refrain. Many thanks for your offer to write again, should any change take place. I dare not yet be quite out of fear, the alteration has been so sudden. But I will hope you will have a respite from the trouble of writing again. I know no expression to convey a sense of your kindness. We were in such a state expecting the post. I had almost resolved to come as near you as Bury; but my sister's health does not permit my absence on melancholy occasions. But, O, how happy will she be to part with me, when I shall hear the agreeable news that I may come and fetch her. She shall be as quiet as possible. No restorative means shall be wanting to restore her back to you well and comfortable.

She will make up for this sad interruption of her young friend's studies. I am sure she will—she must—after you have spared her for a little time. Change of scene may do very much for her. I think this last proof of your kindness to her in her desolate state can hardly make her love and respect you more than she has ever done. O, how glad shall we be to return her fit for her occupation. Madam, I trouble you with my nonsense; but you would forgive me, if you knew how light-hearted you have made two poor souls at Enfield, that were gasping for news of their poor friend. I will pray for you and Mr. Williams. Give our very best respects to him, and accept our thanks. We are happier

than we hardly know how to bear. God bless you! My very kindest congratulations to Miss Humphreys.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Your ever obliged servant,

C. LAMB.

822. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR SARAH,

March 4th, 1830.

I was meditating to come and see you, but I am unable for the walk. We are both very unwell, and under affliction for poor Emma, who has had a very dangerous brain fever, and is lying very ill at Bury, from whence I expect a summons to fetch her. We are very sorry for your confinement. Any books I have are at your service. I am almost, I may say *quite*, sure that letters to India pay no postage, and may go by the regular Post Office, now in St. Martin's le Grand. I think any receiving house would take them—

I wish I could confirm your hopes about Dick Norris. But it is quite a dream. Some old Bencher of his surname is made *Treasurer* for the year, I suppose, which is an annual office. Norris was Sub-Treasurer, quite a different thing. They were pretty well in the Summer, since when we have heard nothing of them. Mrs. Reynolds is better than she has been for years; she is with a disagreeable woman that she has taken a mighty fancy to out of spite to a rival woman she used to live and quarrel with; she grows quite *fat*, they tell me, and may live as long as I do, to be a tormenting rent-charge to my diminish'd income. We go on pretty comfortably in our new plan. I will come and have a talk with you when poor Emma's affair is settled, and will bring books. At present I am weak, and could hardly bring my legs home yesterday after a much shorter stroll than to Northaw. Mary has got her bonnet on for a short expedition. May you get better, as the Spring comes on. She sends her best love with mine.

C. L.

Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Tomlinson's, Northaw, near Potter's Bar, Herts.

[Mrs. Hazlitt was in later years a sufferer from rheumatism. Dick Norris was the son of Randal Norris. He had retired to Widford. Mrs. Reynolds Lamb's old schoolmistress and dependant, we have met.]

## 823. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

Enfield, 5 Mar., 1830.

DEAR MADAM,

I feel greatly obliged by your letter of Tuesday, and should not have troubled you again so soon, but that you express a wish to hear that our anxiety was relieved by the assurances in it. You have indeed given us much comfort respecting our young friend, but considerable uneasiness respecting your own health and spirits, which must have suffered under such attention. Pray believe me that we shall wait in quiet hope for the time when I shall receive the welcome summons to come and relieve you from a charge, which you have executed with such tenderness. We desire nothing so much as to exchange it with you. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to remove her with the best judgment I can, without (I hope) any necessity for depriving you of the services of your valuable housekeeper. Until the day comes, we entreat that you will spare yourself the trouble of writing, which we should be ashamed to impose upon you in your present weak state. Not hearing from you, we shall be satisfied in believing that there has been no relapse. Therefore we beg that you will not add to your troubles by unnecessary, though *most kind*, correspondence. Till I have the pleasure of thanking you personally, I beg you to accept these written acknowledgments of all your kindness. With respects to Mr. Williams and sincere prayers for both your healths, I remain,

Your ever obliged servant,

C. LAMB.

My sister joins me in respects and thanks.

## 824. TO JAMES GILLMAN

March 8th, 1830.

MY DEAR G.,

Your friend Battin (for I knew him immediately by the smooth satinity of his style) must excuse me for [? from] advocating the cause of his friends in Spitalfields. The fact is, I am retained by the Norwich people, and have already appeared in their paper under the signatures of 'Lucius Sergius,' 'Bluff,' 'Broad-Cloth,' 'No-Trade-to-the-Woolen-Trade,' 'Anti-plush,' &c., in defence

of druggetts and long camblets. And without this pre-engagement, I feel I should naturally have chosen a side opposite to —, for in the silken seemingness of his nature there is that which offends me. My flesh tingles at such caterpillars. He shall not crawl me over. Let him and his workmen sing the old burthen,

Heigh ho, ye weavers!

for any aid I shall offer them in this emergency. I was over Saint Luke's the other day with my friend Tuthill, and mightily pleased with one of his contrivances for the comfort and amelioration of the students. They have double cells, in which a pair may lie feet to feet horizontally, and chat the time away as rationally as they can. It must certainly be more sociable for them these warm raving nights. The right-hand truckle in one of these friendly recesses, at present vacant, was preparing, I understood, for Mr. Irving. Poor fellow! it is time he removed from Pentonville. I followed him as far as to Highbury the other day, with a mob at his heels, calling out upon Ermigiddon, who I suppose is some Scotch moderator. He squinted out his favourite eye last Friday, in the fury of possession, upon a poor woman's shoulders that was crying matches, and has not missed it. The companion truck, as far as I could measure it with my eye, would conveniently fit a person about the length of Coleridge, allowing for a reasonable drawing up of the feet, not at all painful. Does he talk of moving this quarter? You and I have too much sense to trouble ourselves with revelations; marry, to the same in Greek you may have something professionally to say. Tell C. that he was to come and see us some fine day. Let it be before he moves, for in his new quarters he will necessarily be confined in his conversation to his brother prophet. Conceive the two Rabbis foot to foot, for there are no Gamaliels there to affect a humbler posture! All are masters in that Patmos, where the law is perfect equality—Latmos, I should rather say, for they will be Luna's twin darlings; her affection will be ever at the full. Well; keep *your* brains moist with gooseberry this mad March, for the devil of exposition seeketh dry places.

C. L.

[The letter is assigned to the Rev. James Gillman by some editors; but I think that a mistake. See the reference below to a medical matter. Battin was interested in the Spitalfields weavers to the detriment of the Norwich.

The late Major Butterworth in a letter to *Notes and Queries*, 24th March 1906, thus explained the reference to Battin:

In lately going over the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1826 I came across a paragraph in the June number, extracted from a daily newspaper, in which the following occurs: 'Great merit is due to Mr. Lamb junior for his exertions to relieve the weavers of Norwich.' . . .

As his 'Reminiscences of Juke Judkins, Esq.,' was printed in the same number of the *Magazine*, Lamb's attention would no doubt be arrested by the remarks about his namesake, which would probably be retained in his memory, to be used subsequently, as occasion served, in mystifying his friend.

'Heigh ho, ye weavers.' *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, II. iii. 55, has 'Ha, Boys, heigh for the weavers.'

Tuthill, whom we have met, was one of the physicians at St. Luke's Hospital for the insane.

'Students.' These places were euphemistically called 'Academies.'

'He squinted out . . .' Irving had sight only in one eye, an obliquity caused, it is suggested, by lying when a baby in a wooden cradle, the sides of which prevented the other from gathering light.

'To the same in Greek.' An atrocious pun, which I leave to the reader to discover. Gillman was a doctor.

Patmos is associated with St. John, Revelation i 9; Latmos with Endymion, the darling of Diana or Luna.]

## 825. TO CHARLES RYLE

[P.M. 9th March 1830.]

MY DEAR RYLE,

I congratulate you most heartily on the promotion which has been so long your due, and at length has come to you. You have a long memory indeed, if you can think your getting on in business in any way connected with my early taking a friendship to you. It was your integrity in business, the conscience you seemed to bring to it, which first attracted my notice to you; things so unusual in our youngers. We have been friends now—how long is it?—without one quarrel, and I am proud of it. Without you, there were times that in an evil hour I might have been tempted to have given up business with poor prospects of compensation. With your aid I weather'd it out pretty well. All the obligation, 19/20<sup>ths</sup> of it I am sure, have been from you to me. Pray give our best loves and congratulations to M<sup>rs</sup>. the *Civil Auditress*, for so I suppose M<sup>rs</sup>. Ryle must be call'd in future;

and to good Elizabeth, though *she* gets no accession of the title by this change. If weather holds, we shall expect you on Sunday. We have been in trouble, for poor Emma took cold in her journey home, and was laid up for weeks with a very dangerous fever, and I am waiting only for a summons to go to Bury and fetch her, when she has strength to be moved. They are very kind to her, but so violent was the attack that we expected every day to hear the very worst. I scarce hope for a letter to call me there so soon as this week, she has been so reduced, but if one comes in time, I will let you know, though even in that case your coming would be most acceptable to Mary, who is not used to be left to herself, but whom I must unavoidably be absent from for a few days. She sends her kind love, & hopes to see you at our humble table d'hôte on Sunday in any case.

God bless you,

CH. L. Grand Pensioner.

826. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

Mr. Westwood's, Chase Side, Enfield,

14th March 1830.

MY DEAR AYRTON,

Your letter, which was only not so pleasant as your appearance would have been, has revived some old images; staring Phillips (not the Colonel), with his few hairs bristling up at the charge of a revoke, which he declares impossible; the old Captain's significant nod over the *right* shoulder (was it not?); Mrs. Burney's obstinate questioning of the score, after the game was absolutely lost to the devil, the fresh-salt-cold-boiled-beef suppers at sideboard; all which fancies, redolent of middle age and strengthful spirits, come across us ever and anon in this vale of deliberate senectitude, ycleped Enfield.

You imagine a deep gulf between you and us; and there is a pitiable hiatus in *kind* between St. James's Park and Hertfordshire, as you call us, but the mere distance in Turnpike roads is a trifle. The roof of a coach whirls you down in an hour or two. We have a sure hot joint on a Sunday, and when had we better? I suppose you know that ill health has obliged us to give up Housekeeping, but we have an asylum at the very next door—

only twenty-four inches further from Town, which is not material in a country expedition—where a *Table d'hôte* is kept for us, without trouble on our parts, and we adjourn after dinner, when one of the old world (old friends) drops casually down among us. Come and find us out, and seal our judicious change with your approbation, whenever the whim bites, or the sun prompts, no need of pronouncement, for we are sure to be at home.

I keep putting off the subject of my answer. In truth I am not in spirits at present to see Mr. Murray on such a business; but pray offer him my acknowledgments and an assurance that I should like at least one of his proposals, as I have so much additional matter for the SPECIMENS, as might make two volumes in all, or ONE (new edition) omitting such better known authors as B and Fletcher, Jonson, &c.

But we are both in trouble at present. A very dear young friend of ours, who spent her Christmas holidays here, was taken very dangerously ill with a fever, from which she is very precariously recovering, and I expect a summons to fetch her when she is well enough to bear the journey from Bury. It is Emma Isola, whom we first got acquainted with at our first acquaintance with your sister at Cambridge, and she has been partially an inmate with us—and of late years much more extensively—ever since. While she is in this danger, and till she is out of it, and here in a probable way to recovery, I feel I have no spirits for an engagement of any kind. It has been a terrible shock to us; therefore I beg that you will make my handsomest excuses to Mr. Murray.

Our very kindest loves to Mrs. Ayrton and the Ayrtonets.

I am sure the '*Status*' in which I found her was much better than any thing I could have expected, and 'tis something not to retrograde. But we sincerely wish *that* improved—for her consolation and yours remember how much longer poor Lot's wife (a better man than you) has been *in status quo*. Vide Sandys' Travels in the East.

Your forgetter

C. LAMB.

[ 'Phillips.' This would be Edward Phillips, who, I think, succeeded Rickman as secretary to Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester), the Speaker. Colonel Erasmus Phillips we have also met. The captain was Captain Burney.

Mr. Murray's proposals. I presume that Murray had, through Ayrton,



suggested either the republication of the *Dramatic Specimens*, 1808, in one volume, or in two volumes, with the Garrick Extracts added. The plan came to nothing. Moxon published them in the two-volume style in 1835. Murray had refused Lamb's *Works* some twelve years before.

'Sandys.' George Sandys (1578-1644), the poet, who travelled in the East and published his *Relation* in 1615. Apparently he was shown the pillar which had been Lot's wife.]

## 827. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

[Dated at end: 22nd March (1830).]

DEAR MADAM,

Once more I have to return you thanks for a very kind letter. It has gladdened us very much to hear that we may have hope to see our young friend so soon, and through your kind nursing so well recovered. I sincerely hope that your own health and spirits will not have been shaken: you have had a sore trial indeed, and greatly do we feel indebted to you for all which you have undergone. If I hear nothing from you in the mean time, I shall secure myself a place in the Cornwallis Coach for Monday. It will not be at all necessary that I shall be met at Bury, as I can well find my way to the Rectory, and I beg that you will not inconvenience yourselves by such attention. Accordingly as I find Miss Isola able to bear the journey, I intend to take the care of her by the same stage or by chaises perhaps, dividing the journey; but exactly as you shall judge fit. It is our misfortune that long journeys do not agree with my sister, who would else have taken this care upon herself, perhaps more properly. It is quite out of the question to rob you of the services of any of your domestics. I cannot think of it. But if in your opinion a female attendant would be requisite on the journey, and if you or Mr. Williams would feel *more comfortable* by her being in charge of two, I will most gladly engage one of her nurses or any young person near you, that you can recommend; for my object is to remove her in the way that shall be most satisfactory to yourselves.

On the subject of the young people that you are interesting yourselves about, I will have the pleasure to talk to you, when I shall see you. I live almost out of the world and out of the sphere of being useful; but no pains of mine shall be spared, if but a prospect opens of doing a service. Could I do all I wish, and I

1830

MRS. WILLIAMS

indeed have grown helpless to myself and others, it must not satisfy the arrears of obligation I owe to Mr. Williams and yourself for all your kindness.

I beg you will turn in your mind and consider in what most comfortable way Miss Isola can leave your house, and I will implicitly follow your suggestions. What you have done for her can never be effaced from our memories, and I would have you part with her in the way that would best satisfy yourselves.

I am afraid of impertinently extending my letter, else I feel I have not said half what I would say. So, dear madam, till I have the pleasure of seeing you both, of whose kindness I have heard so much before, I respectfully take my leave with our kindest love to your poor patient and most sincere regards for the health and happiness of Mr. Williams and yourself. May God bless you.

CH. LAMB.

Enfield, Monday, 22 March.

828. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

DEAR MADAM,

Enfield, 2 Apr., 1830.

I have great pleasure in letting you know that Miss Isola has suffered very little from fatigue on her long journey. I am ashamed to say that I came home rather the more tired of the two. But I am a very unpractised traveller. She has had two tolerable nights' sleeps since, and is decidedly not worse than when we left you. I remembered the Magnesia according to your directions, and promise that she shall be kept very quiet, never forgetting that she is still an invalid. We found my Sister very well in health, only a little impatient to see her; and, after a few hysterical tears for gladness, all was comfortable again. We arrived here from Epping between five and six.

The incidents of our journey were trifling, but you bade me tell them. We had then in the coach a rather talkative Gentleman, but very civil, all the way, and took up a servant maid at Stamford [? Stortford], going to a sick mistress. To the *latter*, a participation in the hospitalities of your nice rusks and sandwiches proved agreeable, as it did to my companion, who took merely a sip of the weakest wine and water with them. The

*former* engaged me in a discourse for full twenty miles on the probable advantages of Steam Carriages, which being merely problematical, I bore my part in with some credit, in spite of my totally un-engineer-like faculties. But when somewhere about Stanstead he put an unfortunate question to me as to the 'probability of its turning out a good turnip season,' and when I, who am still less of an agriculturist than a steam-philosopher, not knowing a turnip from a potato ground, innocently made answer that I believed it depended very much upon boiled legs of mutton, my unlucky reply set Miss Isola a laughing to a degree that disturbed her tranquillity for the only moment in our journey. I am afraid my credit sank very low with my other fellow-traveller, who had thought he had met with a *well-informed passenger*, which is an accident so desirable in a Stage Coach.

We were rather less communicative, but still friendly, the rest of the way. How I employed myself between Epping and Enfield the poor verses in the front of my paper may inform you which you may please to Christen an Acrostic in a Cross Road, and which I wish were worthier of the Lady they refer to. But I trust you will plead my pardon to her on a subject so delicate as a Lady's good *name*. Your candour must acknowledge that they are written *strait*. And now dear Madam, I have left myself hardly space to express my sense of the friendly reception I found at Fornham. Mr. Williams will tell you that we had the pleasure of a slight meeting with him on the road, where I could almost have told him, but that it seemed ungracious, that such had been your hospitality, that I scarcely missed the good Master of the Family at Fornham, though heartily I should [have] rejoiced to have made a little longer acquaintance with him. I will say nothing of our deeper obligations to both of you, because I think we agreed at Fornham, that gratitude may be over-exacted on the part of the obliging, and over-expressed on the part of the obliged, person.

My Sister and Miss Isola join in respects to Mr. Williams and yourself, and I beg to be remembered kindly to the Miss Hammonds and the two gentlemen whom I had the good fortune to meet at your house. I have not forgotten the Election in which you are interesting yourself, and the little that I can, I will do immediately. Miss Isola will have the pleasure of writing to

you next week, and we shall hope, at your leisure, to hear of your own health, etc. I am, Dear Madam, with great respect,  
 your obliged CHARLES LAMB.

[*Added in Miss Isola's hand :*] I must just add a line to beg you will let us hear from you, my dear Mrs. Williams. I have just received the forwarded letter. Fornham we have talked about constantly, and I felt quite strange at this home the first day. I will attend to all you said, my dear Madam.

[I cannot say what the enclosed poem was, but this was Lamb's acrostic for Mrs. Williams :

Go little Poem, and present  
 Respectful terms of compliment;  
 A gentle lady bids thee speak!  
 Courteous is *she*, tho' thou be weak—  
 Evoke from Heaven as thick as manna

Joy after joy, on Grace Joanna:  
 On Fornham's Glebe and Pasture land  
 A blessing pray. Long, long may stand,  
 Not touched by Time, the Rectory blithe;  
 No grudging churl dispute his Tithe;  
 At Easter be the offerings due

With cheerful spirit paid; each pew  
 In decent order filled; no noise  
 Loud intervene to drown the voice,  
 Learning, or wisdom of the Teacher;  
 Impressive be the Sacred Preacher,  
 And strict his notes on holy page;  
 May young and old from age to age  
 Salute, and still point out, 'The good man's Parsonage!']

### 829. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

Enfield, Good Friday [9th April 1830.]

P.S.—I am the worst folder-up of a letter in the world, except certain Hottentots, in the land of Caffre, who never fold up their letters at all, writing very badly upon skins, &c.

DEAR MADAM,

I do assure you that your verses gratified me very much, and my sister is quite *proud* of them. For the first time in my life I

congratulated myself upon the shortness and meanness of my name. Had it been Schwartzenberg or Esterhazy, it would have put you to some puzzle. I am afraid I shall sicken you of acrostics; but this last was written *to order*. I beg you to have inserted in your county paper something like this advertisement. 'To the nobility, gentry, and others, about Bury.—C. Lamb respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he is leaving off business in the acrostic line, as he is going into an entirely new line. Rebuses and charades done as usual, and upon the old terms. Also, Epitaphs to suit the memory of any person deceased.' I thought I had adroitly escaped the rather unpliant name of 'Williams,' curtailing your poor daughters to their proper surnames; but it seems you would not let me off so easily. If these trifles amuse you, I am paid. Tho really 'tis an operation too much like—'A, applepye; B, bit it.' To make amends, I request leave to lend you the 'Excursion,' and to recommend, in particular, the 'Churchyard Stories,' in the seventh book, I think. They will strengthen the tone of your mind after its weak diet on acrostics. Miss Isola is writing, and will tell you that we are going on very comfortably. Her sister is just come. She blames my last verses, as being more written on Mr. Williams than on yourself; but how should I have parted whom a Superior Power has brought together? I beg you will jointly accept of our best respects, and pardon your obsequious if not troublesome Correspondent,

C. L.

[Mr. Cecil Turner, a grandson of Mrs. Williams, told me that her acrostic on Lamb ran thus:

## TO CHARLES LAMB

*Answer to Acrostics on the Names of Two Friends*

Charmed with the lines thy hand has sent,  
 Honour I feel the compliment,  
 Amongst thy products that have won the ear,  
 Ranged in thy verse two friends most dear.  
 Lay not thy winning pen away,  
 Each line thou writest we bid thee stay,  
 Still ask to charm us with another lay.

Long liked, long loved by public Fame,  
 A friend to misery, whate'er its claim,  
 Marvel I must if e'er we find  
 Bestowed by heaven a kindlier mind.

Here follows a fragment of the letter from Emma Isola to Mrs. Williams, on the back of which Lamb wrote acrostics to her little daughters, Josepha Maria and Louisa Clare Williams:

MY DEAR MADAM,

Enfield, April 7th (1830).

I am happy to tell you I can give a very good account of myself, having lost all complaints except that burning which I find to be relieved frequently by a little Magnesia. My head was very stupid the first two days, and since then I have improved daily, and I very much wish you were as well as I am; I take tolerable walks, and require very little medicine, but I will certainly take sufficient. Mr. Lamb told you of our journey, from which I believe he has just recovered, being so unaccustomed to travelling. Unluckily I sat opposite a gentleman most [*remainder cut away*].

ON REVERSE SIDE (in Lamb's writing):

# ACROSTICS

|                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| TO JOSEPHA MARIA | } WILLIAMS |
| TO LOUISA CLARE  |            |

## 1

Joy to unknown Josepha! who, I hear,  
Of all good gifts, to Music most is given;  
Science divine, that through the enraptured ear  
Enchants the soul, and lifts it nearer Heaven.  
Parental smiles approvingly attend  
Her pliant conduct of the trembling keys,  
And list'ning strangers their glad suffrage lend.

Most musical is Nature! Birds—and Bees  
At their sweet labour—sing. The moaning winds  
Rehearse a lesson to attentive minds.  
In louder tones 'deep unto deep doth call';<sup>1</sup>  
And there is music in the waterfall.

## 2

Least Daughter, but not least-beloved, of Grace,  
O frown not on a Stranger, who from place  
Unknown, and distant, these few lines hath penn'd;  
I but repeat what thy Instructress Friend  
So oft hath told us of thy gentle heart.  
A pupil most affectionate thou art,  
Careful to learn what elder years impart.—

---

<sup>1</sup> 'Deep calleth unto deep.' Psalm xlii 7.

Louisa,—Clare—by *which* style shall I call thee?  
 A prettier pair of names, sure, ne'er was found;  
 Resembling thy own sweetness in sweet sound—  
 Ever calm Peace and Innocence befall thee!

A new and charming copy of album verses written by Lamb for one of the pupils at an Enfield school has just come to light in an American collection, and I take the opportunity of quoting it here:

TO MISS GRAY, OR GREY, AT MRS. GISBORN'S SCHOOL, ENFIELD

Green in years, and GREY in name—  
 How shall we reconcile the same?  
 Or how can I devote a rhyme  
 To one that's GREY before her time?  
 Most folks till forty—fifty—stay;  
 You, little Lady, were born GREY:  
 So do not with your Poet quarrel,  
 If from your name he picks a moral.  
 If manners should to *names* prove true  
 GREY should be grave, and GREY are you.  
 Though young in years, your name already  
 Instructs you, dear one, to be steady.  
 Should ever giddiness approach you,  
 Your *name*, if nought else, would reproach you.—  
 Be a good girl, and you'll content me;  
 And then I never shall repent me,  
 That I bestow'd an idle rhyme  
 On her 'that's GREY before her time.'

C. LAMB.

But Lamb, I might say here, ultimately came to hate acrostics, as the following lines by him, preserved in the Huntington Library, testify:

#### ACROSTIC AGAINST ACROSTICS

Envy not the wretched poet  
 Doom'd to pen these teasing strains.  
 Wit so cramp'd—Ah! who can show it?  
 Are the trifles worth the pains?  
 Rhyme compar'd with this is easy,  
 Double rhymes may not displease ye.  
 Homer—Horace sly and caustic—  
 Owed no fame to vile acrostic.  
 G's I'm sure the reader's choked with,  
 Good men's *names* must not be joked with.]

## 830. TO BASIL MONTAGU

DEAR M.,

[No date.]

I have received the enclosed from Miss James. Her sister, Mrs Trueman, is a most worthy person. I know all their history. They are four daughters of them, daughters of a Welch Clergyman of the greatest respectability, who dying, the family were obliged to look about them, and by some fatality they all became nurses at Mr Warburton's, Hoxton. Mrs Parsons, one of them, is patronized by Dr. Tuthill, who can speak to *her* character. I can safely speak to Miss James's for 15 years or more. Trueman has been a keeper at Warburton's. Himself and wife are willing to undertake the entire charge at £200 a year. I think you hardly pay less now. They propose take a cottage near the Regent's Park, to which by the *omnibuses* you can have short and easy access at any hour. I will call upon you to-morrow morning at office. Pray, think upon it in the meanwhile. I really think it desirable.

Yours ever

C. LAMB.

## 831. TO JAMES GILLMAN

DEAR GILLMAN,

[No date: ? *Early Spring* 1830.]

Pray do you, or S. T. C., immediately write to say you have received back the golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel, which I part from, bleeding, and to say how the Winter has used you all.

It is our intention soon, weather permitting, to come over for a day at Highgate; for beds we will trust to the Gate-House, should you be full: tell me if we may come casually, for in this change of climate there is no naming a day for walking. With best loves to Mrs. Gillman, &c.

Yours, mopish, but in health,

C. LAMB.

I shall be uneasy till I hear of Fuller's safe arrival.

[See letter to Gillman above. The 'dear, fine, silly old angel' was Thomas Fuller.

'The Gate-House.' An inn near the Grove, Highgate, which still flourishes.]



## 832. TO EDWARD MOXON

[? April 1830.]

DEAR M.,

The first Oak sonnet, and the Nightingale, may show their faces in any Annual unblushing. Some of the others are very good.

The Sabbath too much what you have written before.

You are destined to shine in Sonnets, I tell you.

Shall we look for you Sunday, we did in vain Good Friday?

[*A signature was added by Mrs. Moxon for Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, evidently from another letter :*]

Your truest friend

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson suggests that the signature was from a letter addressed to herself (Emma Isola). This would account for the peculiar warmth: 'your truest friend.']

## 833. TO DR. J. VALE ASBURY

[? April 1830.]

DEAR SIR,

Some draughts and boluses have been brought here which we conjecture were meant for the young lady whom you saw this morning, though they are labelled for

MISS ISOLA LAMB

No such person is known on the Chase Side, and she is fearful of taking medicines which may have been made up for another patient. She begs me to say that she was born an *Isola* and christened *Emma*. Moreover that she is Italian by birth, and that her ancestors were from Isola Bella (Fair Island) in the kingdom of Naples. She has never changed her name and rather mournfully adds that she has no prospect at present of doing so. She is literally I. SOLA, or single, at present. Therefore she begs that the obnoxious monosyllable may be omitted on future Phials,—an innocent syllable enough, you'll say, but she has no claim to it. It is the bitterest pill of the seven you have sent

her. When a lady loses her good *name*, what is to become of her? Well she must swallow it as well as she can, but begs the dose may not be repeated.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES LAMB (not Isola).

[Asbury was a doctor at Enfield for many years. I append another letter to him, without date.]

### 834. TO DR. J. VALE ASBURY

DEAR SIR,

It is an observation of a wise man that 'moderation is best in all things.' I cannot agree with him 'in liquor.' There is a smoothness and oiliness in wine that makes it go down by a natural channel, which I am positive was made for that descending. Else, why does not wine choke us? could Nature have made that sloping lane, not to facilitate the down-going? She does nothing in vain. You know that better than I. You know how often she has helped you at a dead lift, and how much better entitled she is to a fee than yourself sometimes, when you carry off the credit. Still there is something due to manners and customs, and I should apologise to you and Mrs. Asbury for being absolutely carried home upon a man's shoulders thro' Silver Street, up Parson's Lane, by the Chapels (which might have taught me better), and then to be deposited like a dead log at Gaffar Westwood's, who it seems does not 'insure' against intoxication. Not that the mode of conveyance is objectionable. On the contrary, it is more easy than a one-horse chaise. Ariel in the 'Tempest' says

On a Bat's back do I fly,  
After sunset merrily.

Now I take it that Ariel must sometimes have stayed out late of nights. Indeed, he pretends that 'where the bee sucks, there lurks he,' as much as to say that his suction is as innocent as that little innocent (but damnably stinging when he is provok'd) winged creature. But I take it, that Ariel was fond of metheglin, of which the Bees are notorious Brewers. But then you will say: What a shocking sight to see a middle-aged gentleman-and-a-half riding a Gentleman's back up Parson's Lane at midnight. Exactly the time for that sort of conveyance, when nobody can see him,

nobody but Heaven and his own conscience; now Heaven makes fools, and don't expect much from her own creation; and as for conscience, She and I have long since come to a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the true. I like to be liked, but I don't care about being respected. I don't respect myself. But, as I was saying, I thought he would have let me down just as we got to Lieutenant Barker's Coal-shed (or emporium) but by a cunning jerk I eased myself, and righted my posture. I protest, I thought myself in a palanquin, and never felt myself so grandly carried. It was a slave under me. There was I, all but my reason. And what is reason? and what is the loss of it? and how often in a day do we do without it, just as well? Reason is only counting, two and two makes four. And if on my passage home, I thought it made five, what matter? Two and two will just make four, as it always did, before I took the finishing glass that did my business. My sister has begged me to write an apology to Mrs. A. and you for disgracing your party; now it does seem to me, that I rather honoured your party, for every one that was not drunk (and one or two of the ladies, I am sure, were not) must have been set off greatly in the contrast to me. I was the scapegoat. The soberer they seemed. By the way is magnesia good on these occasions?

*iii pol: [? pil:] med: sum: ante noct: in rub: can:.* I am no licentiate, but know enough of simples to beg you to send me a draught after this model. But still you'll say (or the men and maids at your house will say) that it is not a seemly sight for an old gentleman to go home pick-a-back. Well, may be it is not. But I have never studied grace. I take it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. I regard more the internal acquisitions. The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is obtained in a horizontal posture or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity) I think is little to the purpose. The end is always greater than the means. Here I am, able to compose a sensible rational apology, and what signifies how I got here? I have just sense enough to remember I was very happy last night, and to thank our kind host and hostess, and that's sense enough, I hope.

CHARLES LAMB.

N.B.—What is good for a desperate head-ache? Why,

Patience, and a determination not to mind being miserable all day long. And that I have made my mind up to.

So, here goes. It is better than not being alive at all, which I might have been, had your man toppled me down at Lieut. Barker's Coal-shed. My sister sends her sober compliments to Mrs. A. She is not much the worse.

Yours truly,  
C. LAMB.

['Ariel.' *The Tempest*, v. i. 88, is misquoted, in the version familiar through Arne's setting of it to music, with 'lurk' for 'suck' and 'sunset' for 'summer.' In two other of his letters, Lamb confesses similarly to a similar escapade. And in his *Elia* essay 'Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age,' he sends *Ash Wednesday* home in the same manner.

The prescription. The gap indicates that Lamb filled in the details later, and left too much space for them. What he wrote or invented looks like three medium pills to be taken before night, but the fluid in which they were to be inserted remains obscure to a dispensing chemist of to-day.

Lieut. John Barker, R.N., was a local character, a coal merchant and a man with a grievance. He had thirteen children, some of whose names probably amused Lamb—John Thomas, William Charles, Frederick Alexander, Marius Collins, Caius Marcius, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Coriolanus Aurelius, Horatius Tertius Decimus, Elizabeth Mary, Concordia, Louisa Clarissa, Caroline Maria Quiroja and Volumnia Hortensia.]

### 835. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

Enfield, *Tuesday* [21st April 1830].

DEAR MADAM,

I have ventured upon some lines, which combine my old acrostic talent (which you first found out) with my new profession of epitaph-monger. As you did not please to say, when you would die, I have left a blank space for the date. May kind heaven be a long time in filling it up. At least you cannot say that these lines are not about you, though not much to the purpose. We were very sorry to hear that you have not been very well, and hope that a little excursion may revive you. Miss Isola is thankful for her added day; but I verily think she longs to see her young friends once more, and will regret less than ever the end of her holydays. She cannot be going on more quietly than she is doing here, and you will perceive amendment.

I hope all her little commissions will all be brought home to your satisfaction. When she returns, we purpose seeing her to

Epping on her journey. We have had our proportion of fine weather and some pleasant walks, and she is stronger, her appetite good, but less wolfish than at first, which we hold a good sign. I hope Mr. Wing will approve of its abatement. She desires her very kindest respects to Mr. Williams and yourself, and wishes to rejoin you. My sister and myself join in respect, and pray tell Mr. Donne, with our compliments, that we shall be disappointed, if we do not see him.

This letter being very neatly written, I am very unwilling that Emma should club any of her disproportionate scrawl to deface it.

Your obliged servant,

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Williams, W. B. Donne, Esq., Mattishall, East Dereham, Norfolk.

[Mr. Wing was probably Miss Isola's doctor. Mr. Donne was William Bodham Donne (1807-82), the friend of Edward FitzGerald, and Examiner of Plays.

This was Lamb's acrostic-epitaph on Mrs. Williams:

Grace Joanna here doth lie:  
Reader, wonder not that I  
Ante-date her hour of rest.  
Can I thwart her wish exprest,  
Ev'n unseemly though the laugh

Jesting with an Epitaph?  
On her bones the turf lie lightly,  
And her rise again be brightly!  
No dark stain be found upon her—  
No there will not, on mine honour—  
Answer that at least I can.

Would that I, thrice happy man,  
In as spotless garb might rise,  
Light as she will climb the skies,  
Leaving the dull earth behind,  
In a car more swift than wind.  
All her errors, all her failings,  
(Many they were not) and ailings,  
Sleep secure from Envy's railings.]

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BASIL MONTAGU

836. TO BASIL MONTAGU

DEAR B. M.,

[No date: ? May 1830.]

You are a kind soul of yourself, and need no spurring, but if you can help a worthy man you will have *two worthy men* obliged to you. I am writing from Hone's possible Coffee House, which must answer, if he can find means to open it, which unfortunately flag—We purpose a little subscription—but I know how tender a subject the pocket is—Your advice may be important to him.

Yours most truly,

C. LAMB.

This is a letter of business, so I wont send unseasonable Love to Mrs Montague and the both good Proctors.

[Hone, as we shall see, was established in the Grasshopper Coffee-house in Gracechurch Street.]

837. TO CHARLES RYLE

DEAR R.,

[Endorsed: 29 Apr 1830]

I come to India House naturally next Monday—but if you can lodge us two nights, we will come to you on Sunday by the Evening Coach, latish, & return on Tuesday—or any other two nights in the week, or week after, for I *can* put off India House till then, Mr. Westwood being flush of Cash—pray consult dear Mrs. Civil Auditress, & send *immediate answer*—

Any time will suit as well, only as I must come to Leadenhall next week, or week after, it would be killing two birds—

Yours C L

Thursdy.

Enfield

Emma departs on Saturdy.

838. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

DEAR SOUTHEY,

May 10, 1830.

My friend Hone, whom you would like *for a friend*, I found deeply impressed with your generous notice of him in your beautiful 'Life of Bunyan,' which I am just now full of. He has

written to you for leave to publish a certain good-natured letter. I write not this to enforce his request, for we are fully aware that the refusal of such publication would be quite consistent with all that is good in your character. Neither he nor I expect it from you, nor exact it; but if you would consent to it, you would have me obliged by it, as well as him. He is just now in a critical situation: kind friends have opened a coffee-house for him in the City, but their means have not extended to the purchase of coffee-pots, credit for Reviews, newspapers, and other paraphernalia. So I am sitting in the skeleton of a possible divan. What right I have to interfere, you best know. Look on me as a dog who went once temporarily insane, and bit you, and now begs for a crust. Will you set your wits to a dog?

Our object is to open a subscription, which my friends of the 'Times' are most willing to forward for him, but think that a leave from you to publish would aid it.

But not an atom of respect or kindness will or shall it abate in either of us if you decline it. Have this strongly in your mind.

Those 'Every-Day' and 'Table' Books will be a treasure a hundred years hence; but they have failed to make Hone's fortune.

Here his wife and all his children are about me, gaping for coffee customers; but how should they come in, seeing no pot boiling!

Enough of Hone. I saw Coleridge a day or two since. He has had some severe attack, not paralytic; but, if I had not heard of it, I should not have found it out. He looks, and especially speaks, strong. How are all the Wordsworths and all the Southseys? whom I am obliged to you if you have not brought up haters of the name of

C. LAMB.

P.S.—I have gone lately into the acrostic line. I find genius (such as I had) declines with me, but I get clever. Do you know anybody that wants charades, or such things, for Albums? I do 'em at so much a sheet. Perhaps an epigram (not a very happy-gram) I did for a school-boy yesterday may amuse. I pray Jove he may not get a flogging for any false quantity; but 'tis, with one exception, the only Latin verses I have made for forty years, and I did it 'to order.'

## SUUM CUIQUE

Adsciscit sibi divitias et opes alienas  
 Fur, rapiens, spolians, quod mihi, quod-que tibi,  
 Proprium erat, temnens haec verba, Meum-que, Suum-que;  
 Omne suum est: tandem Cui-que Suum tribuit.  
 Dat laqueo collum; vestes, vah! carnifici dat;  
 Sese Diabolo: sic bene: Cuique Suum.

I write from Hone's, therefore Mary cannot send her love to Mrs. Southey, but I do.

Yours ever, C. L.

[Major's edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, mentioned in a letter to Barton (p. 178), was issued in 1830 with a memoir of Bunyan by Southey. It was reviewed in *The Times* for 7th May 1830, I think probably by Lamb, in the following terms:

The public is aware that the unexhausted diligence and unwearied pen of Mr. Southey have produced a new and excellent edition of the celebrated *Pilgrim's Progress*, with the Life of the Author prefixed. This Life is, no doubt, an interesting work, though we wish the author, both in that and in the account, which is attributed to him, of the founder of the Jesuits, contained in a recent periodical work, had taken more time. The narrative in both is hasty and tumultuary, if we may use the latter expression: there is no time or room for reflection; and when a reflection comes, it is so mixed and jammed in with the story, or with quotations from the works or words of the respective heroes of the history, that it escapes unobserved. Could we, without grievous offence, recommend, both to Mr. Southey and Sir Walter Scott, to recollect the man spoken of by Horace?—

Etrusci

Quale fuit Cassi, rapido ferventius amni,  
 Ingenium, capsis quem fama est esse librisque  
 Ambustum propriis.—*Sat. I. x. 61.*

Yet still, as we said above, the *Life of Bunyan* is an interesting work. How different the origin of all the sects and their founders, from that of our sober, staid, and, we trust, permanent establishment, and the learned and pious reformers from whom it sprang!

But that for which we chiefly notice this work of Mr. Southey, is the very last sentence in it, wherein is contained his frank and honourable recommendation (though not more than they deserve) of the works of one whom the iron hand of oppression would have levelled with the dust:

'In one of the volumes collected from various quarters, which were sent to me for this purpose, I observe the name of W. Hone, and notice it that I may take the opportunity of recommending his *Every-Day Book* and *Table Book* to those who are interested in the preservation of our national and local



customs. By these very curious publications their compiler has rendered good service in an important department of literature; and he may render yet more, if he obtain the encouragement which he well deserves.'

Not only we, and the person mentioned in this paragraph, but all the friends of pure English literature—all the curious in old English customs—in short, all intelligent men, with the hearts of Englishmen in them—owe Mr. Southey their gratitude for this recommendation: it springs from a just taste and right feeling united.

Hone wrote to *The Times* at once to thank both the paper and Southey for the compliment. A few days later, on 21st May, appeared an article in *The Times* containing correspondence between Hone and Southey. I quote the introduction, again probably the work of Lamb, and Southey's letter (see Lamb's letter to Hone below):

We alluded some days ago to the handsome notice of Mr. Hone in Mr. Southey's *Life of Bunyan*. The following correspondence has since been sent to us: it displays in an advantageous light the modesty of Mr. Hone and the amiable and candid disposition of Mr. Southey. The business, wholly foreign to Mr. Hone's former pursuits, which is alluded to in the letter, is explained in an advertisement in this day's paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

'To Mr. Hone, 13, Gracechurch-Street.  
'Kewick, April 26.

'Sir,—Your letter has given me both pain and pleasure. I am sorry to learn that you are still, in the worldly sense of the word, an unfortunate man—that you are withdrawn from pursuits which were consonant to your habits and inclinations, and that a public expression of respect and good-will, made in the hope that it might have been serviceable to you, can have no such effect.

'When I observed your autograph in the little book, I wrote to inquire of Mr. Major whether it had come to his hands from you, directly or indirectly, for my use, that, in that case, I might thank you for it. It proved otherwise, but I would not lose an opportunity which I had wished for.

'Judging of you (as I would myself be judged) by your works, I saw in the editor of the *Every-Day* and *Table Books* a man who had applied himself with great diligence to useful and meritorious pursuits. I thought that time, and reflection, and affliction (of which it was there seen that he had had his share), had contributed to lead him into this direction, which was also that of his better mind. What alteration had been produced in his opinions it concerned not me to inquire; here there were none but what were unexceptionable—no feelings but what were to be approved. From all that appeared, I supposed he had become "a sadder and a wiser man": I therefore wished him success in his literary undertakings.

'The little parcel which you mention I shall receive with pleasure.

'I wish you success in your present undertaking, whatever it be, and that you may one day, under happier circumstances, resume a pen which has, of late years, been so meritoriously employed. If your new attempt prosper, you will yet find leisure for intellectual gratification, and for that self-improvement which may be carried on even in the busiest concerns of life.

'I remain, Sir, yours with sincere good will,

'ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

In the advertisement columns of the same issue of *The Times* (21st May) was the following notice, drawn up, I assume, by Lamb:

THE FAMILY OF WILLIAM HONE, in the course of last winter, were kindly assisted by private friends to take and alter the premises they now reside in, No. 13, Gracechurch Street, for the purpose of a coffee-house, to be managed by Mrs. Hone and her elder daughters; but they are in a painful exigency which increases hourly, and renders a public appeal indispensable. The well-wishers to Mr. Hone throughout the kingdom, especially the gratified readers of his literary productions (in all of which he has long ceased to have an interest, and from none of which can he derive advantage), are earnestly solicited to afford the means of completing the fittings and opening the house in a manner suited to its proposed respectability. If this aid be yielded without loss of time, it will be of indescribable benefit, inasmuch as it will put an end to many grievous anxieties and expenses, inseparable from the lengthened delay which has hitherto been inevitable, and will enable the family to immediately commence the business, which alone they look forward to for support. Subscriptions will be received by the following bankers: Messrs. Ransom and Co., Pall Mall East; Messrs. Dixon, Sons, and Brookes, Chancery Lane; Messrs. Ladbroke and Co., Bank Buildings, Cornhill; and by Mr. Clowes, printer, 14 Charing Cross; Mr. Thomas Rodd, bookseller, 2 Great Newport Street; Mr. Griffiths, bookseller, 13 Wellington Street, Strand; Mr. Effingham Wilson, bookseller, Royal Exchange; and Messrs. Fisher and Moxhay, biscuit bakers, 55 Threadneedle Street.

The first list of subscriptions, headed by 'Charles Lamb, Esq., Enfield, £10,' came to £103. This was Monday, 31st May. The next list was published on 10th June, accompanied by the following note in the body of the paper:

The subscriptions for Mr. Hone, it will be perceived, are going on favourably. In the list now published is the name of the Duke of Bedford, who has sent 20*l*. His cause has been warmly espoused by the provincial journals, more than 20 of which have inserted his appeal gratuitously, with offers to receive and remit subscriptions. The aphorism, 'he gives twice who gives quickly,' could not receive a more cogent application than in the present instance, for the funds are required to enable Mr. Hone to commence business in his new undertaking, where he is already placed with his family, liable to rent and taxes, and other claims, but gaining nothing until his outfit is completed.

Hone, however, did not prosper, in spite of his friends, who were not sufficiently numerous to find the requisite capital.

'With one exception.' Perhaps the Latin verses on Haydon's picture, which he had, with a translation, contributed to the *Champion*, 6th and 7th May 1820. See my edition of the *Works*.

'*Suum Cuique*.' The boy for whom this epigram was composed was a son of Hessey, the publisher, afterwards Archdeacon Hessey. He was at the Merchant Taylors' School, where it was a custom to compose Latin and English epigrams for speech day, the boys being permitted to get help. Archdeacon Hessey wrote as follows in the *Taylorian* some years ago:

The subjects for 1830 were *Suum Cuique* and *Brevis esse laboro*. After some three or four exercise nights I confess that I was literally 'at my wits' end.' But a brilliant idea struck me. I had frequently, boy as I was, seen Charles Lamb at my father's house, and once, in 1825 or 1826, I had been taken to have tea with him and his sister, Mary Lamb, at their little house, Colebrook Cottage, a whitish-brown tenement, standing by itself, close to the New River, at Islington. He was very kind, as he always was to young people, and very quaint. I told him that I had devoured his 'Roast Pig'; he congratulated me on possessing a thorough schoolboy's appetite. And he was pleased when I mentioned my having seen the boys at Christ's Hospital at their public suppers, which then took place on the Sunday evenings in Lent. 'Could this good-natured and humorous old gentleman be prevailed upon to give me an Epigram?' 'I don't know,' said my father, to whom I put the question, 'but I will ask him at any rate, and send him the mottoes.' In a day or two there arrived from Enfield, to which Lamb had removed some time in 1827, not one, but two epigrams, one on each subject. That on *Suum Cuique* was in Latin, and was suggested by the grim satisfaction which had recently been expressed by the public at the capture and execution of some notorious highwayman.

See my edition of the *Works* for a slightly differing version. Lamb had many years before, he says in a letter to Godwin, written similar epigrams.

Mr. E. V. Knox has provided me with the following translation:

Riches from you and me the robber takes  
 Disdainful of such words as 'his' and 'mine,'  
 He counts all *his*—yet restitution makes:  
 His neck he offers to the noose of twine,  
 His garments to the hangman's hand are thrown.  
 The devil has his soul. To each his own.

The Latin scansion is well enough, except that the first syllable of the devil, *diabolo*, is short, and cannot begin a dactyl.]

## 839. TO CHARLES RYLE

DEAR RYLE,

[P.M. 12th May 1830.]

here I am safe again after two days' dissipation. Pray, tell Gardener to send 10 lb Tea at 6/- to Mr Westwood's, Enfield Chase; for which pray pay him £3, and *this shall be your discharge*—also 10 lb of the same to the Rev. Mr. Cary, British Museum, for which, Mrs. Cary will pay him on the spot—let him ask for her—

Success to your Grand Wash, we are in the suds here, so I have been between two fires—

Our Loves at home

C L—

## 840. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[P.M. 12th May 1830.]

I heard from Rogers that Southey, is, or is expected to be, in town. You may learn at my friend Rickman's in Palace yard. Go there. R. is one of my oldest friends.

C. LAMB.

R. lives next door to the Entrance to Westminster Hall.

Mr Hone, 13, Gracechurch Street.

[*Note on back ? in Hone's hand:*] Rickman, then 2<sup>d</sup> clerk at the table of the House of Commons. Mr. S. used, when in town, generally to remain at Mr. R.'s house.

## 841. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

Enfield, Tuesday. [P.M. 12th May 1830.]

I dined with your and my Rogers at Mr. Cary's yesterday. Cary consulted me on the proper bookseller to offer a Lady's MS novel to. I said I would write to you. But I wish you would call on the Translator of Dante at the British Museum, and talk with him. He is the pleasantest of clergymen. I told him of all Rogers's handsome behaviour to you, and you are already no

stranger. Go. I made Rogers laugh about your Nightingale sonnet, not having heard one. 'Tis a good sonnet notwithstanding. You shall have the books shortly. C. L.

[Samuel Rogers had just lent Moxon £500 on which to commence publisher. Moxon had dedicated his first book to Rogers.

'Not having heard one.' Moxon was from Yorkshire, where nightingales are rarely heard, and had written his sonnet on repute.]

## 842. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

*Friday. [P.M. 14th May 1830.]*

DEAR NOVELLO,

Mary hopes you have not forgot you are to spend a day with us on Wednesday. That it may be a long one, cannot you secure places now for Mrs. Novello yourself and the Clarkes? We have just table room for four. Five make my good Landlady fidgetty; six, to begin to fret; seven, to approximate to fever point. But seriously we shall prefer four to two or three; we shall have from  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 to six, when the coach goes off, to scent the country. And pray write *now*, to say you do so come, for dear Mrs. Westwood else will be on the tenters of incertitude.

C. LAMB.

## 843. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

*Enfield, Thursday.*

*[20th May 1830.]*

DEAR AYRTON,

Novello paid us a visit yesterday, and I very much wished you with us. Our conversation was principally, as you may suppose, upon *Music*; and he desiring me to give him my real opinion respecting the distinct grades of excellence in all the eminent composers of the Italian, German, & English Schools, I have done it, rather to oblige him, than from any overweening opinion I have of my own judgment on that science. Such as it is, I submit it to better critics, and am, dear Ayrton,

Yours sincerely,

CH. LAMB.

P.S. You will find the Essay overleaf—that is to say, if you look for it there.

[Here are the verses:

FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT COMPOSERS

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,  
 Just as the whim bites. For my part,  
 I do not care a farthing candle  
 For either of them, nor for Handel.  
 Cannot a man live free and easy,  
 Without admiring Pergolesi?  
 Or thro' the world with comfort go,  
 That never heard of Doctor Blow?  
 So help me God, I hardly have;  
 And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,  
 Like other people, if you watch it,  
 And know no more of Stave or Crotchet,  
 Than did the primitive Peruvians,  
 Or those old ante-queer-Diluvians  
 That lived in the unwash'd world with Jubal,  
 Before that dirty Blacksmith Tubal,  
 By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,  
 Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut.  
 I care no more for Cimerosa,  
 Than he did for Salvator Rosa,  
 Being no painter; and bad luck  
 Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.  
 Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel,  
 Had something in 'em: but who's Purcel?  
 The devil with his foot so cloven,  
 For aught I care, may take Beethoven;  
 And, if the bargain does not suit,  
 I'll throw him Weber in to boot.  
 There's not the splitting of a splinter  
 To chuse 'twixt *him last named*, and Winter.  
 Of Doctor Pepuzch old Queen Dido  
 Knew just as much, God knows, as I do,  
 I would not go four miles to visit  
 Sebastian Bach—or Batch—which is it?  
 No more I would for Bononcini.  
 As for Novello, and Rossini,  
 I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,  
 Because they're living. So I leave 'em!

There are differences in the various versions. See my edition of the *Works*.]

## 844. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR N.,

[20th May 1830.]

Pray write immediately to say 'The book has come safe.' I am anxious, not so much for the autographs, as for that bit of the hair brush. I enclose a cinder, which belonged to *Shield*, when he was poor, and lit his own fires. Any memorial of a great Musical Genius, I know, is acceptable; and Shield has his merits, though Clementi, in my opinion, is far above him in the *Sostenuto*. Mr. Westwood desires his compliments, and begs to present you with a nail that came out of Jomelli's coffin, who is buried at Naples.

[Vincent Novello writes on this: 'A very characteristic note from Dear Charles Lamb, who always pretended to Rate all kinds of memorials and *Relics*, and assumed a look of fright and horror whenever he reproached me with being a *Papist*, instead of a *Quaker*, which sect he pretended to doat upon.' The book would be Novello's album, with Lamb's 'Free Thoughts on Eminent Composers' in it.

Shield was William Shield (1748-1829), the composer. He was buried in Westminster Abbey in the same grave as Clementi. Nicolo Jomelli (1714-74) was a Neapolitan composer.]

## 845. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

May 21, 1830.

I thought you would be pleased to see this letter. Pray if you have time to, call on Novello, No. 66, Great Queen St. I am anxious to learn whether he received his album I sent on Friday by our nine o'clock morning stage. If not, beg him inquire at the *Old Bell*, Holborn.

CHARLES LAMB.

Southey will see in the *Times* all we proposed omitting is omitted.

## 846. TO WILLIAM HONE

[21st May 1830.]

Thanks for the Paper. It is irreprehensibly and capitally drawn up. Much better an entire Letter (*exceptis excipiendis*) than Extracts. Put me down per Moxey.

C. L.

[The following is W. C. Hazlitt's note on 'Moxey' or 'Moxhay': 'An acquaintance of Lamb and Hazlitt, and an eccentric but worthy character who,

having (as I have heard from my father) come up from Exeter, where he was a cobbler and a pugilist, set up a baker's shop, and afterwards an eating-house in Threadneedle Street, and having accumulated money, built the block of buildings at the corner of Old Broad Street. He had a fine house and grounds at Stamford Hill, where he built an enormous organ at a great cost. Moxhay, whose acquaintance with Lamb and Hazlitt probably brought him into contact with Hone, professed admiration for the writings of my grandfather and 'Elia,' and after Hazlitt's death showed much kindness to his son.' See also *Life of Hone*, page 287, for account of Moxhay's efforts on Hone's behalf.]

## 847. TO SARAH HAZLITT

London May twenty fourth

[1830]

Enfield, Saturday

Mary's Love?—

Yes,

Mary Lamb *quite well*

DEAR SARAH,

I found my way to Northaw on Thursday, and a very good woman behind a counter, who says also that you are a very good Lady, but that the woman who was with you was naught. These things may be so or not. I did not accept her offer'd glass of wine (home made, I take it) but craved a cup of ale, with which I seasoned a slice of cold lamb from a sandwich box which I ate in her back parlour, and proceeded for Berkhamstead & c. Lost myself over a heath, and had a day's pleasure. I wish you could walk as I do, and as you used to do. I am sorry to find you are so poorly; and, now I have found my way. [,] I wish you back at Goody Tomlinson's. What a pretty village 'tis. I should have come sooner, but was waiting a summons to Bury. Well, it came, I found the good parson's Lady (he was from home) exceedingly hospitable. Poor Emma, the first moment we were alone, took me into a corner, and said 'Now, pray, don't *drink*—do check yourself after dinner for my sake; and when we get home to Enfield, you shall drink as much as much as ever you please, and I won't say a word about it.' How I behaved, you may guess, when I tell you that Mrs. Williams and I have written acrostics on each other, and she hoped that she should have 'no reason to regret Miss Isola's recovery by its depriving *her* of our begun correspondence. Emma Stay'd a month with



us, and has gone back (in tolerable health) to her long home, for she comes not again for a twelve month. I amused Mrs. Williams with an occurrence on our road to Enfield. We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow passengers in a stage coach that is call'd a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted & I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when getting into Bishop's Stortford my gentleman spying some farming land put an unlucky question to me 'what sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year.' Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say, and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale serious cheeks, when with the greatest gravity I replied, that 'it depended, I believed upon boiled legs of mutton.' This clench'd our conversation, and my gentleman with a face half wise, half in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation scientific or philosophical for the remainder of the journey. Ayrton was here yesterday, and as *learned* to the full as my fellow traveller. What a pity that he will spoil a wit and a devilish pleasant fellow (as he is) by wisdom. He talked on *Music*, & by having read Hawkins & Burney recently, I was enabled to talk of names and show more knowledge than he had suspected I possessed; and in the end he begg'd me to shape my thoughts upon paper, which I did after he was gone, & sent him

[*Here follow Free Thoughts on Some Eminent Composers.*]

[*A corkscrew here.*]

Martin Burney is as odd as ever. We had a dispute about the word 'heir' which I contended was pronounced like 'air'—he said that it might be in common parlance, or that we might so use it, speaking of the 'Heir at Law' a comedy, but that in the Law Courts it was necessary to give it a full aspiration, & to say *Hayer*—he thought it might even vitiate a cause, if a Counsel pronounced it otherwise. In conclusion he 'would consult Sergeant Wilde'—who gave it against him. Sometimes he falleth into the water, sometimes into the fire. He came down here & insisted on reading Virgil's *Eneid*, all thro' with me (which he did) because a Counsel must know Latin. Another

time he read all out the Gospel of St. John, because Biblical quotations are very emphatic in a Court of Justice. A third time, he would carve a fowl, which he did very ill favorably, because 'we did not know how indispensable it was for a Barrister to do all those sort of things well. Those little things were of more consequence than we supposed. So he goes on harassing about the way to prosperity & losing it.—With a long head but somewhat a wrong one—harum scarum—why does not his guardian angel look to him? he deserves one—maybe he has tired him out.—

I am with this long scrawl, but I thought in your exile you might like a letter. Commend me to all the Wonders in Derbyshire, & tell the devil I humbly kiss—

my hand to him.

Yours Ever C LAMB

[Mary Lamb (or Charles Lamb, personating her) appended the following postscript to the verses in Novello's album:

The reason why my brother's so severe,  
 Vincentio is—my brother has no ear:  
 And Caradori her mellifluous throat  
 Might stretch in vain to make him learn a note.  
 Of common tunes he knows not anything,  
 Nor 'Rule, Britannia' from 'God save the King.'  
 He rail at Handel! He the gamut quiz!  
 I'd lay my life he knows not what it is.  
 His spite at music is a pretty whim—  
 He loves not it, because it loves not him.

M. LAMB.

'Sergeant Wilde.' Thomas Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro, whom Lamb is said to have helped with squibs in the Newark election of 1829, when Martin Burney was among his supporters.]

#### 848. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR SARAH,

June 3, 1830.

I named your thought about William to his father, who expressed such horror and aversion to the idea of his singing in public, that I cannot meddle in it directly or indirectly. Ayrton is a kind fellow, and if you chuse to consult him by Letter, or otherwise, he will give you the best advice, I am sure, very readily. *I have no doubt that M. Burney's objection to interfering was*

*the same with mine.* With thanks for your pleasant long letter, which is not that of an Invalid, and sympathy for your sad sufferings, I remain, in haste,

Yours Truly.

Mary's kindest Love.

[There was some talk of William Hazlitt, Junior, becoming a pupil of Braham and taking up music seriously. He did not do so.]

#### 849. TO WILLIAM HONE

Enfield, 17 June, 1830.

I hereby empower Matilda Hone to superintend daily the putting into the twopenny post the *Times* newspaper of the day before, directed 'Mr Lamb, Enfield,' which shall be held a *full and sufficient direction*: the said insertion to commence on Monday morning next. And I do engage to pay to William Hone, Coffee and Hotel Man, the quarterly sum of £1, to be paid at the ordinary Quarter days, or thereabout, for the reversion of the said paper, commencing with the 24th inst., or Feast of John the Baptist; the intervening days to be held and considered as nothing.

C. LAMB.

Vivant Coffee, Coffee-pot-que!

Mr Hone, Coffee-house and Hotel, 13, Gracechurch Street, London.

#### 850. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 28th June 1830.]

Could you dream of my publishing without sending a copy to you? You will find some things new to you in the vol. particularly the Translations. Moxon will send to you the moment it is out. He is the young poet of Xmas, whom the Author of the Pleasures of Memory has set up in the bookvending business with a volunteer'd loan of £500—such munificence is rare to an almost stranger. But Rogers, I am told, has done many good-natured things of this nature.

I need not say how glad to see A. K. and Lucy we should have been,—and still shall be, if it be practicable. Our direction is Mr. Westwood's, Chase Side Enfield, but alas I know not theirs.

We can give them a bed. Coaches come daily from the Bell, Holborn.

You will see that I am worn to the poetical dregs, condescending to Acrostics, which are nine fathom beneath Album verses—but they were written at the request of the Lady where our Emma is, to whom I paid a visit in April to bring home Emma for a change of air after a severe illness, in which she had been treated like a daughter by the good Parson and his whole family. She has since return'd to her occupation. I thought on you in Suffolk, but was 40 miles from Woodbridge. I heard of you the other day from Mr. Pulham of the India House.

Long live King William the 4th.

S. T. C. says, we have had wicked kings, foolish kings, wise kings, good kings (but few) but never till now have we had  
a Blackguard King—

Charles 2d was profligate, but a Gentleman.

I have nineteen Letters to dispatch this leisure Sabbath for Moxon to send about with Copies—so you will forgive me short measure—and believe me

Yours ever

C. L.

Pray do let us see your Quakeresses if possible.

[Lamb's *Album Verses* was almost ready. The translations were those from Vincent Bourne.

William IV came to the throne on 26th June 1830.

'I have nineteen Letters.' The fact that only two of these are forthcoming helps to illustrate the imperfect state of Lamb's correspondence as we now have it. The number may have been an exaggeration; but I fear not.]

851. TO MRS. JOHN RICKMAN

[No date: 28th June 1830.]

Enfield

DEAR MRS. RICKMAN,

I beg your acceptance of a little Volume, which may amuse either of your young Ladies. It pretends to no high flights, and may lie about with albums, shells, and such knick nacks. Will you re-give, or *lend* me, by the bearer, the one Volume of Juvenile Poetry? I have tidings of a second at Brighton. If the two tally, we may some day play a hand at old Whist, *who shall have both*.

With best regards to you all, yours ever,

C. LAMB.

Any little commissions in the Book line from Mr. Rickman, or any of your friends, will be most punctually attended to by my friend the Publisher.

[The letter which follows, although written a day later, may be another of the nineteen.]

## 852. TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

Enfield. *June 29* [1830.]

DR. SIR,

Pray accept a copy of a little volume, and excuse the irregularity of my printing the Drama without your leave. We found we had not enough without it, and I think the time is past it can be of any further service to your Maga. Mr. Professor Wilson, you told me, liked my *Wife's Trial*, he may not dislike it volumized. Pray, forward one copy to him, and expect a MS packet from me soon. I have clear'd my shelves of my idle fancies.

In haste,

and again apologising,

Yours Truly,

C. L.

## 853. TO WILLIAM HONE

[*1st July 1830.*]

Pray let Matilda keep my newspapers till you hear from me, as we are meditating a town residence.

C. LAMB.

Let her keep them as the apple of her eye.

Mr Hone, 13, Gracechurch Street.

[Between this and 6th July the Lambs moved to 34 Southampton Buildings, and Mary was immediately taken ill.]

## 854. TO LOUISA MARTIN

[*11th July 1830.*]

DEAR MONKEY,

I am engaged all over with Mrs. Dowden my Niece, who has come from Brighton on business very pressing to her, and the time she leaves me for my own is not enough for another business which I have on hand. I have been, moreover, very unwell indeed, & tho' recovering, have little spirits for going about—am a sick cat that loves to be alone on housetops or at cellar

bottoms—but not many days shall pass over, before I find you all out. You cannot think the pleasure I had in the sight of all your names. Love to all, Natives & Yankies. Capt. Thomas's Farm<sup>m</sup> Ornèe upon Haverstock Hill drawn from memory.

Sketch of the farm. A cow her tail. These are trees. Fore-ground.

The chimney is without smoke, it being cold-bone day. The door I omit, so treacherous is memory.

Believe me Yours (all) as ever,

C. L.

Miss Louisa Martin, 13, Green's Row, Chelsea College.

[The nickname 'Monkey' appeared in a letter of 10th November 1805.]

### 855. TO BASIL MONTAGU

DEAR MONTAGU,

[P.M. 13th July 1830.]

I cannot pass over the disgraceful circumstance of my leaving No. 25 Bedford Square in liquor. But *then*, are not those kind friends, who for 4 years have been dissuading me from a country life, in part participation?

I seem to me in a confused manner to remember something about your putting up (a low phrase) for Woodstock. Now don't think me impertinent in saying that for my own part I wish you unsuccessful. You have had thro' life, what few can claim, a character. It has been that of perfect independence and individuality. You have been, & long may you be, Basil Montagu. Your individualism must be lost in a place where all is Party. What was Horne Tooke? What is Erskine? No Single Thoughted man of self-impulse can be in his place in the House of Commons. Having said so much, the impertinence of which you may impute to last night's fumes, I will only add that if you persist for Woodstock, I am your man for any electioneering ballads, squibs, or dirty interference whatever, & most heartily wish you success.

Mayn't I come again some day. I never tipsify twice running in the same house.

C. L.

Basil Montagu Esqr, 25 Bedford Square.

[The preservation of this letter is something to be very thankful for, because after the death of Mrs. Procter all the correspondence was destroyed. The late Dykes Campbell somehow had possessed himself of a copy, which he gave to Major Butterworth, who gave it to Mrs. Anderson.

Montagu did not become a candidate.]

## 856. TO HARRIET ISOLA

[No date or P.M., but probably written about  
2nd week in July 1830, from 34 Southampton  
Buildings.]

DEAR HARRIETT,

When you write again to Emma, I beg you will not say a word to her of Moxon's fretting about her not returning the copies in which the mistake was. It would only tease her. She is welcome from me and him to as many as she can use. He only wanted the blundering copies back again, which she could not understand. I know it would only worry her, and we must do all we can to please her and keep her well. When I am a little more settled, we will have another walk in the Park.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I think some copies of *Album Verses* had been sent to Emma before Moxon discovered that some pages had been bound up wrong, and wanted her to send back the defective copies in exchange for perfect ones. As she did not understand at once, Lamb decided not to worry her further, as she was still a little weak from her recent illness. I think possibly Harriet was also a governess, somewhere in London.'

The following letter, undated, seems to refer to the same matter.]

## 857. TO SIR ANTHONY CARLISLE

[No date: Probably August 1830.]

P.S. What a beautiful quotation  
from Harvey in page 12!

DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

Much thanks for your spleen-theory. I wish I was more competent to admire it properly. It *reads like a work of sense*. But I have a most unscientific head, and can only *believe* that we are wonderfully and fearfully made. I perfectly agree with the

sentiments in your note. The March of Intellect, in respect of Science, and encouragement of the highest Science, is a Dead March. I have taken the liberty, in allusion to the 'Nursing Mothers'—our 'old Almas'—to refine the rather coarsish *Indian Appellation* bestowed upon the Novel Institution, into 'Olens Mater,' which I desire it may bear hereafter. I am 35 years too old to enter into a proper sympathy with new French Revolutions. *Faustae felices que sint*—but they affect me little more than lunar phases—

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Sir Anthony Carlisle, who was a surgeon at Westminster Hospital for forty-seven years (1793–1840), had sent Lamb his pamphlet, published in 1829, and entitled *Alleged Discovery of the use of the Spleen and of the Thyroid Gland*, and had evidently accompanied it with a letter, to various points in which Lamb refers in his reply. The 'beautiful quotation from Harvey' was as follows: "Expose an egg too long to the colder air, and the *punctum saliens* beats slower, and hath a languishing motion, but lay your finger warm upon it, and it presently gaineth strength and vigour. And after the *punctum* hath declined by degrees, and being full of blood, hath ceased from all motion, exhibiting no specimen of life at all, and given up for lost and dead; upon laying my finger warm upon it for the space of only twenty pulses, the poor heart awakened and recovered again, and as it were rescued from the grave, proceeded to its former harmony afresh—and this hath been done—again and again by me and others, and by any other reviving heat, were it of the fire or warm water; as if it were in our dispose to condemn the little soul to the shades, or to relieve it to life at pleasure." (Seventeenth Exercitation on Generation.)']

'I have a most unscientific head.' Compare the *Elia* essay, 'The Old and the New Schoolmaster': 'In everything that relates to *science*, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world.'

'Wonderfully, etc.' Psalm cxxxix 14, A.V., where the adverbs are in the reverse order.

'March of Intellect . . . Dead March.' Referring no doubt to the illicit methods of procuring subjects for dissection, before the passing of the Anatomy Act in 1832. The recent notorious Burke and Hare murders had drawn public attention to the subject. Southey wrote of the 'March of Intellect' in his *Colloquies*, ii. 360.

'*Indian Appellation*.' Mr. R. J. Walker suggests that Lamb is referring here to the nickname bestowed on the recently opened London University (1828) by Theodore Hook—viz. 'Stinkomalee.' Lamb calls it *Indian* because it is a variation of 'Trincomalee,' a dirty seaport of Ceylon. The university is an 'olfactory menace,' because its site was a refuse heap. It was also in bad odour as not requiring religious tests.



'New French Revolutions.' The revolution which started 27th July 1830, and led to the abdication of Charles X.

'Faustae felicesque sint' is: 'May they [the Revolutions] be happy and prosperous.' There is not any difference in Latin between the meaning of *faustus* and *felix*. The two words were often used together, especially in old Roman religious formulae.]

## 858. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 30th August 1830.]

DEAR B. B.,

My address is 34 Southampt<sup>n</sup> Buildings, Holborn. For God's sake do not let me [be] pester'd with Annuals. They are all rogues who edit them, and something else who write in them. I am still alone, and very much out of sorts, and cannot spur up my mind to writing. The sight of one of those Year Books makes me sick. I get nothing by any of 'em, not even a Copy—

Thank you for your warm interest about my little volume, for the critics on which I care [not] the 5 hundred thousandth part of the tythe of a half-farthing. I am too old a Militant for that. How noble, tho', in R. S. to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily. Moxon has a shop without customers, I a Book without readers. But what a clamour against a poor collection of album verses, as if we had put forth an Epic. I cannot scribble a long Letter—I am, when not at foot, very desolate, and take no interest in any thing, scarce hate [any] thing, but annuals. I am in an interregnum of thought and feeling—

What a beautiful Autumn morning this is, if it was but with me as in times past when the candle of the Lord shined round me—

I cannot even muster enthusiasm to admire the French heroism.

In better times I hope we may some day meet, and discuss an old poem or two. But if you'd have me not sick

no more of Annuals.

C. L. Ex-Elia.

Love to Lucy and A. K. always.

[The *Literary Gazette*, Jerdan's paper, had written thus of *Album Verses* in the issue for 10th July 1830:

If any thing could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentable conviction of the blinding and engrossing

nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published.

Southey published in *The Times* of 6th August some lines in praise of Lamb and against Jerdan. It was Southey's first public utterance on Lamb since the famous letter by Elia to himself, and is the more noble in consequence. The lines ran thus:

TO CHARLES LAMB

On the Reviewal of his *Album Verses* in the *Literary Gazette*

Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear  
 For rarest genius, and for sterling worth,  
 Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,  
 And wit that never gave an ill thought birth,  
 Nor ever in its sport infix'd a sting;  
 To us who have admired and loved thee long,  
 It is a proud as well as pleasant thing  
 To hear thy good report, now borne along  
 Upon the honest breath of public praise:  
 We know that with the elder sons of song  
 In honouring whom thou hast delighted still,  
 Thy name shall keep its course to after days.  
 The empty pertness, and the vulgar wrong,  
 The flippant folly, the malicious will,  
 Which have assailed thee, now, or heretofore,  
 Find, soon or late, their proper meed of shame;  
 The more thy triumph, and our pride the more,  
 When witling critics to the world proclaim,  
 In lead, their own dolt incapacity.  
 Matter it is of mirthful memory  
 To think, when thou wert early in the field,  
 How doughtily small Jeffrey ran at thee  
 A-tilt, and broke a bulrush on thy shield.  
 And now, a veteran in the lists of fame,  
 I ween, old Friend! thou art not worse bested  
 When with a maudlin eye and drunken aim,  
 Dulness hath thrown a *jerdan* at thy head.

R. SOUTHEY.

See later a letter to Southey.

'The candle of the Lord.' Job xxix. 3.

'The French heroism.' The July revolution, in which the Bourbons were routed and Louis Philippe placed on the throne.

On 18th September 1830 Hazlitt died.]

## 859. TO SAMUEL ROGERS

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: *5th October (1830).*]

I know not what hath bewitch'd me that I have delayed acknowledging your beautiful present. But I have been very unwell and nervous of late. The poem was not new to me, tho' I have renewed acquaintance with it. Its metre is none of the least of its excellencies. 'Tis so far from the stiffness of blank verse—it gallops like a traveller, as it should do—no crude Miltonisms in [it]. Dare I pick out what most pleases me? It is the middle paragraph in page thirty-four. It is most tasty. Though I look on every impression as a *proof* of your kindness, I am jealous of the ornaments, and should have prized the verses naked on whity-brown paper.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Oct. 5th.

[Rogers had sent Lamb a copy of his *Italy*, with illustrations by Turner and Stothard, which was published by Moxon with other firms in 1830. This is the middle paragraph on page 34:

Here I received from thee, Basilico,  
One of those courtesies so sweet, so rare!  
When, as I rambled thro' thy vineyard-ground  
On the hill-side, thou sent'st thy little son,  
Charged with a bunch almost as big as he,  
To press it on the stranger. May thy vats  
O'erflow, and he, thy willing gift-bearer,  
Live to become a giver; and, at length,  
When thou art full of honour and wouldst rest,  
The staff of thine old age!]

## 860. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

[No date, but probably *Friday, 8th October 1830*, from 34 Southampton Buildings.]

DEAR T.,

I have a rough draft of my proposed will—to be drawn technically (as I will have it done) if you see no objection. I shall be at home after quarter after two (if you call on your way home)

until five, or give me a line. You go from home on Monday, and I want your opinion before I submit to Ryle.

I have writ to Mrs. Dowden to have her money immediately to clear the will from any claims of conscience, for there are no other.

Yours, hoping to *survive* and God blessing you in either case.

C. L.

# 861. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

DR. T.,

[No date: ? October 1830.]

\* Moxon & Knowles are coming to Enfield on Sunday *afternoon*. My poor shaken head cannot at present let me ask any dinner company; for two drinkings in a day, which must ensue, would incapacity me. I am very poorly. They can only get an Edmont<sup>a</sup> stage, from which village 'tis but a 2 miles walk, & I have only *inn beds* to offer. *Pray*, join 'em if you can. Our first morning stage to London is  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8. If that won't suit your avocations, arrange with Ryle (or without him)—but how can I separate him morally?—logically and legally, poetically and critically I can,—from you? No disparagement (for a better Christian exists not)—well arrange *cum* or *absque illo*—this is latin—the first Sunday you can, *morning*.

I am poorly, but I always am on these occasions, a week or two. Then I get sober,—I mean less insober. Yours till death; you are mine *after*. Don't mind a touch of pathos. Love to Mrs. Talfourd.

The Edmonton stages come almost every hour from Snow Hill.

\* Erratum, for M. & K. read K. & M. Booksellers *after* Authors.

[Ryle, as I have already said, was Lamb's executor, with Talfourd. Hence the phrase to Talfourd, 'you are mine *after*.'

## LAMB'S WILL

I Charles Lamb late of the Accountant General's Office East India House now resident at No. 34 Southampton Buildings Holborn London do hereby make my last Will and Testament I devise and bequeath all my property of every kind whatsoever to Thomas Noon Talfourd of the Middle Temple Esquire and Charles Ryle of the East India house Gentleman In trust to be

disposed of by purchase of annuity or annuities or in any other manner at their entire discretion for the sole benefit and use of my sister Mary Ann Lamb provided that if by reason of her advanced age or otherwise it shall not seem expedient to them the said trustees to dispose of the whole of the said property in her lifetime and that after the payment of her just debts and funeral expenses any residue of the said property shall be remaining that then it shall be in the power of the said trustees to dispose of such residue to such purposes as she being of sound mind shall appoint by writing under her own hand provided further that in default of any such appointment then the said trustees after the payment of her debts and funeral expenses shall have power to pay the Residue of the said property to Emma Isola now residing at Fornham All Saints Bury Suffolk or in case that she shall not be living to any child or children that she may have left born in lawful wedlock And I appoint Thomas Noon Talfourd Esquire and Charles Ryle Gentleman aforesaid my Executors as witness my hand this ninth day of October 1830—— Charles Lamb——signed in the presence of——Vincent Rice 3 Ruffords Row Islington.

## 862. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

[P.M. 8th November 1830.]

Tears are for lighter griefs. Man weeps the doom  
That seals a single victim to the tomb.  
But when Death riots, when with whelming sway  
Destruction sweeps a family away;  
When Infancy and Youth, a huddled mass,  
All in an instant to oblivion pass,  
And Parent's hopes are crush'd; what lamentation  
Can reach the depth of such a desolation?  
Look upward, Feeble Ones! look up, and trust  
That He, who lays this mortal frame in dust,  
Still hath the immortal Spirit in His keeping.  
In Jesus' sight they are not dead, but sleeping.

DEAR N.,

Will these lines do? I despair of better. Poor Mary is in a deplorable state here at Enfield.

Love to all,

C. LAMB.

[The four sons and two daughters of John and Ann Rigg, of York, had been drowned in the Ouse. A number of poets were asked for verses, the best to be inscribed on a monument in York Minster. Those of James Montgomery were chosen.

These *Lines for a Monument* were printed in the *Athenæum*, 5th November 1831, and again in *Hunt's Tatler*, 31st December 1831.]

## 863. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MOXON,

November 12, 1830.

I have brought my sister to Enfield, being sure that she had no hope of recovery in London. Her state of mind is deplorable beyond any example. I almost fear whether she has strength at her time of life ever to get out of it. Here she must be nursed, and neither see nor hear of anything in the world out of her sick chamber. The mere hearing that Southey had called at our lodgings totally upset her. Pray see him, or hear of him at Mr. Rickman's, and excuse my not writing to him. I dare not write or receive a letter in her presence; every little task so agitates her. Westwood will receive any letter for me, and give it me privately.

Pray assure Southey of my kindest feelings towards him; and, if you do not see him, send this to him.

Kindest remembrances to your sister, and believe me ever yours,  
C. LAMB.

Remember me kindly to the Allsops.

[Southey was visiting Rickman. I think that 'this' was the following letter to Southey, bearing upon the many slighting references in the reviews of *Album Verses*.]

## 864. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

34 Southampton Buildg's,  
Holborn.

DEAR SOUTHEY,

[No date: Autumn 1830.]

Nothing but some foolish doubts of the practicability of getting a frank has prevented my acknowledging earlier your verses, which are not only the friendliest in the world, but also some of the beautifullest. They found few scars to heal, for I was untouch'd; but a box of right Gilead is a present of price. The impetuosity of poor Moxon conveyed 'em to The Office forthwith on receipt, but he had no means of access to the great Temporal Lord, nor I believe did it enter his noddle—such its present joy—that they would appear *otherwise* than with the initial that crown'd them. For myself, seeing that you are not much vex'd—I can hardly wish that the name had been omitted. It was an

answer (to the world) to something in times past which I wish to be silent upon. I do assure you that M. is very penitent and doleful about the name.

His depressions at the attacks one upon another, as they follow'd the L. G., were a perfect comedy, and would have deceived the wise heart of Solomon to have adjudged the child to its true Father. Again his alternations of t'other passion, when one & another paper took up the cudgels for us, & your CROWN-ING victory (as old Noll has it) discover'd an irritability truly Ultra-Horacensian. Then the Epistles I have had from B. B., of authority, sympathy, and unnecessary condolence, with a packet of Woodbridge and other obscure provincial papers, with a paragraph of his own in 'em of cold comfort in extenuation of the Album verses—I meanwhile sitting in calm and sinless indifference!—You perhaps have not read *all* my Critics. The Monthly Review, of whose present existence I did not dream, seems absolutely to have started out of its winding sheet into a new series at the first alarm of my authorship. Among other proofs of deep reading, it exclaim'd upon the Ode to the Treadmill, that the writer of it seem'd emulous of the Harp of PINDAR—in a blank ignorance of the Pindaric Odes of the last century, of which it had never heard. A Literary *Scotch* Gazette said 'Does Mr. L. hope by trifles of this sort to ASCEND to immortality,' the M. R. (Moxon keeps copies of 'em all, as you'd keep a shaft that had wounded your Grandfather—more for spite than love to it) conceives 'the fastidious eye of Samuel Rogers looking over the Sonnet address to him'—How Rogers took that sonnet, & how all *his* took it, let me copy his letter to shew you. Let Wordsworth, and whoever else is sacred to you, see it—for sweeter family touches never came from pen of a full heart—I need not point out to his friends (only that I may not seem inapprehensive of it myself) the touching way in which he introduced his late brother as HE—and HIM only—no name—Copy

Many many thanks. The verses are beautiful. I need not say with what feelings they were read. Pray accept the grateful acknowledgments of us all, & believe me when I say that nothing could have been a greater cordial to us in our affliction than such a testimony from such a quarter. HE was (for none

knew him so well, we were born within a year or two of each other) a man of a very high mind, & with less disguise than perhaps any that ever lived. Whatever he was, that we saw. He stood before his fellow beings (if I may be forgiven for saying so) almost as before his Maker, & God grant that we may all bear as severe an examination. He was an admirable Scholar. His Dante & his Homer were as familiar to him as his alphabet, & he had the tenderest heart. When a flock of turkies was stolen from his farm, the indignation of the poor far & wide was great & loud. To me he is the greatest loss—for we were nearly of an age—& there is now no human being alive in whose eyes I have been always young! Yours most gratefully, Sam<sup>l</sup> Rogers.——

Was I paid, or not, for the Sonnet?—I must leave this page blank to talk of the Epigram in the next. A third Batch went but was neither in last week's nor this Examiner. The fresh importation which is capital, was sent in today, in the unknown hand exactly in which they were received. Perhaps they have had enough, yet in yesterday's were two by an unknown hand, Leigh Hunt's, I think, not bad—

#### INQUESTS EXTRAORDINARY

1st. Last week a Porter died beneath his burden.

VERDICT. Found carrying a Gazette from J——n.

2d. Same day two Gentlewomen died of vapours.

VERDICT. Hair curl'd with Mr. Jerdan's papers.

[On opposite page.]

However, they have got 'em—& I hope will insert 'em. 'Twas the only arena for them. Water spout falling upon dirty water spout.

I was thinking to advertise for a new rhyme to J——, 'Else the writer would be under the necessity of penning Epigrams in BLANK VERSE'—but enough of this, he won't forget somebodies while his name is a name—The rogue in his last Number his[has] introduced a flattering EULOGY (with some mild reprehension upon some subject) upon Robert Southey.—Does it not cover the person concerned with blushes?



Hone's advertisement I have not seen nor him for some weeks. We are not co-politicians. His Coffee rooms, I hear, prosper. I am at Rickman's 1st old lodgings in town, where I met (?) Porson. I lodged in the Building 31 years ago, & sweet it is to hear the morning cries of 'old cloes' which seem to have been sounding ever since—

May you prove a pseudo-prophet about the Revolution!

I only gape, & cannot see into these millstones!

I will just fill up this with saying, you seem not to know my late history. Last year poor Mary after 12 weeks absence, came home so low spirited & utterly unable to manage, that we sold off furniture & went into board & lodging. We had been warnd to leave the house previously, & *that* hung upon her mind. We boarded & lodg'd 9 months, but were so uncomfortable, that having no incumbrance to move, I thought we would try again old Natural London. But that slight removal overcame her, & she is now in her 9th week of absence (it will be better.) I am ashamed of the frivolous opposite page, but I try to keep off[f] dull thoughts the best I can, & I can bury them a little in this vast town. Adieu C L—

[It seems to have been Moxon who took Southey's verses to the editor of *The Times* (the 'Temporal Lord'). Presumably they were headed 'To C. L.,' and not 'To Charles Lamb.'

The *Literary Gazette*, edited by William Jerdan (1782–1869), a Scotch journalist, had been founded in 1817 by Colburn, who later, dissatisfied with its tone, established the *Athenæum* as a rival. There is no evidence that Jerdan was a spiteful man, and indeed he was a good friend. His paper, however, was malevolent, though in 1836 it gave the new edition of Lamb's poems a favourable notice:

An acceptable republication in a neat form. The gems, it may be, are not all diamonds and precious stones, but the Bristol stones and garnets are extremely pretty, and the best of their kind.

'An irritability truly Ultra-Horacensian.' Horace writes of 'the irritable race of bards,' *Epistles*, II. ii. 102.

Leigh Hunt wrote several epigrams against Jerdan at this time, and Lamb himself wrote certainly one, preserved in the British Museum among papers left by Vincent Novello:

On English ground I calculated once  
How many blockheads—taking dunce by dunce—  
There are four hundred (if I don't forget)—  
The *Readers* of the *Literary Gazette*.

There is also another version.]

## 865. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: ? December 1830.]

Something like this was what I meant. But on reading it over, I see no great fun or use in it. It will only stuff up and encroach upon the sheet you propose. Do as, and *what*, you please. Send Proof, or not, as you like. If you send, send me a copy or 2 of the Album Verses, and the Juvenile Poetry if bound.

I am happy to say Mary is mending, but not enough to give me hopes of being able to leave her. I sadly regret that I shall possibly not see Southey or Wordsworth, but I dare not invite either of them here, for fear of exciting my sister, whose only chance is quiet. You don't know in what a sad state we have been.

I think the Devil may come out without prefaces, but use your discretion.

Make my kindest rememb<sup>ces</sup> to Southey, with my heart's thanks for his kind intent. I am a little easier about my Will, and as Ryle is Executor, and will do all a friend can do at the Office, and what little I leave will buy an annuity to piece out tolerably, I am much easier.

Yours ever

C. L.

To 64 New Bond St.

[I cannot say to what the opening sentences refer; probably an advertisement for *Satan in Search of a Wife* ('the Devil'), which Lamb had just written and Moxon was publishing.

The reference to the Juvenile Poetry suggests that Moxon had procured some of the sheets of the *Poetry for Children* which Godwin brought out in 1809, and was binding up a few. This theory is borne out by the circumstance that after the statement in the letter to Mrs. Norris, later, that the book was not to be had for love or money, Lamb was able to send her a copy or even two.]

## 866. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: Winter 1830.]

One o Clock.

This instant receiv'd, this instant I answer your's—Dr. Cresswell has one copy, which I cannot just now re-demand, because at his desire I have sent a 'Satan' to him, which when he ask'd for, I frankly told him, was imputed a lampoon on HIM!!! I have

sent it him, and cannot, till we come to explanation, go to him or send—

But on the faith of a Gentleman, you shall have it back some day *for another*. The 3 I send. I think 2 of the blunders perfectly immaterial. But your feelings, and I fear *pocket*, is every thing. I have just time to pack this off by the 2 o Clock stage. Yours till we meet

At all events I behave more gentlemanlike than Emma did, in returning the copies.

Yours till we meet—DO COME.

Bring the Sonnets—

Why not publish 'em?—or let another Bookseller?

[There is a good deal of confusion about Moxon's sonnets and the form in which Lamb saw them. He seems to have made some kind of pamphlet issue in 1830 and again in 1835.]

## 867. TO GEORGE DYER

Dec. 20, 1830.

DEAR DYER,

I would have written before to thank you for your kind letter, written with your own hand. It glads us to see your writing. It will give you pleasure to hear that, after so much illness, we are in tolerable health and spirits once more. Miss Isola intended to call upon you after her night's lodging at Miss Buffam's, but found she was too late for the stage. If she comes to town before she goes home, she will not miss paying her respects to Mrs. Dyer and you, to whom she desires best love. Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, has caught the inflammatory fever, the tokens are upon her! and a great fire was blazing last night in the barns and haystacks of a farmer, about half a mile from us. Where will these things end? There is no doubt of its being the work of some ill-disposed rustic; but how is he to be discovered? They go to work in the dark with strange chemical preparations unknown to our forefathers. There is not even a dark lantern to have a chance of detecting these Guy Fauxes. We are past the iron age, and are got into the fiery age, undream'd of by Ovid. You are lucky in Clifford's Inn where, I think, you have few ricks or stacks worth the burning. Pray keep as little corn by you as you can, for fear of the worst.

It was never good times in England since the poor began to speculate upon their condition. Formerly, they jogged on with as little reflection as horses: the whistling ploughman went cheek by jowl with his brother that neighed. Now the biped carries a box of phosphorus in his leather-breeches; and in the dead of night the half-illuminated beast steals his magic potion into a cleft in a barn, and half a country is grinning with new fires. Farmer Graystock said something to the touchy rustic that he did not relish, and he writes his distaste in flames. What a power to intoxicate his crude brains, just muddlingly awake, to perceive that something is wrong in the social system!—what a hellish faculty above gunpowder!

Now the rich and poor are fairly pitted; we shall see who can hang or burn fastest. It is not always revenge that stimulates these kindlings. There is a love of exerting mischief. Think of a disrespected clod that was trod into earth, that was nothing, on a sudden by damned arts refined into an exterminating angel, devouring the fruits of the earth and their growers in a mass of fire! What a new existence!—what a temptation above Lucifer's! Would clod be any thing but a clod, if he could resist it? Why, here was a spectacle last night for a whole country!—a Bonfire visible to London, alarming her guilty towers, and shaking the Monument with an ague fit—all done by a little vial of phosphor in a Clown's fob! How he must grin, and shake his empty noddle in clouds, the Vulcanian Epicure! Can we ring the bells backward? Can we unlearn the arts that pretend to civilize, and then burn the world? There is a march of Science; but who shall beat the drums for its retreat? Who shall persuade the boor that phosphor will not ignite?

Seven goodly stacks of hay, with corn-barns proportionable, lie smoking ashes and chaff, which man and beast would sputter out and reject like those apples of Asphaltes and bitumen. The food for the inhabitants of earth will quickly disappear. Hot rolls may say: 'Fuimus panes, fuit quartern-loaf, et ingens gloria Apple-pasty-orum.' That the good old munching system may last thy time and mine, good un-incendiary George, is the devout prayer of thine,

To the last crust,

CH. LAMB.

[Incendiarism, the result of agricultural distress and in opposition to the competition of the new machinery, was rife in the country at this time.

'Sputter at, etc.' Adapted from *Paradise Lost*, x. 566.

'Fuimus panes, etc.': We loaves have had our day, etc. From *Æneid*, ii. 325:

Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum.

No more are we Trojans; Ilium and the great glory of the Teucrians are no more.]

### 868. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 3rd February 1831.]

DEAR MOXON,

The snows are ancle deep slush and mire, that 'tis hard to get to the post office, and cruel to send the maid out. 'Tis a slough of despair, or I should sooner have thankd you for your offer of the *Life*, which we shall very much like to have, and will return duly. I do not know when I shall be in town, but in a week or two at farthest, when I will come as far as you if I can. We are moped to death with confinement within doors.

I send you a curiosity of G. Dyer's tender-conscience. Between 30 and 40 years since, G. published the *Poet's Fate*, in which were two very harmless lines about Mr. Rogers, but Mr. R. not quite approving of them, they were left out in a subsequent edition, 1801. But G. has been worrying about them ever since; if I have heard him once, I have heard him a hundred times express a remorse proportiond to a consciousness of having been guilty of an atrocious libel. As the devil would have it, a fool they call *Barker*, in his *Parriana* has quoted the identical two lines as they stood in some obscure edition anterior to 1801, and the withers of poor G. are again wrung. His letter is a gem—with his poor blind eyes it has been laboured out at six sittings. The history of the couplet is in page 3 of this irregular production, in which every variety of shape and size that Letters can be twisted into, is to be found. Do shew *his* part of it to Mr. R. some day. If he has bowels, they must melt at the contrition so queerly character'd of a contrite sinner. G. was born I verily think without original sin, but chuses to have a conscience, as every Christian Gentleman should have. His dear old face is insusceptible of the twist they call a sneer, yet he is apprehensive of being suspected of that ugly

appearance. When he makes a compliment, he thinks he has given an affront. A name is personality. But shew (no hurry) this unique recantation to Mr. R. 'Tis like a dirty pocket handkerchief muck'd with tears of some indigent Magdalen. There is the impress of sincerity in every pot-hook and hanger. And then the gilt frame to such a pauper picture! It should go into the Museum.

I am heartily sorry my Devil does not answer. We must try it a little longer, and after all I think I must insist on taking a portion of the loss upon myself. It is too much you should lose by two adventures. You do not say how your general business goes on, and I should very much like to talk over it with you here. Come when the weather will possibly let you. I want to see the Wordsworths, but I do not much like to be all night away. It is dull enough to be here together, but it is duller to leave Mary; in short it is painful, and in a flying visit I should hardly catch them. I have no beds for them, if they came down and but a sort of a house to receive them in, yet I shall regret their departure unseen. I feel cramped and straiten'd every way. Where are they?

We have heard from Emma but once, and that a month ago, and are very anxious for another letter.

You say we have forgot your powers of being serviceable to us. *That* we never shall. I do not know what I should do without you when I want a little commission. Now then. There are left at Miss Buffam's, the *Tales of the Castle*, and certain vols. *Retrospective Review*. The first should be convey'd to Novello's, and the Reviews should be taken to Talfourd's office, ground floor, East side, Elm Court, Middle Temple, to whom I should have written, but my spirits are wretched. It is quite an effort to write this. So, with the *Life*, I have cut you out 3 Pieces of service. What can I do for you here, but hope to see you very soon, and think of you with most kindness. I fear tomorrow, between rains and snows, it would be impossible to expect you, but do not let a practicable Sunday pass. We are always at home!

Mary joins in remembrances to your sister, whom we hope to see in any fine-ish weather, when she'll venture.

Remember us to Allsop, and all the dead people—to whom, and to London, we seem dead.

['The *Life*.' The *Life* which every one was then reading was Moore's *Life of Byron*.

'George Dyer's.' The explanation is that years before, in his *Poems*, 1801, Dyer had written, in a piece called 'The Poet's Fate':

And Rogers, if he shares the town's regard,  
Was first a banker ere he rose a bard.

In the second edition Dyer substituted Erasmus Darwin, author of *The Love of the Plants*, for Rogers, and made it:

And Darwin, if he share the town's regard,  
Was first a doctor ere he rose a bard.

Lamb notes the alteration in his copy of the second edition, now in the British Museum. In 1828-9 appeared *Parriana*, by Edmund Henry Barker, which quoted the couplet in its original form, to Dyer's distress.

'The gilt frame.' Dyer used gilt-edged paper for his letter.

*Tales of the Castle*. By Madame de Genlis. Translated by Thomas Holcroft.]

## 869. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: 1831.]

I think I cannot keep myself up to the work (friendship is a spur, but gain is sweet) under Colburn's price, a guinea a page. If your Mag. can afford that, I think I can go to it with spirit. I will agree to go on till Xmas. at that rate, provided this, that if you shall give it up then and *not commence a new year*, [and] shall have lost by it, in that case you shall consider my contributions as friendly, and in the case of your so dropping it *only*, they shall go for *nothing*. If you don't come out on Sunday, I shall think you have given up green Enfield.

[Moxon was about to acquire the *Englishman's Magazine*, and Lamb was to contribute.]

## 870. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

[P.M. 7th February 1831.]

I sincerely hope that you are relieved by this time from every effect of that nasty spasm. Pray, order me a Part monthly at Tegg's, because you have too much on your hands to think of sending it regularly. N.B. I do not like it *weekly*. It goes on *as good as ever*. I have swept out of my Study four copies of verses, never yet in print. The *longest* of them if you scruple printing, return to me, as I have no copy. Can I serve the Book?

My very kindest rememb<sup>ces</sup> to all at home, & pray assure Moxhay, I have not lost sight of his friendship. Mary & I are well, but dull.

Yours & his ever

C L

could you send *the* No. in which Aders' verses are, to him,  
11 Euston Square Pancras?

Mr. Hone, Coffee House, 13 Gracechurch Street, London.

[Hone had begun the *Year Book* with 1st January 1831, but I find nothing by Lamb until 21st February, when there is a reference to *Mrs. Leicester's School*, and the early poem, *The Sabbath Bells*, is quoted. The lines *To C. Aders, Esq.*, on *his Collection of Paintings of the old German Masters* appears under 19th March. They will be found in my edition of the *Works*. Under 29th August, the anniversary of the beheading of John the Baptist, Mary Lamb's lines on Salome are printed, but are attributed to her brother. Under 18th November was printed the sonnet by John Clare (see letter dated 31st August 1822).

Finally, under 30th December Hone printed, for the first time, Lamb's lines to Louisa Martin called *The Change*, which will be found in my edition of the *Works*. It looks then as if the other copies of verses to which he alludes were either sent elsewhere—perhaps to the *Athenæum*—or not printed at all.]

# 871. TO GEORGE DYER

Feb. 22nd, 1831.

DEAR DYER,

Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Rogers's friends, are perfectly assured, that you never intended any harm by an innocent couplet, and that in the revivification of it by blundering Barker you had no hand whatever. To imagine that, at this time of day, Rogers broods over a fantastic expression of more than thirty years' standing, would be to suppose him indulging his pleasures of memory with a vengeance. You never penn'd a line which for its own sake you need, dying, wish to blot. You mistake your heart if you think you *can* write a lampoon. Your whips are rods of roses. Your spleen has ever had for its objects vices, not the vitious; abstract offences, not the concrete sinner. But you are sensitive; and wince as much at the consciousness of having committed a compliment, as another man would at the perpetration of an affront. But do not lug me into the same soreness of conscience with yourself. I maintain, and will to the last hour, that I never writ of you but *con amore*. That if any allusion was made



to your near sightedness, it was not for the purpose of mocking an infirmity, but of connecting it with scholar-like habits; for is it not erudite and scholarly to be somewhat near of sight, before age naturally brings on the malady? You could not *then* plead the *obrepens senectus*. Did I not moreover make it an apology for a certain *absence*, which some of your friends may have experienced, when you have not on a sudden made recognition of them in a casual street-meeting? and did I not strengthen your excuse for this slowness of recognition by further accounting morally for the present engagement of your mind in worthy objects? Did I not, in your person, make the handsomest apology for absent-of-mind people that was ever made? If these things be not so, I never knew what I wrote, or meant by my writing, and have been penning libels all my life without being aware of it. Does it follow that I should have exprest myself exactly in the same way of those dear old eyes of yours *now*, now that Father Time has conspired with a hard task-master to put a last extinguisher upon them? I should as soon have insulted the Answerer of Salmasius, when he awoke up from his ended task, and saw no more with mortal vision. But you are many films removed yet from Milton's calamity. You write perfectly intelligibly. Marry, the Letters are not all of the same size or tallness; but that only shows your proficiency in the *hands*, text, german hand, court-hand, sometimes Law hand, and affords variety. You pen better than you did a twelvemonth ago, and if you continue to improve, you bid fair to win the golden pen which is the prize of your young Gentlemen's academy. But you must beware of Valpy, and his printing house, that hazy cave of Trophonius, out of which it was a mercy that you escaped with a glimmer. Beware of M.S.S.—and *Variae Lectiones*. Settle the text for once in your mind, and stick to it. You have some years' good sight in you yet, if you do not tamper with it. It is not for you (for *us* I should say) to go poring into Greek contractions, and star-gazing upon slim Hebrew points. We have yet the sight

—of sun, and moon, and star, throughout the year,  
And man and woman—

you have vision enough to discern Mrs. Dyer from the other comely Gentlewoman who lives up at staircase No. 5; or if you

should make a blunder in the twilight, Mrs. Dyer has too much good sense to be jealous for a mere effect of imperfect optics. But d'ont try to write the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, in the compass of a half-penny; nor run after a midge, or a mote, to catch it, and leave off hunting for needles in bushels of hay—for all these things strain the eyes. By the way, Mrs. Dyer seems to have misled you respecting the price of bread and flour. Perhaps she may have her family reasons for it. So this is all *entrè nous*. She may not always make her accounts right at the end of the week, and then she says *things are dearer*. They tell me, loaves have *not* risen; and there is moreover a considerable reduction in starch and powder blue. As Agamemnon counsels Ulysses in the Odysee, Penelope was a good housewife in the main, but she might be trusted too far. It is as well to look into these things yourself. But then again, those baker's bills are in such a *small hand*. I believe you must go on trusting her. The snow is six feet deep in some parts here. I must put on jack boots to get at the post office with this. It is not good for weak eyes to pore upon snow too much. It lies in drifts. I wonder what its drift is, only that it makes good pancakes, remind Mrs. Dyer. It turns a pretty green world into a white one. It glares too much for an innocent colour, methinks. I wonder why you think I dislike gilt edges. They set off a Letter marvellously. Yours for instance looks for all the world like a tablet of curious *hieroglyphics* in a gold frame. But d'ont go and lay this to your eyes. You always wrote hieroglyphically, yet not to come up to the mystical notations and conjuring characters of Dr. Parr. You never wrote what I call a schoolmaster's hand, like Clarke; nor a woman's hand, like Southey; nor a Missal hand, like Porson: nor an all-of-the-wrong-side-sloping hand, like Miss Hayes; nor a dogmatic Mede-and-Persian, peremptory hand, like Rickman; but you ever wrote what I call a Grecian's hand—what the Grecians write (or used) at Christs Hospital; such as Whalley would have admired, and Boyer have applauded, but Smith or Atwood (writing masters) would have horsed you for. Your boy-of-genius hand and your mercantile hand are various. By your flourishes, I should think you never learn'd to make eagles or corkscrews, or flourish the governors' names in the writing school; and by the tenor and cut of your Letters I

suspect you were never in it at all. By the length of this scrawl you will think I have a design upon your optics; but I have writ as large as I could, out of respect to them, too large, indeed, for beauty. Mine is a sort of deputy Grecians hand, a little better, and more of a worldly hand than a Grecian's, but still remote from the mercantile. I d'ont know how it is, but I keep my rank in fancy still since school-days. I can never forget I was a deputy Grecian! And writing to you, or to Coleridge, besides affection, I feel a reverential deference as to Grecians still—I keep my soaring way above the Great Erasmians yet far beneath the other: Alas! what am I now? what is a Leadenhall clerk, or India pensioner, to a deputy Grecian? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! Just room for our loves to Mrs. D., Miss Mather &c. and don't let the former see this.

C. LAMB.

[From Lord Crewe's original.

'You never penned a line,' etc. From Lyttelton, Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus*.

'I never writ of you but *con amore*.' Lamb refers particularly to the *Elia* essay 'Oxford in the Vacation' in the *London Magazine*, where G. D.'s absence of mind and simplicity of character were dwelt upon more intimately than Dyer liked.

Dyer was gradually going blind.

'*Obrepens senectus*': Old age creeping on.

'The Answerer of Salmasius.' Milton.

'Valpy.' George Dyer had written many notes for Valpy's series of classics.

'Cave of Trophonius.' An oracle with a narrow entrance, at which inquirers were pulled in and violently ejected.

'Comely' Mrs. Dyer. But in a letter to Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. D. had been 'plain'!

Dyer had been a Grecian before Lamb was born. Clarke would be Charles Cowden Clarke, with whose father Dyer had been an usher. Miss Hayes we have met. The Rev. Peter Whalley was Upper Grammar Master in Dyer's day; Boyer, Lamb's and Coleridge's master, succeeded him in 1776.

Lamb had never become a Grecian, having an impediment in his speech which made it impossible that he should take orders, the natural fate of Grecians, with profit. At Christ's Hospital the order of the Grammar School forms was, and is, Grecians, Deputy Grecians, Great Erasmus, Little Erasmus.

Writing to Coleridge at this time poor Dyer says:

I am incapable of Anger or resentment—but could I suppose it possible for me to be *affronted* by the Trifle, to which you allude, and which had totally escaped my memory, I should sink still lower in my own estimation than I have already done,—and that would be low indeed!

## 872. TO PETER GEORGE PATMORE

April 10, 1831.

Nature never wrote KNAVE upon a face more legible than upon that fellow's—'Coal-burn him in Beelzebub's deepest pit.'—I can promise little help if you mean literary, when I reflect that for 5 years I have been feeling the necessity of scribbling but have never found the power. Moxon is my go between, call on *him*, 63 New Bond St. he is a very good fellow & the bookseller is not yet burn'd into him. I have writ to Rogers, & you, or I, I suppose shall soon hear from him.

Kindest rememb<sup>ces</sup> of both to Mrs. Patmore

P.S. I am quite out of all way of influential effort upon any great people, save R—.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Major Butterworth gives me the following notes from the *Observer* (date not noted): "The wittiest description of an unattractive countenance I can remember is Quin's comment on his fellow actor Macklin: 'If God writes a legible hand,' he said, 'that man is a villain.'"

'Then from Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*: "If that fellow be not a rogue, God Almighty doth not write a legible hand," which is said to be the remark of Quin, the player, "on taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow comedian."

'Also *Tristram Shandy*: "Nature had wrote *Gentleman* with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance."

'Lamb (Major Butterworth thinks) combined the last with Quin's remark, which he probably got from Fielding.'

Henry Colburn, who had been Lamb's employer on the *New Monthly Magazine*, seems to have been behaving badly.]

## 873. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE (?)

13 April, 1831.

DEAR C.,

I am *daily* for this week expecting Wordsworth, who will not name a day. I have been expecting him by months and by weeks; but he has reduced the hope within the seven fractions hebdomidal of this hebdoma. Therefore I am sorry I cannot see you on Thursday. I think within a week or two I shall be able to invite myself some day for a day, but we hermits with difficulty poke out of our shells. Within that ostraceous retirement I meditate not unfrequently on you. My sister's kindest remembrances to you both.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Ainger assumes this to have been addressed to Cary. Hazlitt thinks Coleridge. I think neither of these. Lamb always addressed Cary as "Dear Sir," as late as September 1833, and the message to "you both" is unsuitable either for him or for S. T. C., whereas it would be quite usual for C. C. C. and his wife Victoria. I think, therefore, that the letter was most probably addressed to Cowden Clarke, in answer to an invitation.'

## 874. TO BERNARD BARTON

April 30, 1831.

VIR BONE!

Recepi literas tuas amicissimas, et in mentem venit responsuro mihi, vel raro, vel nunquam, inter nos intercedisse Latinam linguam, organum rescribendi, loquendive. Epistolæ tuæ, Plinianis elegantius (supra quod TREMULO deceat) refertæ, tam a verbis Plinianis adeo abhorrent, ut ne vocem quamquam (Romanam scilicet) habere videaris, quam 'ad canem,' ut aiunt, 'rejectare possis.' Forsan desuetudo Latinissandi ad vernaculam linguam usitandam, plusquam opus sit, coegit. Per adagia quædam nota, et in ore omnium pervulgata, ad Latinitatis perditæ recuperationem revocare te institui.

Felis in abaco est, et ægrè videt.

Omne quod splendet nequaquam aurum putes.

Imponas equo mendicum, equitabit idem ad diabolum.

Fur commodè a fure prenditur.

O MARIA, MARIA, valdè CONTRARIA, quomodo crescit hortulus tuus?

Nunc majora canamus.

Thomas, Thomas, de Islington, uxorem duxit die nuperâ Dominicâ. Reduxit domum posterâ. Succedenti baculum emit. Postridiè ferit illam. Ægrescit illa subsequenti. Proximâ (nempe Veneris) est Mortua. Plurimum gestiit Thomas, quòd appropinquanti Sabbato efferenda sit.

Horner quidam Johannulus in angulo sedebat, artocreas quasdam deglutiens. Inseruit pollices, pruna varia evellens, et magnâ voce exclamavit 'Dii boni, quàm bonus puer fio!'

Diddle-diddle-dumkins! meus unicus filius Johannes cubitum ivit, integris braccis, caligâ unâ tantum, indutus. Diddle-diddle, etc. DA CAPO.

Hic adsum saltans Joannula. Cum nemo adsit mihi, semper resto sola.

Ænigma mihi hoc solvas, et Cædipus fies.

Quâ ratione assimilandus sit equus TREMULO?

Quippe cui tota communicatio sit per HAY et NEIGH, juxta consilium illud Dominicum, 'Fiat omnis communicatio vestra YEA et NAY.'

In his nugis caram diem consumo, dum invigilo valetudini carioris nostræ Emmæ, quæ apud nos jamdudum ægrotat. Salvere vos jubet mecum Maria mea, ipsa integrâ valetudine.

ELIA.

Ab agro Enfeldiense datum, Aprilis nescio quibus Calendis—Davus sum, non Calendarius.

P.S.—Perdita in toto est Billa Reformatura.

[Mr. Stephen Gwynn gives me the following translation:

GOOD SIR, I have received your most kind letter, and it entered my mind as I began to reply, that the Latin tongue has seldom or never been used between us as the instrument of converse or correspondence. Your letters, filled with Plinian elegancies (more than becomes a Quaker), are so alien to Pliny's language, that you seem not to have a word (that is, a Roman word) to throw, as the saying is, to a dog. Perchance the disuse of Latinizing had constrained you more than is right to the use of the vernacular. I have determined to recall you to the recovery of your lost Latinity by certain well-known adages common in all mouths.

The cat's in the cupboard and she can't see.

All that glitters is not gold.

Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the Devil.

Set a thief to catch a thief.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

Now let us sing of weightier matters.

Tom, Tom, of Islington, wed a wife on Sunday. He brought her home on Monday. Bought a stick on Tuesday. Beat her well on Wednesday. She was sick on Thursday. Dead on Friday. Tom was glad on Saturday night to bury his wife on Sunday.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie. He put in his thumb and drew out a plum, and cried 'Good Heavens, what a good boy am I!'

Diddle, diddle, dumkins! my son John Went to bed with his breeches on; One shoe off and the other shoe on, Diddle, diddle, etc. (*Da capo.*)

Here am I, jumping Joan. When no one's by, I'm all alone.

Solve me this enigma, and you shall be an Œdipus.

Why is a horse like a Quaker?

Because all his communication is by Hay and Neigh, after the Lord's counsel,  
'Let all your communication be Yea and Nay.'

In these trifles I waste the precious day, while watching over the health of  
our more precious Emma, who has been sick in our house this long time.  
My Mary sends you greeting with me, she herself in sound health.

Given from the Enfield country seat, on I know not what Calends of April—  
I am Davus, not an Almanac.

P.S.—The Reform Bill is lost altogether.

Œdipus solved the riddle of the Sphinx.

Davus is the servant in the *Andria* of Terence (I. ii. 24): 'Davus sum, non Œdipus.'

The Reform Bill was introduced on 1st March 1831, by Lord John Russell; the second reading was carried on 22nd March by a majority of one. On its commitment on 19th April there was a majority of eight against the Government. Four days later the Government was again defeated by twenty-two, and Parliament was dissolved. But later, of course, the Reform Bill was passed.]

### 875. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

[Dated at end: 6th May 1831.]

Assidens est mihi bona soror, Euripiden evolvens, donum  
vestrum, carissime Cary, pro quo gratias agimus, lecturi atque  
iterum lecturi idem. Pergratus est liber ambobus, nempe  
'Sacerdotis Commiserationis,' sacrum opus a te ipso Humanis-  
simæ Religionis Sacerdote dono datum. Lachrymantes gavisuri  
sumus; est ubi dolor fiat voluptas; nec semper dulce mihi est  
ridere; aliquando commutandum est he! he! he! cum heu!  
heu! heu!

A Musis Tragicis me non penitus abhorruisse testis sit Carmen  
Calamitosum, nescio quo autore linguâ prius vernaculâ scriptum,  
et nuperrimè a me ipso Latine versum, scilicet, 'Tom Tom of  
Islington.' Tenuistine?

Thomas Thomas de Islington,  
Uxorem duxit Die quâdam Solis,  
Abduxit domum sequenti die,  
Emit baculum subsequenti,  
Vapulat illa posterâ,  
Ægrotat succedenti, Mortua fit crastinâ.

Et miro gaudio afficitur Thomas luce posterâ quod subsequenti  
(nempe, Dominicâ) uxor sit efferenda.

En Iliades Domesticas!  
En circulum calamitatum!  
Planè hebdomadalem tragediam.

I nunc et confer Euripiden vestrum his luctibus, hâc morte  
uxoriâ; confer Alcesten! Hecuben! quasnon antiquas Heroinas  
Dolorosas.

Suffundor genas lachrymis, tantas strages revolvens. Quid  
restat nisi quod Tecum Tuam Caram salutamus ambosque valere  
jubeamus, nosmet ipsi bene valentes. ELIA.

Datum ab agro Enfeldiensi, Maii die sextâ, 1831.

[Mr. Stephen Gwynn gives me the following translation:

Sitting by me is my good sister, turning over Euripides, your gift, dear  
Cary [a pun here, 'carissime Cary'], for which we thank you, and will read and  
re-read it. Most acceptable to both of us is this book of 'Pity's Priest,' a  
sacred work of your bestowing, yourself a priest of the most humane Religion.  
We shall take our pleasure weeping; there are times when pain turns pleasure,  
and I would not always be laughing: sometimes there should be a change—  
*heu heu ! for he ! he !*

That I have not wholly shrunk from the Tragic Muses, witness this Lament-  
able Ballad, first written in the vernacular by I know not what author and lately  
by myself put into Latin, to wit, 'Tom Tom of Islington.' Do you remember it?  
(See translation of preceding letter.)

And Thomas is possessed with a wondrous joy on the following morning,  
because on the next day, that is, Sunday, his wife must be buried.

Lo, your domestic Iliads!  
Lo, the wheel of calamities!  
The true tragedy of a week.

Go to now, compare your Euripides with these sorrows, this death of a wife!  
Compare Alcestis! Hecuba! or what not other sorrowing heroines of antiquity.

My cheeks are tear-bedewed as I revolve such slaughter. What more to say,  
but to salute you, Cary, and your Cara, and wish you health, ourselves enjoying it.

In *Mary and Charles Lamb*, 1874, by W. C. Hazlitt, in the Catalogue of  
Charles Lamb's Library, for sale by Bartlett and Welford, New York, is this  
item: '*Euripidis Tragedia, interp. Lat.* 8vo. Oxonii, 1821. "C. and M. Lamb,  
from H. F. Cary," on flyleaf.' This must be the book referred to. Euripides  
has been called the priest of pity.]



## 876. TO THE REV. DR. CRESSWELL

DEAR SIR,

[Undated, but probably *Spring or Summer 1831.*]

I have contrived an Acrostic, and submit it to you, instead of that unlucky sonnet. Pray, make use of all your interest with Mrs. Cresswell to contrive how to take out that 'tarnish'd' leaf from the album. Could not Smartt do it, combining at once a Bookbinder's experience, & a surgical hand? Might not Asbury or Miller be call'd in? The verses are poor, but acrostics plead in forma pauperis from their nature. Whatever they are, they, or a *third* experiment, are at the service of your very kindly natured friend.—

C. L.

## ACROSTIC

Sacred be thy leaves, fair Book  
 And forbid all thoughts unholy.  
 Reader, in this album look  
 As in a garden planted wholly  
 Here, or there, with Lily flowers.  
 The pride of maids in maiden bowers—  
 High conceits, and generous fancies,  
 On this stage enact romances.  
 Mirth, at times, come in between,  
 And diversify the scene;  
 Sportive jest, and wit's gay dances.

Rev'd. Dr. Cresswell.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'At first I assigned it to early summer 1830, because Lamb started in the acrostic line in April of that year, at the instigation of Mrs. Williams. But I have now seen an album of Mrs. Cresswell's, in which Lamb has written what is evidently the original draft of his *Cheap Gifts* sonnet, since the actual little painting, hidden by the "tarnish'd flower," is attached to the page. This explains Lamb's putting "tarnish'd" in inverted commas. He had probably copied the same sonnet into Miss Thomas's album, and made a blot or smudge. It also shows that the letter was almost certainly written in 1831 (probably May or June) because Mrs. Cresswell received the album in that year, and most of the contributions bear that date.'

Lamb's sonnet for Mrs. Cresswell's album exists in facsimile, torn, I suppose, from the book. The contribution runs thus:

In a leaf of an old Quarto, the 'Lives of the Saints in Spanish by the learned and reverend father Alfonso Villegas, Divine, of the Order of St. Dominick, set forth in English by John Heigham, Anno 1630,' bought at a Catholic

Book Shop in Duke Street, Lincolns Inn Fields, I found, carefully inserted, a painted Flower, seemingly co-eval with the Book itself; and did not for some time discover, that it opened in the middle, and was the cover to a very humble Draught of a St. Anne, with the Virgin and Child, doubtless the performance of some poor, but pious, Catholic, whose meditations it assisted.

C. LAMB.

(*Here there is a picture of a little flower entitled 'S. Anna.'*)

O lift with reverent hand that tarnish'd flower,  
That shrines beneath her modest canopy,  
Memorials dear to Romish piety,  
Dim specks—rude shapes—of Saints! in fervent hour  
The work perchance of some meek Devotee  
Who, poor in worldly treasures to set forth  
The Sanctities she worship't to their worth,  
In this imperfect tracery might see  
Hints, that all Heaven did to her sense reveal.—  
Cheap gifts best fit poor givers. We are told  
Of the lone Mite—the Cup of Water cold—  
That in their way approved the offerer's zeal.  
True love shews costliest, where the means are scant;  
And, in her reckoning, they 'abound, who want.'

Under the title *Cheap Gifts* the poem appeared in the *Athenæum* for 15th February 1834.

Lamb's second acrostic for Sarah Thomas, to replace the one she did not like, runs thus:

Sarah, blest wife of 'Terah's faithful Son,'  
After a race of years with goodness run,  
Regardless heard the promised miracle,  
And mocked the blessing as impossible.  
How weak is Faith!—even He, the most sincere,

Thomas, to his meek Master not least dear,  
Holy, and blameless, yet refused assent  
Of full belief, until he could content  
Mere human senses. In your piety,  
As you are *one in name*, industriously  
So copy them: but *shun* their weak part—*Incredulity*.

'Terah's faithful son.' From Milton's *Paraphrase on Psalm cxiv*.

Bound up with the original letter and acrostic is the galley-proof of a letter from Mr. H. K. Trotman, giving some account of his mother, the Sarah Thomas in question. She was the only daughter of the Rev. Anthony Keighley Thomas, who was stationed for some time at Woolwich as Chaplain to the Forces there. Mr. Trotman does not mention how his mother came to be friends with the Cresswells, but he remembers her often 'speaking with rapture of Charles Lamb.']

## 877. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[P.M. 6th June 1831.]

DEAR ALSOP,

Send me our account, at all events be sure & send me your bill against the Westwoods; I wish to have both, but 'specially the latter. Show me you can be punctual.

With best loves to Mrs. Alsop, & hopes that you got home comfortably.

Yours CL

I want the accot. that when you come again, we may have no business (pronounced *bissnis*) to do.

## 878. TO THOMAS WILDE

[? June 1831.]

Have you returned from Newark? Some of M. Burney's friends *are very anxious to hear of him*. Martin seems to have vanished utterly.

To: Mr. Serjeant Wilde, Highfield House, Derby, *Newark*.

[Wilde was elected for Newark in May 1831, so I think this is the most likely date. Lamb is said to have written some squibs in his favour.

Here may come an undated scrap to Mrs. Wilde. It accompanied a copy of *Album Verses*.]

## 879. TO MRS. THOMAS WILDE

I beg your acceptance of a little volume, in which I would not refuse myself the pleasure of having your Initial in the Second Page. With kindest respects to the Serjeant.

## 880. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 14th July 1831.]

Collier's Book would be right acceptable. And also a sixth vol. just publish'd of Nichols's *Illustrations of the Literary History of 18th Century*. I agree with you, and do yet *not*

*disagree* with W. W., as to H. It rejoiced my heart to read his friendly spirited mention of your publications. It might be a drawback to my pleasure that he has tried to decry my 'Nicky,' but on deliberate re- and reperusal of his censure I cannot in the remotest degree understand what he means to say. He and I used to dispute about Hell Eternities, I taking the affirmative. I love to puzzle atheists, and—parsons. I fancy it runs in his head, that I meant to rivet the idea of a personal devil. Then about the glorious three days! there was never a year or day in my past life, since I was pen-worthy, that I should not have written precisely as I have. Logic and modesty are not among H.'s virtues.

Talfourd flatters me upon a poem which 'nobody but I could have written,' but which I have neither seen nor heard of—'The Banquet,' or 'Banqueting Something,' that has appeared in *The Tatler*. Know you of it? How capitally the Frenchman has analysed Satan! I was hinder'd, or I was about doing the same thing in English, for him to put into French, as I prosified Hood's midsummer fairies. The garden of *cabbage* escap'd him, he turns it into a garden of pot herbs. So local allusions perish in translation. About 8 days before you told me of R.'s interview with the Premier, I, at the desire of Badams, wrote a letter to him (Badams) in the most moving terms setting forth the age, infirmities &c. of Coleridge. This letter was convey'd to [by] B. to his friend Mr. Ellice of the Treasury, Brother in Law to Lord Grey, who immediately pass'd it on [to] Lord Grey, who assured him of immediate relief by a grant on the King's Bounty, which news E. communicated to B. with a desire to confer with me on the subject, on which I went up to THE Treasury (yesterday fortnight) and was received by the Great Man with the utmost cordiality, (shook hands with me coming and going) a fine hearty Gentleman, and, as seeming willing to relieve any anxiety from me, promised me an answer thro' Badams in 2 or 3 days at furthest. Meantime Gilman's extraordinary insolent letter comes out in the Times! As to *my* acquiescing in this strange step, I told Mr. Ellice (who expressly said that the thing was renewable three-yearly) that I consider'd such a grant as almost equivalent to the lost pension, as from C.'s appearance and the representations of the Gilmans, I scarce could think C.'s life

worth 2 years' purchase. I did not know that the Chancellor had been previously applied to. Well, after seeing Ellice I wrote in the most urgent manner to the Gilmans, insisting on an immediate letter of acknowledgment from Coleridge, or them *in his name* to Badams, who not knowing C. had come forward so disinterestedly amidst his complicated illnesses and embarrassments, to *use up* an interest, which he may so well need, in favor of a stranger; and from that day not a letter has B. or even myself, received from Highgate, unless *that publish'd one in the Times is meant as a general answer to all the friends who have stirr'd to do C. service!* Poor C. is not to blame, for he is in leading strings.—I particularly wish you would read this part of my note to Mr. Rogers.

Now for home matters—Our next 2 Sundays will be choked up with all the Sugdens. The third will be free, when we hope you will show your sister the way to Enfield and leave her with us for a few days. In the mean while, could you not run down some week day (afternoon, say) and sleep at the Horse Shoe? I want to have my 2d vol. Elias bound Specimen fashion, and to consult you about 'em. Kenney has just assured me, that he has just touch'd £100 from the theatre; you are a damn'd fool if you dont exact your Tythe of him, and with that assurance I rest

Your Brother fool

C. L.

[Collier's book would be his *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, 1831. Nichols's *Illustrations* had been begun by John Nichols, and six volumes were published between 1817 and 1831. It was completed in two more volumes by his son, John Bowyer Nichols, in 1848 and 1858.

'H.' Leigh Hunt. We do not know what W. W., presumably Wordsworth, had to say of him; but this is how Hunt had referred to Moxon's publications and Lamb's *Satan in Search of a Wife* in the *Tatler* for 4th June 1831, the occasion being a review of *Selections from Wordsworth* for schools:

Mr. Moxon has begun his career as a bookseller in singularly high taste. He has no connection but with the select of the earth. The least thing he does, is to give us a dandy poem, suitable to Bond Street, and not without wit. We allude to the Byronian brochure, entitled *Mischief*. But this is a mere condescension to the elegance of the street he lives in. Mr. Moxon commenced with some of the primæval delicacies of *Charles Lamb*. He then astonished us with Mr. Rogers's poems on *Italy*. . . . Of some of these publications we have already spoken,—Mr. Lamb's *Album Verses* among them. And why (the reader may ask) not have noticed his *Satan in Search of a Wife*? Because, to say the truth, we did not think it worthy of him. We rejoice

in Mr. Lamb's accession to the good cause advocated by Sterne and Burns, refreshed by the wholesome mirth of Mr. Moncrieff, and finally carried (like a number of other astonished humanities, who little thought of the matter, and are not all sensible of it now) on the triumphant shoulders of the Glorious Three Days. But Mr. Lamb, in the extreme sympathy of his delight, has taken for granted, that everything that can be uttered on the subject will be held to be worth uttering, purely for its own sake, and because it could not well have been said twelve months ago. He merges himself, out of the pure transport of his good will, into the joyous commonplaces of others; just as if he had joined a great set of children in tossing over some mighty bowl of snap-dragon, too scalding to bear; and thought that nothing could be so good as to echo their 'hurrahs!' Furthermore, we fear that some of his old friends, on the wrong side of the *House*, would think a little of his merriment profane: though for our parts, if we are certain of anything in this world, it is that nothing can be more Christian.

'The Banquet.' I cannot find this poem. It is, I think, not in the *Tatler*.

'How capitally the Frenchman . . .' I cannot find any French paraphrase of *Satan in Search of a Wife*, nor has a search at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris revealed one.

'R.'s interview with the Premier.' R. would be Rogers. Perhaps the best explanation of this portion of Lamb's letter is the following passage from Mr. Dykes Campbell's memoir of Coleridge:

On 26th June 1830 died George IV, and with him died the pensions of the Royal Associates. Apparently they did not find this out until the following year. In the *Englishman's Magazine* for June 1831 attention was directed to the fact that 'intimation had been given to Mr. Coleridge and his brother Associates that they must expect their allowances "very shortly" to cease'—the allowances having been a personal bounty of the late king. On 3rd June 1831 Gillman wrote a letter to *The Times*, 'in consequence of a paragraph which appeared in *The Times* of this day.' He states that on the sudden suppression of the honorarium, representations on Coleridge's behalf were made to Lord Brougham, with the result that the Treasury (Lord Grey) offered a private grant of £200, which Coleridge 'had felt it his duty most respectfully to decline.' Stuart, however, wrote to King William's son, the Earl of Munster, pointing out the hardship entailed on Coleridge, 'who is old and infirm, and without other means of subsistence.' He begs the earl to lay the matter before his royal father. To this a reply came, excusing the king on account of his 'very reduced income,' but promising that the matter shall be laid before His Majesty. To these letters, which are printed in *Letters from the Lake Poets* (pages 319–22), the following note is appended: 'The annuity . . . was not renewed, but a sum of £300 was ultimately handed over to Coleridge by the Treasury.' Even apart from this bounty, Coleridge was not a sufferer by the withdrawal of the king's pension, for Frere made it up to him annually.

It is interesting to know that Lamb played so useful and characteristic a part in this matter.

'2nd vol. Elias.' Lamb and Moxon were beginning to think of the second series, but it was not published until 1833.

On 23rd July Crabb Robinson was at Enfield, and found Lamb well. Lamb was 'quite eloquent in praise of Miss Isola.' The next day Robinson and Miss Isola read Italian together, Mary Lamb was away.]

## 881. TO JOHN FORSTER

MY DEAR BOY,

[? August 1831.]

Scamper off with this to Dilke and get it in for to-morrow; then we shall have two things in in the first week.

YOUR LAUREAT.

[According to the *Dictionary of National Biography* Dilke took over the editorship of the *Athenæum* in the middle of 1830. It looks as if the words 'the first week' mean the first number of the *Athenæum* sold at 4d. instead of 8d., that of 6th August. If so, Macdonald may be right in claiming as Lamb's two unsigned epigrams, *On Miss A-t-n of the K. I.*, and on a horsy husband who was suitably provided with a 'nagging' wife; but I think not.

## 882. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: Early August 1831.]

Pray forward the enclosed, or put it in the post.

DEAR M.,

The R.A. here memorised was George Dawe, whom I knew well and heard many anecdotes of, from DANIELS and WESTALL, at H. Rogers's—to *each of them* it will be well to send a Mag. in my name. It will fly like wild fire among the R. Academicians and artists. Could you get hold of Proctor—his chambers are in Lincoln's Inn at Montagu's—or of Janus Weathercock?—both of their *prose* is capital. Don't encourage poetry. The Peter's Net does not intend funny things only. All is fish. And leave out the sickening Elia at the end. Then it may comprise letters and characters address to Peter—but a signature forces it to be all characteristic of the one man Elia, or the one

man Peter, which cramped me formerly. I have agreed *not* for my sister to know the subjects I chuse till the Mag. comes out; so beware of speaking of 'em, or writing about 'em, save generally. Be particular about this warning. Can't you drop in some afternoon, and take a bed?

The *Athenæum* has been hoaxed with some exquisite poetry that was 2 or 3 months ago in Hone's Book. I like your 1st No. capitally. But is it not small? Come and see us, week day if possible.

C. L.

[Lamb contributed to the September number of the *Englishman's Magazine* his 'Recollections of a Late Royal Academician,' George Dawe (see my edition of the *Works*), under the general title 'Peter's Net.' Daniels may have been Thomas or William Daniell, both landscape painters. Westall may have been Richard Westall, the historical painter, or William Westall, the topographical painter. H. Rogers was Henry Rogers, brother of the poet.

In another letter to Moxon, which I have not seen, is this sentence: 'Peter will plague you as much as Elia did poor Hessey.'

'The *Athenæum* has been hoaxed.' The exquisite poetry was FitzGerald's *Meadows in Spring* (see pages 319-21.)]

### 883. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[August 1831.]

I have ingeniously contrived to review myself.

Tell me if this will do. Mind, for such things as these—half quotations—I do not charge *Elia* price. Let me hear of, if not see you.

PETER.

Mr. Moxon, Publisher, 64, New Bond Street, London.

[Accompanying the article entitled 'The Latin Poems of Vincent Bourne,' printed in the *Englishman's Magazine* for September 1831, in which attention is drawn to *Album Verses*, where certain versions of the Westminster schoolmaster's pleasant lines occur.]

### 884. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 5th August 1831.]

Send, or bring me, Hone's No. for August.

Hunt is a fool, and his critics —. The anecdotes of E. and



of G. D. are substantially true. What does Elia (or Peter) care for dates?

That *is* the poem I mean. I do not know who wrote it, but [it] is in Hone's book as far back as April.

Tis a poem I envy—*that* & Montgomery's Last Man (nothing else of his). I envy the writers, because I feel I could have done something like it. S—— is a coxcomb. W—— is a ——  
— & a great Poet. L.

[Under the date 30th April in Hone's *Year Book* had appeared Edward FitzGerald's poem, *The Meadows in Spring*, with the following introduction:

These verses are in the old style; rather homely in expression; but I honestly profess to stick more to the simplicity of the old poets than the moderns, and to have the philosophical good humour of our old writers more than the sickly melancholy of the Byronian wits. If my verses be not good, they are good humoured, and that is something.

The editor of the *Athenæum*, in reprinting the poem, suggested delicately that it was by Lamb. There is no such poem by James Montgomery as *The Last Man*. Campbell wrote a *Last Man*, and so did Hood, but I agree with Canon Ainger that what Lamb meant was Montgomery's *Common Lot*.

Although these lines of Edward FitzGerald are well known, I print them again here because of Lamb's pleasure in them, and because they were thought to be his:

'Tis a sad sight  
To see the year dying;  
When autumn's last wind  
Sets the yellow wood sighing;  
Sighing, oh sighing!

When such a time cometh,  
I do retire  
Into an old room,  
Beside a bright fire;  
Oh! pile a bright fire!

And there I sit  
Reading old things  
Of knights and ladies,  
While the wind sings:  
Oh! drearily sings!

I never look out,  
Nor attend to the blast;  
For, all to be seen,  
Is the leaves falling fast:  
Falling, falling!

But, close at the hearth,  
Like a cricket, sit I;  
Reading of summer  
And chivalry:  
Gallant chivalry!

Then, with an old friend,  
I talk of our youth;  
How 'twas gladsome, but often  
Foolish, forsooth,  
But gladsome, gladsome.

Or, to get merry,  
We sing an old rhyme  
That made the wood ring again  
In summer time:  
Sweet summer time!

Then take we to smoking,  
Silent and snug:  
Naught passes between us,  
Save a brown jug;  
Sometimes! sometimes!

And sometimes a tear  
Will rise in each eye,  
Seeing the two old friends,  
So merrily;  
So merrily!

And ere to bed  
Go we, go we,  
Down by the ashes  
We kneel on the knee;  
Praying, praying!

Thus then live I,  
Till, breaking the gloom  
Of winter, the bold sun  
Is with me in the room!  
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,  
 Swallows soaring between :  
 The spring is awake,  
 And the meadows are green,—

I jump up like mad;  
 Break the old pipe in twain;  
 And away to the meadows,  
 The meadows again!

EPSILON.

'Hunt is a fool.' In the *Tatler* for 1st August Leigh Hunt had quoted much of Lamb's essay on Elliston. Later he said: 'Three of our correspondents complain of Elia in the *Englishman's Magazine* for saying that Elliston was lessee of the Olympic Theatre, *after* his lesseeship of Drury Lane; two of the three gentlemen lament that he should speak of Elliston's playing at Drury, *after* he was proprietor; and one of them is sorry on the matter of the "little drab." We suppose that Elia meant the Surrey, when he spoke of the Olympic.'

'E. and G. D.' Lamb had written in the August number of the *Englishman's Magazine* his 'Reminiscences of Elliston.' Lamb's article on George Dawe did not appear till the September number, but Moxon already had the copy.]

## 885. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 5th September 1831.]

Your Letter's contents pleased me. I am only afraid of taxing you, yet I want a stimulus, or I think I should drag sadly. I shall keep the monies in trust till I see you fairly over the next 1 January. Then I shall look upon 'em as earned. Colburn shall be written to. No part of yours gave me more pleasure (no, not the £10, tho' you may grin) than that you will revisit old Enfield, which I hope will be always a pleasant idea to you.

Yours very faithfully

C. L.

[The letter's contents was presumably payment for Lamb's contribution to the *Englishman's Magazine*.]

## 886. TO WILLIAM HAZLITT, JUN.

DEAR WM.,

[P.M. 13th September 1831.]

We have a sick house, Mrs. Westw<sup>ds</sup> daughter in a fever, & Grandaughter in the meazles, & it is better to see no company just now, but in a week or two we shall be very glad to see you; come at a hazard then, on a week day if you can, because Sundays are stuffd up with friends on both parts of this great ill-mix'd family. Your second letter, dated 3<sup>d</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup>., came not till Sund<sup>r</sup> & we staid at home in evens in expectation of seeing you. I have turned & twisted what you ask'd me to do in my head, & am obliged to say I can not undertake it—but as a composition for declining it, will you accept some verses which I meditate to be address to you on your father, & prefixable to your Life? Write me word that I may have 'em ready against I see you some 10 days hence, when I calculate the House will be uninfected. Send your mother's address.

If you are likely to be again at Cheshunt before that time, on second thoughts, drop in here, & consult—

Yours,

C. L.

Not a line is yet written—so say, if I shall do 'em.

[The essayist had died 18th September 1830. Lamb was at his bedside. The memoir of William Hazlitt, by his son, was prefixed to the *Literary Remains* in 1836, but no verses by Lamb accompanied it. When this letter was sold at Sotheby's in June 1902 a copy of verses was attached beginning:

There lives at Winterslow a man of such  
Rare talents and deep learning . . .

in the handwriting of William Hazlitt. They bear more traces of being Mary Lamb's work than her brother's.

On 16th October Crabb Robinson was at Enfield to see what he thought of the Westwoods. He found the Lambs well but looking older. Lamb, he says, had got Westwood's son a place in Aders's counting-house.]

## 887. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 24th October 1831.]

To address an abdicated monarch is a nice point of breeding. To give him his lost titles is to mock him; to withhold 'em is to wound him. But his Minister who falls with him may be gracefully sympathetic. I do honestly feel for your diminution of honors, and regret even the pleasing cares which are part and parcel of greatness. Your magnanimous submission, and the cheerful tone of your renunciation, in a Letter which, without flattery, would have made an 'ARTICLE,' and which, rarely as I keep letters, shall be preserved, comfort me a little. Will it please, or plague you, to say that when your Parcel came I damned it, for my pen was warming in my hand at a ludicrous description of a Landscape of an R.A., which I calculated upon sending you to morrow, the last day you gave me. Now any one calling in, or a letter coming, puts an end to my writing for the day. Little did I think that the mandate had gone out, so destructive to my occupation, so relieving to the apprehensions of the whole body of R.A.'s. So you see I had not quitted the ship while a plank was remaining.

To drop metaphors, I am sure you have done wisely. The very spirit of your epistle speaks that you have a weight off your mind. I have one on mine. The cash in hand, which, as \*\*\*\*\* less truly says, burns in my pocket. I feel queer at returning it (who does not?). You feel awkward at re-taking it (who ought not?) Is there no middle way of adjusting this fine embarrassment? I think I have hit upon a medium to skin the sore place over, if not quite to heal it. You hinted that there might be something under £10 by and by accruing to me *Devil's Money*. You are sanguine—say £7: 10s.—that I entirely renounce and abjure all future interest in, I insist upon it, and 'by Him I will not name' I won't touch a penny of it. That will split your Loss one half—and leave me conscientious possessor of what I hold. Less than your assent to this, no proposal will I accept of.

The Rev. Mr. —, whose name you have left illegible (is it *Sea-gull*?) never sent me any book on Christ's Hospit. by which I could dream that I was indebted to him for a dedication. Did G. D. send his penny tract to me to convert me to Unitarianism?

Dear blundering soul! why I am as old a one-Goddite as himself. Or did he think his cheap publication would bring over the Methodists over the way here? However I'll give it to the pew-opener (in whom I have a little interest,) to hand over to the Clerk, whose wife she sometimes drinks tea with, for him to lay before the Deacon, who exchanges the civility of the hat with him, for him to transmit to the Minister, who shakes hand with him out of Chapel, and he, in all odds, will ————— with it.

I wish very much to see you. I leave it to you to come how you will. We shall be very glad (we need not repeat) to see your sister, or sisters, with you—but for you individually I will just hint that a dropping in to Tea unlook'd for about 5, stopping bread-n-cheese and gin-and-water, is worth a thousand Sundays. I am naturally miserable on a Sunday, but a week day evening and Supper is like old times. Set out *now*, and give no time to deliberation—

P.S.—The 2d vol. of *Elia* is delightful(-ly bound, I mean) and quite cheap. Why, man, 'tis a Unique—

If I write much more I shall expand into an article, which I cannot afford to let you have so cheap.

By the by, to shew the perverseness of human will—while I thought I *must* furnish one of those accursed things monthly, it seemed a Labour above Hercules's 'Twelve' in a year, which were evidently Monthly Contributions. Now I am emancipated, I feel as if I had a thousand Essays swelling within me. False feelings both.

I have lost Mr. Aitken's Town address—do you know it? Is he there?

Your ex-Lampoonist, or Lamb-punnist — from Enfield, Oct. 24, or 'last day but one for receiving articles that can be inserted.'

[Moxon, finding the *Englishman's Magazine* unsuccessful, gave it up suddenly after the October number, the third under his direction. His letter to Lamb on the subject is not now forthcoming. The ludicrous description of a landscape by an R.A. is that of the garden of the Hesperides in the *Elia* essay on the 'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Production of Modern Art' (see my edition of the *Works*). Probably Turner's 'Garden of the Hesperides' in the National Gallery.

By '*Devil's Money*' Lamb means money due for *Satan in Search of a Wife*. I do not identify \* \* \* \* \*. Possibly it is Godwin.

'The Rev. Mr. —.' Scargill, who wrote *Recollections of a Bluecoat Boy*, anonymously, in 1829.

'G. D. . . . penny tract.' I have not found Dyer's tract.

'Mr. Aitken.' John Aitken, editor of *Constable's Miscellany*, whom Moxon would have known at Hurst & Co.'s.]

## 888. TO MARIA FRYER

(Fragment)

[P.M. 20th October 1831.]

We had expected with pleasure the seeing of you here to have renewed some of our old walks, but as your transit is so quick, we have only to beg you to convey our loves to Emma & our leave (if that ceremony be necessary) for her accompanying you to hospitable Chatteris—it being always understood that we are to see her again some time or other. We lend her to you, and depend upon your reasonableness for the time of her restitution. With my sister's kind rememb<sup>ers</sup>.

Enfield, Wedny

[The Fryers lived at Chatteris, between Bury and Cambridge. The next letter was written, I imagine, after Emma had returned from her visit with her request. The cholera, Mrs. Anderson notes, had broken out in Sunderland on 26th October 1831, and was greatly feared in London. This would make the date late autumn.]

## 889. TO MARIA FRYER

MY DEAR MISS FRYER,

[Late Autumn 1831.]

By desire of Emma I have attempted new words to the old nonsense of Tartar Drum; but *with* the nonsense the sound and spirit of the tune are unaccountably gone, and *we* have agreed to discard the new version altogether. As *you* may be more fastidious in singing mere silliness, and a string of well-sounding images without sense or coherence—Drums of Tartars, who use *none*, and Tulip trees ten foot high, not to mention Spirits in Sunbeams &c,—than *we* are, so you are at liberty to sacrifice an enspiriting movement to a little sense, tho' I like LITTLE-SENSE less than his vagarying younger sister NO-SENSE—so I send them—

The 4th line of 1st stanza is from an old Ballad.

Emma is looking weller and handsomer (as you say) than ever.

Really, if she goes on thus improving, by the time she is nine and thirty she will be a tolerable comely person. But I may not live to see it.—I take Beauty to be *catching*—a Cholera sort of thing—Now, whether the constant presence of a handsome object—for there's only two of us—may not have the effect — — — but the subject is delicate, and as my old great Ant<sup>1</sup> used to say—'Andsome is as andsome duzz'—*that* was my great Ant's way of spelling—

Most and best kind things say to yourself and dear Mother for all your kindnesses to our Em., tho' in truth I am a little tired with her everlasting repetition of 'em. Yours very Truly, CH LAMB.

<sup>1</sup> Emma's way of spelling Miss *Umfris*, as I spell her *Aunt*.

### LOVE WILL COME

Tune : 'The Tartar Drum'

#### I

Guard thy feelings, pretty Vestal,  
From the smooth Intruder free;  
Cage thine heart in bars of chrystal,  
Lock it with a golden key:  
Thro' the bars demurely stealing—  
Noiseless footstep, accent dumb,  
His approach to none revealing—  
Watch, or watch not, LOVE WILL COME.  
His approach to none revealing—  
Watch, or watch not, Love will come—Love,  
Watch, or watch not, Love will come.

#### II

Scornful Beauty may deny him—  
He hath spells to charm disdain;  
Homely Features may defy him—  
Both at length must wear the chain.  
Haughty Youth in Courts of Princes—  
Hermit poor with age oercome—  
His soft plea at last convinces;  
Sooner, later, LOVE WILL COME—  
His soft plea at length convinces;  
Sooner, later, Love will come—Love,  
Sooner, later, Love will come.

[2nd November 1831 was the day on which Carlyle visited Enfield, saw Lamb, and came to such limited and deplorable conclusions about him.]



890. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 15th December 1831.]

DEAR M.,

S. I know, has an aversion, amounting almost to horror, of H. He *would not* lend his name. The other I might wring a guinea from, but he is *very properly* shy of his guineas. It would be improper in me to apply to him, and impertinent to the other. I hope this will satisfy you, but don't give my reason to H.'s friend, simply, say I decline it.

I am very much obliged to you for thinking of Cary. Put me down seven shillings (wasn't it?) in your books, and I set you down for more in my good ones. One Copy will go down to immortality *now*, the more lasting as the less its leaves are disturbed. This Letter will cost you 3d.—but I did not like to be silent on the above.

Nothing with my name will sell, a blast is upon it. Do not think of such a thing, unless ever you become rich enough to speculate.

Being praised, and being bought, are different things to a Book. Fancy books sell from fashion, not from the number of their real likers. Do not come at so long intervals. Here we are sure to be.

[This letter refers, Mr. J. A. Rutter points out, to the proposed publication by subscription of an edition of Leigh Hunt's poems through Moxon. See Hunt's *Correspondence*, i. 264. In the *Athenaeum* of 18th February 1832 it is announced, and a note accompanying the prospectus is printed, with Lamb's signature among others; Coleridge and Southey are there too. Southey was tackled by Forster: see Southey's letter to Moxon of 10th December 1831 in *Selections from Letters of Robert Southey*.

The 'other' was, in all probability, Coleridge, and he, too, changed his mind.

Mrs. Anderson points out that *John Forster: His Friendships*, page 138, shows that in January 1833 Lamb did again interest himself in Hunt's affairs.

'One copy will go down to immortality *now*' probably refers to the statutory place it is to have on the shelves of the British Museum Library, of which Cary was an official.

'Nothing with my name.' Moxon may perhaps have just suggested publishing a second series of *Elia*.]

## 891. TO CHARLES RYLE

[No date: ? 24th December 1831.]

Wishing Mrs. Ryle and you a merry Christmas. This is to entreat you to call upon Mrs. Reynolds & advance her £3, and tell her I shall see her in two or three weeks.

C. LAMB, Christmas Eve.

P.S. dont eat too much plum pudding tomorrow.

## 892. TO R., OR JOHN, COLE

DR SIR,

[No date: ? 1831.]

Many thanks for the old Stagirite, who alas! is a sealed book to me. My Greek has faded from my memory entirely. You shall bestow it upon some one that can read it. I send some album lines which if your daughter approves, I will transcribe fairer in her Book. I meant them to illustrate the colour'd drawing of the Lady with the undulating locks, but do not know where to insert them till I see her or you. But perhaps she was meant for a Magdalen, perhaps a worshipping-Angel out of some Bible Story, as yet I know not her history, but have puzzled out a dream to explain her somehow.

If I have mistaken her Ladyship or Seraphship, I will try my hand again, & perhaps in that case you would take the trouble to transmit this copy (I have another) to Mr. A. Watts for his Annual, if a nook is left for 'em.

Hood is mainly busy at present, I despair of getting anything immediately.

Yours,

C LAMB

I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,  
Whom fate had spell-bound, and rooted there,  
Stooping, like some enchanted theme,  
Over the marge of that chry[s]tal stream,  
Where the blooming Greek, to Echo blind,  
With Self-Love fond had to waters pined.—  
Ages had waked, and ages slept,  
And that bending posture still she kept;

For her eyes she may not turn away,  
 'Till a fairer object shall pass that way,  
 'Till an image more beauteous this world can shew,  
 Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.

Pore on, fair Creature, for ever pore,  
 Nor dream to be disenchanted more;  
 For vain is expectance, and wish is vain,  
 Till a new NARCISUS can come again.

CHARLES LAMB.

['The old Stagirite.' Aristotle. Lamb had called him 'that stout Stagirite' in his sonnet *Written at Cambridge*, 1819.

I have seen a photograph of the lady with the undulating locks from which Lamb drew his inspiration. As the poem was printed in the *Athenæum* for January of 1832 we must suppose that Watts did not have it. The title is *The Self-Enchanted*. Cole was possibly the master of the Free Grammar School at Andover, and author of Greek textbooks. Or he may have been the John Cole referred to in an earlier letter to Moxon.]

## 893. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. January 2 1832.]

Be sure to let me have the Athenæum.

[*Here is a corkscrew eight inches long.*]

C. L. fecit.

## 894. TO JOSEPH HUME'S DAUGHTERS

[No date: 1832.]

Many thanks for the wrap-rascal, but how delicate the insinuating in, into the pocket, of that 3½d., in paper too! Who was it? Amelia, Caroline, Julia, Augusta, or 'Scots who have'?

As a set-off to the very handsome present, which I shall lay out in a pot of ale certainly to *her* health, I have paid sixpence for the mend of two button-holes of the coat now return'd. She shall not have to say, 'I don't care a button for her.'

Adieu, très aimables!

|            |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Buttons    | . | . | . | . | . | 6d. |
| Gift       | . | . | . | . | . | 3½  |
|            |   |   |   |   |   | —   |
| Due from — | . | . | . | . | . | 2½  |

which pray accept . . . from your foolish coatforgetting C. L.

['Wrap-rascal.' Coleridge wrote in his *Verses Trivocular*:

And in a sharp frost, or when snow-flakes fall floccular,  
Your wise man of old wrapp'd himself in a Roquelaure,  
Which was called a wrap-rascal when folks 'would be jocular.'

Joseph Hume we have met. W. Carew Hazlitt writes: 'Amelia Hume became Mrs. Bennett, Julia, Mrs. Todhunter. The latter personally informed me in 1888 that her Aunt Augusta perfectly recollected all the circumstances [of the present letter]. The incident seems to have taken place at the residence of Mr. Hume, in Percy Street, Bloomsbury, and it was Amelia who found the three-pence halfpenny in the coat which Lamb left behind him, and who repaired the button-holes. The sister who is described as "Scots wha ha'e" was Louisa Hume; it was a favourite song with her.' Mrs. Todhunter supplied the date, 1832.]

### 895. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

DR SIR,

[P.M. 5th March 1832.]

My friend Aders, a German merchant, German born, has opened to the public at the Suffolk St. Gallery his glorious Collection of old Dutch and German Pictures. Pray see them. You have only to name my name, and have a ticket—if you have not received one already. You will possibly notice 'em, and might lug in the inclosed, which I wrote for Hone's Year Book, and has appear'd only there, when the Pictures were at home in Euston Sq. The fault of this matchless set of pictures is, *the admitting a few Italian pictures with 'em*, which I would turn out to make the Collection unique and pure. Those old Albert Durers have not had their fame. I have tried to illustrate 'em. If you print my verses, a Copy, please, for me.

[Dilke apparently did not publish the verses, or take any notice of Aders's exhibition.

On 8th March Crabb Robinson was at Enfield, and found the Lambs 'in an excellent state.']

### 896. TO CHARLES RYLE

D. R.,

Mar. 19, 1832.

I shall see you this day week (Monday) 26th and settle the Josephan question as far as I remember, I never carried twice paym'ts to anybody's credit, till the warrant was in my possession — . . . comps to Lowe.

'C. L.'

*Accompanying this letter.*

CHORUS to the TABERNACLE HYMN—

'The Bridegroom's Invitation to the Worst of Sinners.'

Come, needy, come, guilty, come, loathsome, and bare,  
You can't come too filthy, come just as you are—

A True Copy,  
Errors excepted—

[The Josephan question cannot now be solved. Lamb was fond of the chorus, and copied it into his commonplace book.

A second address is: 'Low Esquire from Lamb no 'Squire.']

# 897. TO EDWARD MOXON

[Spring 1832.]

A poor mad usher (and schoolfellow of mine) has been pester-  
ing me *through you* with poetry and petitions. I have desired him  
to call upon you for a half sovereign, which place to my  
account.

I have buried Mrs. Reynolds at last, who has *virtually at least*  
bequeath'd me a legacy of £32 per Ann., to which add that my  
other pensioner is safe housed in the workhouse, which gets  
me £10.

Richer by both legacies £42 per Ann.

For a loss of a loss is as good as a gain of a gain.

But let this be *between ourselves*, specially keep it from A—  
or I shall speedily have candidates for the Pensions.

Mary is laid up with a cold.

Will you convey the inclosed by hand?

When you come, if you ever do, bring me one *Devil's Visit*, I  
mean *Southey's*; also the Hogarth which is complete, Noble's I  
think. Six more letters to do. Bring my bill also. C. L.

[The usher was, perhaps, W. T. Hale. Mrs. Reynolds was Lamb's first  
schoolmistress. The other pensioner is obscure.

'A—' is not certain. Probably the philanthropic Allsop.

Southey's *Devil's Visit* was a new edition of *The Devil's Walk*, illustrated by  
Thomas Landseer.

Noble's *Hogarth*. Noble was the engraver.]

898. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? 3rd or 4th April 1832.]

DEAR M.,

A thousand thanks for your punctualities. What a cheap Book is the last Hogarth you sent me! I am pleased now that Hunt *diddled* me out of the old one. Speaking of this, only think of the new farmer with his 30 acres. There is a portion of land in Lambeth parish called Knaves Acre. I wonder he overlook'd it. Don't show this to the firm of Dilk & Co. I next want one copy of Leicester School, and wish you to pay Leishman, Taylor, 2 Blandford Place, Pall Mall, opposite the British Institution, £6. 10. for coat waistcoat &c. And I vehemently thirst for the 4th No. of Nichols's Hogarth, to bind 'em up (the 2 books) as 'Hogarth, and Supplement.' But as you know the price, don't stay for its appearance; but come as soon as ever you can with your bill of all demands in full, and, as I have none but £5 notes, bring with you sufficient change. Weather is beautiful. I grieve sadly for Miss Wordsworth. We are all well again. Emma is with us, and we all shall be glad of a sight of you. COME ON Sunday, if you *can*; better, if you come before. Perhaps Rogers would smile at this.—A pert half chemist half apothecary, in our town, who smatters of literature and is immeasurably unlettered, said to me 'Pray, Sir, may not Hood (he of the acres) be reckon'd the Prince of wits in the present day?' to which I assenting, he adds 'I had always thought that Rogers had been reckon'd the Prince of Wits, but I suppose that now Mr. Hood has the better title to that appellation.' To which I replied that Mr. R. had wit with much better qualities, but did not aspire to the principality. He had taken all the puns manufactured in John Bull for our friend, in sad and stupid earnest. One more Album verses, please.

Adieu.

C. L.

['Hunt.' This would, I think, be not Leigh Hunt, but his nephew, Hunt of Hunt & Clarke. The diddling I cannot explain.

'The new farmer.' Hood had taken Lake House, Wanstead. Lamb was still cross with him about 'A Widow,' or some other freaksome thing, and possibly also about the *Athenæum*, of which with Dilke he was a proprietor.

'Miss Wordsworth.' Dorothy Wordsworth, who was ill.

'Perhaps Rogers would smile at this.' I take the following passage from the *MacLise Portrait Gallery*:

In the early days of the *John Bull* it was the fashion to lay every foundling witticism at the door of Sam Rogers; and thus the refined poet and man of letters became known as a sorry jester.

I have printed the name 'Hood,' but I guess it to be 'Hook' in both instances. *John Bull* was Theodore Hook's paper. Maginn wrote in *Fraser's Magazine*:

Joe Miller vails his bonnet to Sam Rogers; in all the newspapers, not only of the kingdom but its dependencies—Hindustan, Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, from the tropics—nay, from the Antipodes to the Orkneys, Sam is godfather-general to all the bad jokes in existence. The Yankees have caught the fancy, and from New Orleans to New York it is the same—Rogers is synonymous with a pun. All British-born or descended people—yea, the very negro and the Hindoo—father their calembours on Rogers. Quashee, or Ramee-Samee, who knows nothing of Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, or *Fraser's Magazine*, grins from ear to ear at the name of the illustrious banker, and with gratified voice exclaims, 'Him dam funny, dat Sam!']

## 899. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

April 14th, 1832.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

Not an unkind thought has passed in my brain about you. But I have been woefully neglectful of you, so that I do not deserve to announce to you, that if I do not hear from you before then, I will set out on Wednesday morning to take you by the hand. I would do it this moment, but an unexpected visit might flurry you. I shall take silence for acquiescence, and come. I am glad you could write so long a letter. Old loves to, and hope of kind looks from, the Gilmans, when I come.

Yours *semper idem*

C. L.

If you ever thought an offence, much more wrote it, against me, it must have been in the times of Noah; and the great waters swept it away. Mary's most kind love, and maybe a wrong prophet of your bodings!—here she is crying for mere love over your letter. I wring out less, but not sincerer, showers.

My direction is simply, Enfield.

[Dykes Campbell's comment upon this note is that it was written to remove some mistaken sick-man's fancy.]

## 900. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

DEAR C.,

[P.M. 14th April 1832.]

I have suggested some alterations above, which perhaps you may attend to.

I think them very neatly done but where is the Princess's Tale?

hope to be in town soon &  
then will see you

[The book was Cowden Clarke's *Tales from Chaucer*, published in 1833. Some textual criticisms follow, of which I quote only the most characteristic:

It is not Bourdeaux *ward*, the *ward* belongs to *from*. Our ancestors said toward and fromward, to-Calais-ward or toward it.

*Everyone for himself at court*. A sort of proverb, not a *bargain*, as you make it. 'I thank thee, Lord God.' Is not in Chaucer, but 'Gramercy, my good Lord and Husband, may God repay you with thanks that you have spared to me our dear children, and if it be God's will,' etc.

Lamb has made the 'Prioress's' tale into the 'Princess's'.]

## 901. TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

DEAR KN.,

[No date: ? April, 1832.]

I will not see London again without seeing your pleasant Play. In meanwhile, pray, send three or four orders to a Lady who can't afford to pay: Miss James, No. 1 Grove Road, Lisson Grove, Paddington, a day or two before—and come and see us some *Evening* with my hitherto uncorrupted and honest bookseller Moxon.

C. LAMB.

[I have dated this April 1832, because it may refer to Knowles's play *The Hunchback*, produced 5th April 1832. It might also possibly refer to *The Wife* of a year later, but I think not.

This is the first letter to James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862), the dramatist, who had begun his career with *Caius Gracchus*, followed by *Virginus*, which Lamb had praised in verse in the *London Magazine* in 1820.]



## 902. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: *April 1833.*]

Let Dilke know that I shall not want the books. Mary is going off to be ill again. God bless you all and let me sometimes look in upon you.

Pray convey this to Forster as soon as you can. He was to come on Sunday.

C LAMB

Pray let Forster know

## 903. TO EDWARD MOXON

[? *24th April 1832.*]

One day in my life

Do come.

C. L.

I have placed poor Mary at Edmonton—

I shall be very glad to see the Hunch Back and Strait-back the 1st Evens they can come. I am very poorly indeed. I have been cruelly thrown out. Come and don't let me drink too much. I drank more yesterday than I ever did any one day in my life.

C. L.

Do come.

Cannot your Sister come and take a half bed—or a whole one? Which, alas, we have to spare.

[Mary Lamb would have been taken to Walden House, Edmonton, where mental patients were received. A year later the Lambs moved there altogether.

The Hunchback would be James Sheridan Knowles; the 'Strait-back' John Forster.]

## 904. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. *1st June 1832.*]

I am a little more than half alive—

I was more than half dead—

the Ladies are very agreeable—

I flatter myself I am less than disagreeable—

Convey this to Mr. Forster—

Whom, with you, I shall just be able to see some 10 days  
hence and believe me ever yours

C. L.

I take Forster's name to be John,  
But you know whom I mean,  
the Pym-praiser  
not pimp-raiser.

[Forster was then at work on his *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, of whom John Pym was one. He had begun the series in the *Englishman's Magazine* in 1831.

On 23rd July Crabb Robinson slept at the Lambs' and read Italian with Emma.]

# 905. TO JOHN FORSTER

(*With Acrostics enclosed*)

[No date: ? Summer 1832.]

TO M. L.

Must I write with pen unwilling,  
And describe those graces killing,  
Rightly, which I never saw?  
Yes—it is the album's law.

Let me then invention strain,  
On your excellence grace to feign,  
Cold is fiction. I believe it  
Kindly as I did receive it;  
Even as I, F.'s tongue did weave it.

TO S. L.

Shall I praise a face unseen,  
And extol a fancied mien,  
Rave on visionary charm,  
And from shadows take alarm?  
Hatred hates without a cause.

Love may love without applause,  
Or, without a reason given,  
Charmed be with unknown heaven.  
Keep the secret, though, unmocked.  
Ever in your bosom Locked.

Am I *right*? *Sarah* I distinctly remember; but *Mary* I am not sure ought not to be *Anne*. It is soon rectified in that case. *You*, I take to be John.

C. L.

906. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[P.M. 2nd June 1832.]

At midsummer or soon after (I will let you know the previous day), I will take a day with you in the purlieu of my old haunts. No offence has been taken, any more than meant. My house is full at present, but empty of its chief pride. She is dead to me for many months. But when I see you, then I will say, Come and see me. With undiminished friendship to you both,

Your faithful but queer

C. L.

How you frightened me! Never write again, 'Coleridge is dead,' at the end of a line, and tamely come in with 'to his friends' at the beginning of another. Love is quicker, and fear from love, than the transition ocular from Line to Line.

907. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? June 1832.]

Thank you for the books. I am ashamed to take tythe thus of your press. I am worse to a publisher than the two Universities and the Brit. Mus. A[llan] C[unningham] I will forthwith read. B[arry] C[ornwall] (I can't get out of the A, B, C) I have more than read. Taken altogether, 'tis too Lovey; but what delicacies! I like most 'King Death;' glorious 'bove all, 'The Lady with the Hundred Rings;' 'The Owl;' 'Epistle to What's his Name' (here may be I'm partial); 'Sit down, Sad Soul;' 'The Pauper's Jubilee' (but that's old, and yet 'tis never old); 'The Falcon;' 'Felon's Wife;' damn 'Madame Pasty' (but that is borrowed);

Apple-pie is very good,

And so is apple-pasty;

But——

O Lard! 'tis very nasty:

but chiefly the dramatic fragments,—scarce three of which should have escaped my Specimens, had an antique name been prefixed. They exceed his first. So much for the nonsense of poetry; now to the serious business of life. Up a court (Blandford Court) in Pall Mall (exactly at the back of Marlbro' House,) with iron gate in front, and containing two houses, at No. 2 did lately live Leishman my taylor. He is moved somewhere in the neighbourhood, devil knows where. Pray find him out and give him the opposite. I am so much better, tho' my hand shakes in writing it, that, after next Sunday, I can well see F[orster] and you. Can you throw B. C. in? Why tarry the wheels of my Hogarth?

CHARLES LAMB.

['I am worse to a publisher.' There is a rule by which a publisher must present copies of every book to Stationers' Hall, to be distributed to the British Museum, the Bodleian, and other libraries. See note on page 328.

'A. C. . . . B. C.' Allan Cunningham's *Maid of Elvar* and Barry Cornwall's *English Songs*, both published by Moxon.

By the 'Epistle to What's his Name' Lamb refers to the following lines to himself, which had been printed in the *London Magazine* in 1825.

EPISTLE TO CHARLES LAMB;  
ON HIS EMANCIPATION FROM CLERKSHIP  
(WRITTEN OVER A FLASK OF SHERRIS)

From *English Songs*, 1832

Dear Lamb! I drink to thee,—to *thee*  
Married to sweet Liberty!

What, old friend, and art thou freed  
From the bondage of the pen?  
Free from care and toil indeed?  
Free to wander amongst men  
When and howsoe'er thou wilt?  
*All* thy drops of labour spilt,  
On those huge and figured pages,  
Which will sleep unclasp'd for ages,  
Little knowing who did wield  
The quill that traversed their white field?  
Come,—another mighty health!  
Thou hast earn'd thy sum of wealth,—

Countless ease,—immortal leisure,—  
Days and nights of boundless pleasure,  
Checquer'd by no dreams of pain,  
Such as hangs on clerk-like brain  
Like a night-mare, and doth press  
The happy soul from happiness.

Oh! happy thou,—whose all of time  
(Day and eve, and morning prime)  
Is fill'd with talk on pleasant themes,—  
Or visions quaint, which come in dreams  
Such as panther'd Bacchus rules,  
When his rod is on 'the schools,'  
Mixing wisdom with their wine;—  
Or, perhaps, thy wit so fine  
Strayeth in some elder book,  
Whereon our modern Solons look  
With severe ungifted eyes,  
Wondering what thou seest to prize.  
Happy thou, whose skill can take  
Pleasure at each turn, and slake  
Thy thirst by every fountain's brink,  
Where less wise men would pause to shrink:  
Sometimes, 'mid stately avenues  
With Cowley thou, or Marvel's muse,  
Dost walk; or Gray, by Eton's towers;  
Or Pope, in Hampton's chesnut bowers;  
Or Walton, by his loved Lea stream:  
Or dost thou with our Milton dream,  
Of Eden and the Apocalypse,  
And hear the words from his great lips?

Speak,—in what grove or hazel shade,  
For 'musing meditation made,'  
Dost wander?—or on Penshurst Lawn,  
Where Sidney's fame had time to dawn  
And die, ere yet the hate of Men  
Could envy at his perfect pen?  
Or, dost thou, in some London street,  
(With voices fill'd and thronging feet,)  
Loiter, with mien 'twixt grave and gay?—  
Or take along some pathway sweet,  
Thy calm suburban way?  
Happy beyond that man of Ross,  
Whom mere content could ne'er engross,  
Art thou,—with hope, health, 'learned leisure';  
Friends, books, thy thoughts, an endless pleasure!

—Yet—yet,—(for when was pleasure made  
 Sunshine all without a shade?)  
 Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest  
 Through the busy scenes thou lovest,  
 With an Idler's careless look,  
 Turning some moth-pierced book,  
 Feel'st a sharp and sudden woe  
 For visions vanished long ago!  
 And then thou think'st how time has fled  
 Over thy unsilvered head,  
 Snatching many a fellow mind  
 Away, and leaving—what?—behind!  
 Nought, alas! save joy and pain  
 Mingled ever, like a strain  
 Of music where the discords vie  
 With the truer harmony.  
 So, perhaps, with thee the vein  
 Is sullied ever,—so the chain  
 Of habits and affections old,  
 Like a weight of solid gold,  
 Presseth on thy gentle breast,  
 Till sorrow rob thee of thy rest.  
 Ay: so't must be!—Ev'n I, (whose lot  
 The fairy Love so long forgot,)  
 Seated beside this Sherris wine,  
 And near to books and shapes divine,  
 Which poets, and the painters past  
 Have wrought in lines that aye shall last,—  
 Ev'n I, with Shakspeare's self beside me,  
 And one whose tender talk can guide me  
 Through fears, and pains, and troublous themes,  
 Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams  
 Like sunshine on a stormy sea,—  
 Want *something*—when I think of thee!

'Madame Pasty.' Procter had some lines on Madame Pasta.

'My Specimens.' Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*, which very likely suggested to Procter the idea of *Dramatic Fragments*.]

908. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 12th July 1832.]

My hand shakes so, I can hardly say don't come yet. I have been worse to-day than you saw me. I am going to try water

## LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

July

gruel and quiet if I can get it. But a visitor hast [*sic*] just been down, and another a day or two before, and I feel half frantic. I will write when better. Make excuses to Forster for the present.

C. LAMB.

## 909. TO WALTER WILSON

[Dated at end: *August 1832.*]

MY DEAR WILSON,

I cannot let my old friend Mrs. Hazlitt (Sister in Law to poor Wm. Hazlitt) leave Enfield, without endeavouring to introduce her to you, and to Mrs. Wilson. Her daughter has a School in your neighbourhood, and for her talents and by [for] her merits I can *answer*. If it lies in your power to be useful to them in any way, the obligation to your old office-fellow will be great. I have not forgotten Mrs. Wilson's Album, and if you, or she, will be the means of procuring but one pupil for Miss Hazlitt, I will rub up my poor poetic faculty to the best. But you and she will one day, I hope, bring the Album with you to Enfield—

Poor Mary is ill, or would send her love—

Yours very Truly

C. LAMB.

News.—Collet is dead, Du Puy is dead. I am *not*!—Hone is turned Believer in Irving and his unknown Tongues.

In the name of dear Defoe, which alone might be a Bond of Union between us, Adieu!

[Mrs. Hazlitt was the wife of John Hazlitt, the miniature painter, who died in 1837.

Collet was probably an old fellow-clerk at the India House, as was Du Puy.]

## 910. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[P.M. *24th August 1832.*]

DR. R.,

Emma is delighted with the Italian you have lent us. Mary hopes soon to have a rubber with you. Both join in kindest rememb<sup>ces</sup>

Yours Truly

C L

P.S. Mrs. Robinson's effects will shortly be exposed by public Roup, and her person proposed to be shown in Paris. This is all the news.

[This tells us that Mary Lamb had recovered, and had returned from Edmonton.

It was on 28th September 1832 that Lamb and Landor met. Crabb Robinson took him and his brewer friend, Worsley, by coach to Edmonton, thence walking to Enfield. On coming away it was Miss Lamb of whom they spoke most warmly, Lamb not having been quite at his ease. Lamb gave Landor *Falstaff's Letters*.

The following passage in Forster's *Life of Landor* describes the visit:

The hour he passed with Lamb was one of unalloyed enjoyment. A letter from Crabb Robinson before he came over had filled him with affection for that most lovable of men, who had not an infirmity to which his sweetness of nature did not give something of kinship to a virtue. 'I have just seen Charles and Mary Lamb,' Crabb Robinson had written (20th October 1831), 'living in absolute solitude at Enfield. I find your poems lying open before Lamb. Both tipsy and sober he is ever muttering *Rose Aylmer*. But it is not those lines only that have a curious fascination for him. He is always turning to *Gebir* for things that haunt him in the same way.' Their first and last hour was now passed together, and before they parted they were old friends. I visited Lamb myself (with Barry Cornwall) the following month, and remember the boyish delight with which he read to us the verses which Landor has written in the album of Emma Isola. He had just received them through Robinson, and had lost little time in making rich return by sending Landor his Last Essays of Elia.

These were Landor's verses:

#### TO EMMA ISOLA

Etrurian domes, Pelasgian walls,  
Live fountains, with their nymphs around,  
Terraced and citron-scented halls,  
Skies smiling upon sacred ground—

The giant Alps, averse to France,  
Point with impatient pride to those,  
Calling the Briton to advance,  
Amid eternal rocks and snows—

I dare not bid him stay behind,  
I dare not tell him where to see  
The fairest form, the purest mind,  
Ausonia! that e'er sprang from thee.



And this, once more, is *Rose Aylmer*:

Ah what avails the sceptred race!  
 Ah what the form divine!  
 What every virtue, every grace!  
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
 May weep, but never see,  
 A night of memories and of sighs  
 I consecrate to thee.

On 9th April 1835 Landor wrote to Lady Blessington:

I do not think that you ever knew Charles Lamb, who is lately dead. Robinson took me to see him.

Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,  
 Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue  
 Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left  
 Impression on it stronger or more sweet.  
 Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,  
 What wisdom in thy levity, what soul  
 In every utterance of thy purest breast!  
 Of all that ever wore man's form, 'tis thee  
 I first would spring to at the gate of Heaven.

I say *tripping* tongue, for Charles Lamb stammered and spoke hurriedly. He did not think it worth while to put on a fine new coat to come down and see me in, as poor Coleridge did, but met me as if I had been a friend of twenty years' standing; indeed, he told me I had been so, and showed me some things I had written much longer ago, and had utterly forgotten. The world will never see again two such delightful volumes as *The Essays of Elia*; no man living is capable of writing the worst twenty pages of them. The Continent has *Zadig* and *Gil Blas*, we have *Elia* and *Sir Roger de Coverly*.

Mrs. Fields, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1866, on Landor, says that Landor told her of his visit to Lamb, and said that Lamb read to him some poetry, and asked his opinion of it. Landor said it was very good, whereupon Lamb laughed and called Landor the vainest of men, for it was his own.

In a letter to Southey the last two lines differed, ending thus:

Few are the spirits of the glorified  
 I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven.

'Roup.' Scotch for a sale by auction.]

## 911. TO CHARLES RYLE

Enfield Tuesday

[P.M. 27th November 1832.]

MY DEAR RYLE,

We are all of us very sadly grieved for a most unexpected shock in reading the Times in last week. I wanted to write before, but put it off, not to interrupt you in your first trouble. But now it is our wish very much that [you] would give us but a line to say how you both do. My sister scarce can be said to remember the dear little girl which you have lost. Emma and I know how good she was, & how dear. Give our loves, and say to its mother, how grieved we are—we have thought of nothing else since—

Bless you &amp; comfort you—

C LAMB

## 912. TO EDWARD MOXON

[Dated by Forster at end: *December 1832.*]

This is my notion. Wait till you are able to throw away a round sum (say £1500) upon a speculation, and then—don't do it. For all your loving encouragem<sup>ts</sup>—till this final damp came in the shape of your letter, thanks—for Books also—greet the Fosters and Proctors—and come singly or conjunctively as soon as you can. Johnson and Fare's sheets have been wash'd—unless you prefer Danby's *last* bed—at the Horseshoe.

[Johnson and Fare had just murdered—on 19th December—a Mr. Danby, at Enfield. They had met him in the Crown and Horseshoe (see note introducing Letter 915.)]

## 913. TO EDWARD MOXON

[31st December 1832.]

I am very sorry the poor Reflector is abortive. Twas a child of good promise for its *weeks*. But if the chances are so much against it, withdraw immediately. It is idle up hill waste of money to spend another stamp on it.

To Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, 14 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

For the Editor of the Reflector from C. Lamb.

[Around the seal of this note are the words in Lamb's hand: 'Obiit Edwardus Reflector Armiger, 31 Dec., 1832. Natus tres hebdomadas. Pax animæ ejus.'

The newspaper stamp at that time was fourpence (less 25 per cent).

The *Reflector*, started by Moxon and edited by Forster, ran in December 1832 for only three numbers, and all trace of it has vanished.]

## 914. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[December 1832.]

I very much should like to see the *Second Series*, either or both copies. Pray apprise Moxon of the circumstance, with the bookseller's name & address. I have the American reprint of my collected volums [*sic*] but am started at the second series, which Moxon had extracted from the magazines & bound up for me.

[Robinson has added the following to the letter:

This note was written to me by my friend Charles Lamb, the author of that delightful little collection of essays entitled 'Elia,' in answer to a letter from me informing him that I had seen in a shop an American reprint of the *Second Series* of his essays. . . . It is my conviction that posterity will rank Lamb with Sterne in genius & taste. In moral worth he rises infinitely above. L is the highly esteemed friend of Wordsworth, Coleridge & Southey.

H. C. Robinson

Temple, Dec. 1832.

An American edition of *Elia Essays, Second Series*, had been published in Philadelphia in 1828. I give the contents:

| CONTENTS                                      | REMARKS  |
|---|--|
| To Elia.                                      | Bernard Barton's Sonnet.   |
| Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age. | Included in London edition of 1833.  |
| Reflections in the Pillory.                   | Not in London edition. Taken from the <i>London Magazine</i> .   |
| Twelfth Night, or What You Will.              | Not in London edition. This is not Lamb's, but written by B. W. Procter. It came out in the <i>London Magazine</i> , and was signed Ω.<br>An imitation of Charles Lamb's 'All Fool's Day.' |

| CONTENTS   | REMARKS   |
|--|---|
| The Old Margate Hoy.   | Included in London edition.   |
| A Vision of Horns.   | Not in London edition. Taken from the <i>London Magazine</i> .  |
| On the Danger of Confounding Moral with Personal Deformity.    | Not in London edition. Taken either from the <i>Reflector</i> (Leigh Hunt's paper) or from Lamb's <i>Works</i> , 1818.        |
| On the Melancholy of Tailors.                                  | Not in London edition. Taken either from the <i>Champion</i> or from Lamb's <i>Works</i> , 1818.                              |
| The Nuns and Ale of Caverswell.                                | Not in London edition. This article was unsigned in the <i>London Magazine</i> . It is not Lamb's, but Allan Cunningham's.    |
| Valentine's Day.   | Not in London edition. This is not Lamb's, but B. W. Procter's. It came out in the <i>London Magazine</i> , and was signed Ω. |
| On the Inconveniences Resulting from being Hanged.             | Not in London edition. Taken either from the <i>Reflector</i> or from Lamb's <i>Works</i> , 1818.                             |
| Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education has been Neglected. | Not in London edition. Taken from the <i>London Magazine</i> .  |
| Old China.   | Included in London edition.   |
| On Burial Societies; and the Character of an Undertaker.       | Not in London edition. Taken either from the <i>Reflector</i> or from Lamb's <i>Works</i> (1818).                             |
| Barbara S——.   | Included in London edition.   |
| Guy Faux.  | Not in London edition. Taken from the <i>London Magazine</i> .  |
| Poor Relations.  | Included in London edition.   |
| The Child Angel.   | Included in London edition.   |
| Amicus Redivivus.  | Included in London edition.   |
| Blakesmoor in H——shire.  | Included in London edition.   |
| Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.                        | Included in London edition.   |
| Captain Jackson.   | Included in London edition.   |
| Confessions of a Drunkard.                                     | Not in London edition. Taken from the <i>London Magazine</i> .  |
| The Old Actors.  | Not in London edition. Taken from the <i>London Magazine</i> .  |
| The Gentle Giantess.   | Not in London edition. Taken from the <i>London Magazine</i> .  |
| A Character of the Late Elia.                                  | Included in London edition, with some alterations at the beginning as a 'Preface.'  |

The letter which follows bears upon the murder of Danby by Johnson and Fare, to which reference has been made. Opinions are divided as to whether Lamb really was under suspicion. I personally see no reason to doubt the truth of his narrative.]

## 915. TO LOUISA BADAMS

DEAR MRS. B.,

*December 31, 1832.*

Mary has not enterprise enough to venture on a *journey* at this dreary time of the year, and 'tis too uncomfortable for us to leave her, for a night even, to the discourteous hospitalities of old frosty W[estwood] and his thin spouse: types of Christmas turned sour, or the 1st of January born with teeth and wrinkles. Cordial Illcomes, Not Welcomes—'wretched New Years to you': Discompliments of the Season. Spring, and we, will lure her out some fine April day. Instead pray accept of our kindest congratulations.

Besides, I have been not a little disconcerted.

On the night of our murder (an hour or two before it), the maid being busy, I went out to order an additional pint of porter for Moxon who had surprised us with a late visit. Now I never go out quite disinterested upon such occasions. And I begged a half-pint of ale at the bar which our sweet-faced landlady good-humouredly complied with, asking me into the parlour, but a side door was just open that disclosed a more cheerful blaze, and I entered where four people were engaged over Dominoes. One of them, Fare, invited me to join in it, partly out of impudence, I believe; however, not to balk a Christmas frolic, I complied, and played with Danby, but soon gave over, having forgot the game. I was surprised with D. challenging me as having known me in the Temple. He must have been a child then. I did not recognise him, but perfectly remembered his father, who was a hair-dresser in the Temple. This was all that passed, as I went away with my beer. Judge my surprise when the next morning I was summoned before Dr. Creswell to say what I knew of the transaction. My examination was conducted with all delicacy, and of course I was soon dismissed. I was afraid of getting into the papers, but I was pleased to find myself only noticed as a 'gentleman whose name we could not gather.' Poor D.! the few words I spoke to him were to remind him of a trick Jem

White played upon his father. The boy was too young to know anything about it. In the *Morning Post* appeared this paragraph: 'Yesterday morning, Mr. Danby, the respectable Hairdresser in Pump Court in the Temple, in a fit of delirium threw himself out of a 2 pair stairs window, looking into the passage that leads to Fig-tree Court, and his head was literally smashed to atoms.' White went to D.'s to see how it operated, and found D. quietly weaving wigs, and the shop full of lawyers that had come to enquire particulars. D. was a man much respected. Indeed hairdressers in the Inns of Court are a superior race of tradesmen. They generally leave off rich, as D. did. Well, poor D. had never heard the story or probably forgotten it—and his company looking on me a little suspiciously, as they do at alehouses when a rather better drest person than themselves attempts to join 'em—(it never answers,—at least it seemed so to me when I heard of the murder)—I went away. One often fancies things afterwards that did not perhaps strike one at the time. However, after all, I have felt queer ever since. It has almost sickened me of the Crown and Horseshoe, and I sha'n't hastily go into the taproom again. I have made a long letter and can just say good-bye,

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Badams, 11 Old Church Street, Paddington.

916. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 3rd January (1833).]

Be sure and let me have the Atheneum—or, if they don't appear, the Copy back again. I have no other.

I am glad you are introduced to Rickman, *cultivate the introduction*. I will not forget to write to him.

I want to see Blackwood, but *not without you*.

We are yet Emma-less.

And so that is all I can remember.

This is a corkscrew.

[*Here is a florid corkscrew.*]

C. Lamb, born 1775  
flourished about  
the year 1832.

C. L. Fecit.—

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Lamb's essay, "Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art" intended originally for the *Englishman's Magazine* (letter to Moxon 24th October 1831), was partly printed by Forster in the *Reflector*, and finally printed in full in the *Athenæum* for 12th, 19th, 26th January, and 2nd February 1833. Lamb seems to have been sending it at the same time to Moxon, for inclusion in the *Last Essays of Elia*, which Moxon was then printing.]

## 917. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

DEAR SIR,

[No date: *About 18th January 1833.*]

You have another portion, (or Mr. Forster has it for you) about the building of the ark by Raphael, and I am trying my hand at another, which I fear will conclude my poor *Series*. It seems troublesome to make you send proofs for such minims. I am quite willing to leave them to your care.

Hood's 'Basket too late for the Coach' is as a design perfect. The coach just topping the *level*—the cape of desperation; the boy losing it by two minutes, as bad as a century; the picturesque significant clock, the antagonistic fantastic tree wondering—by God, 'tis imaginative.

C. L.

[The picture is in *Hood's Own*.]

## 918. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

DR SIR,

[No date: *A little later than the preceding, 1833.*]

pray let me have  
a Proof of my little minim,  
I want to alter some of it

C LAMB

## 919. TO JOHN FORSTER

[No date: *About 23rd January 1833.*]

Orders.

Go to Dilke's, or Let Mockson, and ax him to add this to what I sent him a few days since, or to continue it the week after. The *Plantas &c.* are capital.

## Requests.

Come down with M. and *Dante* and L. E. L. on Sunday.  
ELIA.

I dont mean at his House, but the Atheneum office. Send it there. Hand shakes.

['The Plantas' would probably be a reference to the family of Joseph Planta of the British Museum, who had died in 1827. M. and Dante and L. E. L. would be Moxon, Cary, and Letitia Landon, the poetess, to whom Forster was for a while engaged.]

The version of this letter at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in Forster's hand, runs thus:

I wish you'd go to Dilkes, or let Mockson, & ax him to add this to what I sent him a few days since, or to continue it the week after. The Plantas are capital. Come down with Procter & Dante on Sunday. I send you the last proof not of my friendship. I know you would like the title, I do thoroughly. The Last Essays of Elia keeps out any idea of its being a second volume.]

## 920. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? 23rd January 1833.]

I have a proof from Dilke. *That* serves for next Saturday. What Forster had, will serve a second. I sent you a *third* concluding article for *him* and *us* (a capital hit, I think, about Cervantes) of which I leave you to judge whether we shall not want it to print *before* a third or even second week. In that case beg D. to clap them in all at once; and keep the Atheneums to print from. What I send is the concluding Article of the painters.

Soften down the Title in the Book to

'Defect of the Imaginative Faculty in Artists.'

Consult Dilke.

['Consult Dilke' was a favourite phrase with Lamb and Hood and, long before, with Keats.]

## 921. TO THE PRINTER OF THE 'ATHENÆUM'

[No date: ? January 1833.]

I have read the enclosed five and forty times over. I have submitted it to my Edmonton friends; at last (O Argus' pene-



tration), I have discovered a dash that might be dispensed with. Pray don't trouble yourself with such useless courtesies. I can well trust your editor, when I don't use queer phrases which prove themselves wrong by creating a distrust in the sober compositor.

## 922. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MURRAY!

[P.M. 24th January 1833.]

Moxon I mean.—I am not to be making you pay postage every day, but cannot let pass the congratulations of sister, brother, and 'Silk Cloak,' *all most cordial* on your change of place. Rogers approving, who can demur? Tell me when you get into Dover St. and what the No. is—that I may change foolscap for gilt, and plain Mr. for Esqr. I shall *Mister* you while you stay—

If you are not too great to attend to it, I wish us to do without the Sonnets of Sydney: 12 will take up as many pages, and be too palpable a fill up. Perhaps we may leave them out, retaining the article, but that is not worth saving. I hope you liked my Cervantes Article which I sent you yesterday.

Not an inapt quotation, for your fallen predecessor in Albemarle Street, to whom you must give the *coup du main*—

Murray, long enough his country's pride.

Pope.

[*Then, written at the bottom of the page*] there's [*and written on the next page*] there's nothing over here.

[Moxon was moving from 64 New Bond Street to 33 Dover Street, contiguous to the House of Murray, then, as now, at 50 Albemarle Street.

'Silk Cloak.' Possibly a name for Emma Isola.

'Foolscap for gilt.' See note on page 38.

'The Sonnets of Sydney.' Lamb's *Elia* essay on this subject. It was not omitted from the *Last Essays*, which Moxon was to publish, and eleven sonnets were quoted.

'Your fallen predecessor.' The line is from Pope's *Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace*, 'To Mr. Murray,' who afterwards was Earl of Mansfield.]

## 923. TO EDWARD MOXON

MY DEAR M.,

[No date: *February 1833.*]

I send you the last proof—not of my friendship—pray see to the finish.

I think you will see the necessity of adding those words after 'Preface'—and 'Preface' should be in the 'contents-table'—

I take for granted you approve the title. I do thoroughly—

Perhaps if you advertise it in full, as it now stands, the title page might have simply the Last Essays of Elia, to keep out any notion of its being a second vol.—

Well, I wish us luck heartily for your sake who have smarted by me.—

[The words after 'Preface' were: 'By a Friend of the late Elia.']

## 924. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

MY DEAR T.,

[No date: *Early February 1833.*]

Now cannot I call him *Serjeant*; what is there in a coif? Those canvas-sleeves protective from ink, when he was a law-chit—a *Chittyling*, (let the leathern apron be apocryphal) do more 'specially plead to the Jury Court of old memory. The costume (will he agnize it?) was as of a desk-fellow or Socius Plutei. Methought I spied a brother!

That familiarity is extinct for ever. Curse me if I can call him Mr. Serjeant—except, mark me, in *company*. Honour where honour is due; but should he ever visit us, (do you think he ever will, Mary?) what a distinction should I keep up between him and our less fortunate friend, H. C. R.! Decent respect shall always be the Crabb's—but, somehow, short of reverence.

Well, of my old friends, I have lived to see two knighted: one made a judge, another in a fair way to it. Why am I restive? why stands my sun upon Gibeah?

Variouly, my dear Mrs. Talfourd, (I can be more familiar with her!) *Mrs. Serjeant Talfourd*,—my sister prompts me—(these ladies stand upon ceremonies)—has the congratulable news affected the members of our small community. Mary comprehended it

at once, and entered into it heartily. Mrs. W—— was, as usual, perverse—wouldn't, or couldn't, understand it. A Serjeant? She thought Mr. T. was in the law. Didn't know that he ever 'listed.

Emma alone truly sympathised. *She* had a silk gown come home that very day, and has precedence before her learned sisters accordingly.

We are going to drink the health of Mr. and Mrs. Serjeant, with all the young serjeantry—and that is all that I can see that I shall get by the promotion.

Valete, et mementote amici quondam vestri humillimi.

C. L.

[Talfourd, who had been pupil of Joseph Chitty, became a serjeant on 29th January 1833.

'Canvas-sleeves.' Talfourd's note: 'Mr. Lamb always insisted that the costume referred to was worn when he first gladdened his young friend by a call at Mr. Chitty's chambers. I am afraid it is all apocryphal.'

'My old friends.' Stoddart and Tuthill were knighted; Barron Field was a judge; Talfourd was to become both a knight and a judge.

'Mrs. W——.' Mrs. Westwood, I suppose.

'Valete,' etc. Farewell to you both, and sometimes remember your humblest of friends.]

## 925. TO EDWARD MOXON

[10th February. P.M. 11th February 1833.]

I wish you would omit 'by the author of *Elia*,' now, in advertising that darnn'd 'Devil's Wedding.'

I had sneaking hopes you would have dropt in today—'tis my poor birthday. Don't stay away so. Give Forster a hint—you are to bring your brother some day—*sisters* in better weather.

Pray give me one line to say if you receiv'd and forwarded Emma's packet to Miss Adams,

and how Dover St. looks.

Adieu.

Is there no Blackwood this month?

[*Added on cover:*]

What separation will there be between the friend's preface, and THE ESSAYS? Should not 'Last Essays &c.' head them? If 'tis too late, don't mind. I don't care a farthing about it.

## 926. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

DEAR S—

[No date: ? February 1833.]

I have been doing some verses for Wordsworth's & Quillinan's daughters. A thought struck me, does E. S. keep an album?—Should it be so, you will, carefully seeing there is no offence [in] them, present them with kind remembrances.

Mary joins me in the kindest [love?] to you all.

C L

[The verses for Dora Wordsworth and Rotha Quillinan were printed in Lamb's *Poetical Works*, 1836. See my edition of his writings. Those for Edith Southey will be found in the next letter.]

## 927. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[March 1833.]

## CHRISTIAN NAMES OF WOMEN

(TO EDITH S—)

In Christian world MARY the garland wears!  
 REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;  
 Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear;  
 And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.  
 Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines!  
 What air of fragrance ROSAMUND throws round!  
 How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound!  
 Of MARTHAS, and of ABIGAILS, few lines  
 Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
 Should homely JOAN be fashioned. But can  
 You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?  
 And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?  
 Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,  
 These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.

Many thanks for the lift you have given us—I am perfectly satisfied. But if you advert to it again, I give you a delicate hint. Barbara S— shadows under that name Miss Kelly's early life, and I had the Anecdote beautifully from her.

[The sonnet was printed in the *Athenæum* for 9th March 1833. It had been written for Edith Southey's album. Dilke's 'lift' was an extract from the essay 'Barbara S—' on 2nd March.]

## 928. TO LOUISA BADAMS

February 15, 1833.

DEAR MRS. B.,

Thanks for your remembrance of your old fellow-prisoners at murderous Enfield. By the way, Cooper, who turned King's evidence, is come back again Whitewash'd, has resumed his seat at chapel, and took his sister (a fact!) up the Holt White's lane to shew her the topography of the deed. I intend asking him to supper. They say he's pleasant in conversation. Will you come and meet him?

I don't know how we shall see you. Mary has objections to travelling, and I never stay out the night when I come up. Couldn't Badams & you make a 24 hours' day here? The room is vacant at the Horse Shoe where Fare slept last, unless you prefer Johnson's last bed.

Mary, Emma, & I have got thro' the Inferno with the help of Cary—and Mary is in for it. She is commencing Tasso. When the Spring is riper, we will spare Emma for a few days, if you'll be kind to her.

Triple loves and kind memory to you both.

C. L.

## 929. TO EDWARD MOXON

DR M.,

[No date: Early 1833.]

Let us see you & your Brother on Sunday—

The Elias are beautifully got up. Be cautious how you name the *probability* of bringing 'em ever out complete—till these are gone off. Everybody'd say 'O I'll wait then.'

An't we to have a copy of the Sonnets—

Mind, I shall *insist* upon having no more copies: only I shall take 3 or 4 more of you at trade price. I am resolute about this.

Yours ever—

[The *Last Essays of Elia* had just been published.

Moxon seems to have sent his *Sonnets* at once. See Letter 938.]

## 930. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: *Early 1833.*]

No *writing*, and no *word*, ever passed between Taylor, or Hessey, and me, respecting copy right. This I can swear. They made a volume at their own will, and volunteered me a third of profits, which came to £30, which came to *Bilk*, and never came back to me. Proctor has acted a friendly part—when did he otherwise? I am very sorry to hear Mrs. P—— *as I suppose* is not so well. I meditated a rallying epistle to him on his Gemini—his two Sosias, accusing him of having acted a notable piece of duplicity. But if his partner in the double dealing suffers—it would be unseasonable. You cannot rememb<sup>r</sup>. me to him too kindly. Your chearful letter has relieved us from the dumps; all may be well. I rejoice at your letting your house so magnificently. Talfourd's letter may be directed to him 'On the Western Circuit.'<sup>1</sup> That is the way, send it. With Blackwood pray send Piozziana and a Literary Gazette if you have one. The Piozzi and that shall be immedi<sup>ly</sup> return'd, and I keep Mad. Darblay for you eventually, a longwinded reader at present having use of it.

The weather is so queer that I will not say I *expect* you &c.—but am prepared for the pleasure of seeing you when you can come.

We had given you up (the post man being late) and Emma and I have 20 times this morning been to the door in the rain to spy for him coming.

Well, I know it is not all settled, but your letter is chearful and cheer-making.

We join in triple love to you.

ELIA & Co.

I am settled *in any case* to take at Bookseller's price any copies I have more. Therefore oblige me by sending a copy of Elia to Coleridge and B. Barton, and enquire (at your leisure of course) how I can send one, with a letter, to Walter Savage Landor. These 3 put in your next bill on me. I am peremptory that it shall be so. These are all I can want.

<sup>1</sup> Is it the Western? he goes to Reading &c.

of copyright in those essays in the *Last Essays of Elia* that were printed in the *London Magazine* (see next letter to Talfourd).

For Procter's part, see later.

The reference to Procter's 'duplicity,' or double-dealing, relates to his becoming the father of twins—two Sosias, Sosia himself and Mercury, in the *Amphitrus* of Plautus.

*Piozziana*; or, *Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi* (Johnson's Mrs. Thrale), was published in 1833. It was by the Rev. E. Mangin.

Mad. Darblay would be *The Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, by his daughter, Madame D'Arblay (Admiral Burney's sister). The book was severely handled in the *Quarterly* for April 1833.]

## 931. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

Enfield, Sunday.

[P.M. 6th March 1833.]

DR T—

Many congratulations to you on a birth, of the description which I think you both wished for. Let us know how mother and babe bear it. As soon as ever you feel free to leave them, come down for a day. Will you bring the Tragedian (& tragedy) in your hand? I am sorry to add that (don't be frightened) just as the 'Last Elia's' were ready for distribution, there has come from Taylor of the 'London,' a threat to Moxon of applying for an INJUNCTION, unless he compensates him for his copyright. The son of a bitch in a manger! neither to print, himself, nor let print—

From Taylor's magazine, *extinct to him 7 or 8 years since*, are extracted for the vol. . . . Pages 165

from Colbourn's, who, I expect, will be

at us . . . . . 72

fresh articles, claimable by neither . . . . . 52 alas!

Total vol. 289 goodly pages

pure Elia-isms

in this emergency can you spare me a little counsel? whether the injunction would hold? Taylor made no bargain with me, but *volunteer'd* third profits—he says he purchased right of printing the former vol. of Baldwin—

Send me a cup of cool comfort in the form of advise—some legal crum[b]s that drop from the Serjeants' Table—

Talking of accidents in families, what an egregious piece of duplicity has Proctor plaid off!—

C L. (Elia, qu?)

[A daughter was born to the Talfourds on 24th February.]

932. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: *Spring 1833.*]

DEAR M.,

Many thanks for the Books; the *Faust* I will acknowledge to the Author. But most thanks for one immortal sentence, 'If I do not *cheat* him, never *trust* me again.' I do not know whether to admire most, the wit or justness of the sentiment. It has my cordial approbation. My sense of meum and tuum applauds it. I maintain it, the eighth commandment hath a secret special reservation, by which the reptile is exempt from any protection from it; as a dog, or a nigger, he is not a holder of property. Not a ninth of what he detains from the world is his own. Keep your hands from picking and stealing is no ways referable to his acquists. I doubt whether bearing false witness against thy neighbor at all contemplated this possible scrub. Could Moses have seen the speck in vision? An ex post facto law alone could relieve him, and we are taught to expect no eleventh commandment. The out-law to the Mosaic dispensation!—unworthy to have seen Moses's behind—to lay his desecrating hands upon Elia! Has the irreverent ark-toucher been struck blind I wonder—? The more I think of him, the less I think of him. His meanness is invisible with aid of solar microscope, my moral eye smarts at him. The less flea that bites little fleas! The great Beast! the beggarly nit!

More when we meet.

Mind, you'll come, two of you—and couldn't you go off in the morning, that we may have a daylong curse at him, if curses are not dis-hallowed by descending so low? Amen. Maledicatur in extremis.



[Abraham Hayward's translation of *Faust* was published by Moxon in February 1833. His preface notes that the idea of translating was suggested by Lamb's remark to Cary about his pleasure in the Latin versions of the Greek tragedians. Lamb's letter of thanks was said by Edmund Yates to be a very odd one. I have not seen it.

We may perhaps assume that Moxon's reply to Lamb's letter stating that Taylor's claim had been paid contained the 'immortal sentence.'

'Not a ninth.' This Taylor is less than a ninth of a man.

'Ark-toucher.' 1 Chronicles xiii 9.

'The less flea.' Remembering Swift's lines in *On Poetry, a Rhapsody*:

So, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

'Maledicatur in extremis.' Curses attend his death-bed!]

## 933. TO JOHN WILSON

('Christopher North')

[No date: Probably *early 1833*.]

In vile haste (Moxon presses and time presses) I send you my second vol. Can you remember the scrap you *said* you made out for our poor Album? We had you with us then, but now we miss you and wish we had secured the fragment. My young friend says, she don't care how complimentary it is. But in fact, ANYTHING will do with your name. Landor has sent her a sonnet from Florence! Would you like now & then to hear from Elia?

[Mrs. Anderson's note: "'Christopher North" had visited Lamb 11th July 1832. There is nothing by him in Emma Isola's album. Landor's contribution, as we have seen, was not a sonnet.']

## 934. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[No date: *Early 1833*.]

For Landor's kindness I have just esteem. I shall tip him a Letter, when you tell me how to address him.

Give Emma's kindest regrets that I could not entice her good friend, your Nephew, here.

Her warmest love to the Bury Robinsons—our all three to H. Crab. C. L.

[Mr. Macdonald's transcript adds: 'Accompanying copy of Landor's verses to Emma Isola, and others, contributed to Miss Wordsworth's album, and poem written at West-water. C. L.']

The Bury Robinsons were Crabb Robinson's brother and other relatives, whom Miss Isola had met when at Fornham.]

## 935. TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

DEAR SIR,

[No date: *Early 1833.*]

Pray accept a little volume. 'Tis a legacy from Elia, you'll see. Silver and Gold had he none, but such as he had, left he you. I do not know how to thank you for attending to my request about the Album. I thought you would never remember it. Are not you proud and thankful, Emma?

Yes, *very, both*—

EMMA ISOLA.

Many things I had to say to you, which there was not time for. *One* why should I forget? 'tis for Rose Aylmer, which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks.—

Next I forgot to tell you I knew all your Welch annoyancers, the measureless Beethams. I knew a quarter of a mile of them. 17 brothers and 16 sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a story of a shark, every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt sea ravener not having had his gorge of him!

The shortest of the daughters measured 5 foot eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Surely I have discover'd the longitude—

Sir, If you can spare a moment, I should be happy to hear from you—that rogue Robinson detained your verses, till I call'd for them. Don't entrust a bit of prose to the rogue, but believe me

Your obliged

C. L.

My Sister sends her kind regards.

['The measureless Beethams.' In an article in the *New Times* in 1825, called 'Many Friends,' Lamb had made play with this family. See my edition of the *Works*.]

## 936. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR FRIEND,

[Dated at end: 6th March 1833.]

Thee hast sent a Christian epistle to me, and I should not feel clear if I neglected to reply to it, which would have been sooner if that vain young man, to whom thou didst intrust it, had not kept it back. We should rejoice to see thy outward man here, especially on a day which should not be a first day, being liable to worldly callers in on that day. Our little book is delayed by a heathenish injunction, threatened by the man Taylor. Canst thou copy and send, or bring with thee, a vanity in verse which in my younger days I wrote on friend Aders' pictures? Thou wilt find it in the book called the Table Book.

Tryphena and Tryphosa, whom the world calleth Mary and Emma, greet you with me.

CH. LAMB.

6th of 3d month 4th day.

[On this letter is written by Hone in pencil: 'This acknowledges a note from me to C. L. written in January preceding, and sent by young Will Hazlitt. Received in my paralysis. March, 1833.' It is true that Hone had become an Irvingite, but Lamb addresses him as though he had succumbed to the teachings of George Fox.

'Tryphena and Tryphosa are in Romans xvi 12.

On this day Lamb gave Hone two books with the same inscription in each—very unsteadily written.]

## 937. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 19th March 1833.]

I shall *expect* Forster and two Moxons on Sunday, and *hope* for Procter.

I am obliged to be in town next Monday. Could we contrive to make a party (paying or not is immaterial) for Miss Kelly's that night, and can you shelter us after the play, I mean Emma and me? I fear, I cannot persuade Mary to join us.

N.B. *I can sleep at a public house.*

Send an Elia (mind, I *insist* on buying it) to T. Manning Esq. at Sir G. Tuthill's Cavendish Square.

DO WRITE.

[Miss Kelly was then giving at the Strand Theatre an entertainment called *Dramatic Recollections*.]

## 938. TO EDWARD MOXON

DR. M.,

[P.M. 30th March 1833.]

Emma and we are *delighted* with the Sonnets, and she with her nice Walton. Mary is deep in the novel. Come as early as you can. I stupidly overlookd your proposal to meet you in Green Lanes, for in some strange way I *burnt my leg*, shin-quarter, at Forster's,\* it is laid up on a stool, and Asbury attends. You'll see us all as usual, about Taylor, when you come.

Yours ever

C. L.

\* Or the night I came home, for I felt it not bad till yesterday. But I scarce can hobble across the room.

I have secured 4 places for night: in haste.

Mary and E. do not dream of any thing we have discussed.

[I fancy that the last sentence refers to an offer for Miss Isola's hand which Moxon had just made to Lamb.]

## 939. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

Enfield, Monday.

DEAR P——,

[P.M. 1st April 1833.]

I have more than £30 in my house, and am independent of quarter-day, not having received my pension.

Pray, settle, I beg of you, the matter with Mr. Taylor. I know nothing of bills, but most gladly will I forward to you that sum for him, for Mary is very anxious that M[oxon] may not get into any litigation. The money is literally rotting in my desk for want of use. I should not interfere with M——, tell M—— when you see him, but Mary is really uneasy, so lay it to that account, not mine.

Yours ever and two evers,

C. L.

Do it smack at once—and I will explain to M—— why I did it. It is simply done to ease her mind. When you have settled, write, and I'll send the bank notes to you twice, in *halves*.

Deduct from it your share in broken bottles which, you being capital in your hits, I take to be two shillings. Do it, as you love Mary and me. Then Elia's himself again.

## 940. TO J. S. KNOWLES AND J. FORSTER

[No date: ? *Early April 1833.*]

Swallow your damn'd dinner and your brandy and water fast—  
& come immediately

I want to take Knowles in to Emma's only female friend for  
5 minutes only, and we are free for the eveng.

I'll do a Prologue.

[The prologue was for Sheridan Knowles's play *The Wife*. Lamb wrote both prologue and epilogue. See my edition of the *Works*.]

## 941. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

DR. SIR,

[No date: *April 1833.*]

I read your note in a moment of great perturbation with my Landlady and chuck'd it in the fire, as I should have done an epistle of Paul, but as far as my Sister recalls the import of it, I reply. The Sonnets (36 of them) have never been printed, much less published, till the other day,<sup>1</sup> save that a few of 'em have come out in Annuals. Two vols. of poetry of M.'s, have been publish'd, but they were not these. The 'Nightingale' has been in one of those gewgaws, the Annuals; whether the other I sent you has, or not penitus ignoro. But for heaven's sake do with 'em what you like.

Yours

C. L.

<sup>1</sup> The proof sheets only were in my hand about a fortnight ago.

[Moxon's sonnets were reviewed, probably by Lamb, in the *Athenaeum* for 13th April 1833. The sonnet to the nightingale (see above) was quoted. This review will be found in my edition of the *Works*.]

'Penitus ignoro.' I am utterly ignorant.]

## 942. TO EDWARD MOXON

Last line alter to—

[*April 1833.*]

A store of gratitude is left behind.

Because, as it now stands, if the Author lays his hand upon his heart, and emfatically says—

I have (so and so) *behind*,

the audience may think it is all my . . . in a bandbox, and so in fact it is.

Yours, by old and new ties

Turn over.

C. LAMB.

[Not having seen the original of this letter, which was printed by Carew Hazlitt, I cannot say to what the 'Turn over' applies. An earlier draft of Lamb's prologue to *The Wife* ended:

Condemn me, damn me, hiss me, to your mind—  
I have a stock of gratitude behind.

Later, the dubious phrase disappeared.]

943. TO JOHN FORSTER

[No date: ? Spring 1833.]

There was a talk of Richmond on Sunday but we were hampered with an unavoidable engagement that day, besides that I wish to show it you when the woods are in full leaf. Can you have a quiet evening here to night or tomorrow night? We are certainly at home.

Yours

C. LAMB.

Friday.

944. TO MRS. WILLIAM AYRTON

[P.M. (16th) April 1833.]

DEAR MRS. AYRTON,

I do not know which to admire most, your kindness, or your patience, in copying out that intolerable rabble of panegyric from over the Atlantic. By the way, now your hand is in, I wish you would copy out for me the 13th 17th and 24th of Barrow's sermons in folio, and all of Tillotson's (folio also) except the first, which I have in Manuscript, and which, you know, is Ayrton's favorite. Then—but I won't trouble you any farther just now. Why does not A come and see me? Can't he and Henry Crabbe concert it? 'Tis as easy as lying is to me. Mary's kindest love to you both.

ELIA.

[The letter is accompanied by a note in the writing of William Scrope Ayrton, the son of William Ayrton, copied from Mrs. Ayrton's *Diary*: 'March

17, 1833.—Copied a critique upon Elia's works from the *Mirror of America* a sort of news paper.'

When in New York Public Library in 1934 I searched in vain for the article or for any periodical with the title given by Ayrtton. This letter contains Lamb's only reference to the intellectual activities of the country where he is now held in such honour.

Since Barrow's sermons are mentioned (humorously) in this letter—and for no other reason—I insert here a fragment of a letter quoted by N. P. Willis in an article on autographs in the *Corsair* in 1839. To whom Lamb was writing I have no idea.]

I have nothing of Barrow's save one interminable sermon on contentment. I do not think there is one bit of *beauty* in all his works: one extractable passage. Dr. Parr's wig enshrouded a pig's head when he put him next to Taylor. He is in the same grade as Tillottson, whom I will read when I mean to be a good man. C. L.

## 945. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 25th April 1833.]

MY DEAR MOXON,

We perfectly agree in your arrangement. *It has quite set my sister's mind at rest.* She will come with you on Sunday, and return at eve, and I will make comfortable arrangements with the Buffams. We desire to have you here dining unWestwooded, and I will try and get you a bottle of choice port. I have transferr'd the stock I told you to Emma. The plan of the Buffams steers admirably between two niceties. Tell Emma we thoroughly approve it. As our damnd Times is a day after the fair, I am setting off to Enfield Highway to see in a morning paper (alas! the Publican's) how the play ran. Pray, bring 4 orders for Mr. Asbury—undated.

In haste (not for neglect)

Yours ever

Thursday.

C. LAMB.

[Lamb refers to Moxon's engagement to Miss Isola as being now settled.

The play was Sheridan Knowles's *The Wife*, produced at Covent Garden on 24th April.

The Buffams were the landladies of the house in Southampton Buildings, where Lamb lodged in town.

Lamb had announced the inevitable in a letter to Wordsworth, of which I have seen only this sentence: 'I am about to lose my old and only walk-companion, whose mirthful spirits were the "youth of our house," Emma Isola.']

## 946. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 27th April 1833.]

Mary and I are very poorly. Asbury says tis nothing but influenza. Mr. W. appears all but dying, he is delirious. Mrs. W. was taken so last night, that Mary was obliged at midnight to knock up Mrs. Waller to come and sit up with her. We have had a sick child, who sleeping, or not sleeping, next me with a pasteboard partition between, killed my sleep. The little bastard is gone. My bedfellows are Cough and cramp, we sleep 3 in a bed. Domestic arrangements (Blue Butcher and all) devolve on Mary. Don't come yet to this house of pest and age. We propose when E. and you agree on the time, to come up and meet her at the Buffams', say a week hence, but do you make the appointment. The Lachlans send her their love.

I do sadly want those 2 last Hogarths—and an't I to have the Play?

Mind our spirits are good and we are happy in your happinesses.  
C. L.

Our old and ever loves to dear Em.

['Mr. W.' was Mr. Westwood. The Lachlans were neighbours, as there is a letter of August 1833 to Miss Lachlan about handing on papers to the Westwoods. Lamb wrote an acrostic on *A Drawing* by E. L., which gives the name 'Sarah Lachlan.' The play is presumably *The Wife*, printed in 1833. Miss Isola was, I imagine, staying with the Moxon family.]

## 947. TO THE REV. JAMES GILLMAN

May 7, 1833.

By a strange occurrence we have quitted Enfield for ever. Oh! the happy eternity! Who is Vicar or Lecturer for that detestable place concerns us not. But Asbury, surgeon and a good fellow, has offered to get you a Mover and Seconder, and you may use my name freely to him. Except him and Dr. Creswell, I have no respectable acquaintance in the dreary village. At least my



friends are all in the *public* line, and it might not suit to have it moved at a special vestry by John Gage at the Crown and Horse-shoe, licensed victualler, and seconded by Joseph Horner of the Green Dragon, ditto, that the Rev. J. G. is a fit person to be Lecturer, &c.

My dear James, I wish you all success, but am too full of my own emancipation almost to congratulate anyone else. With both our loves to your father and mother and glorious S. T. C.,

Yours,

C. LAMB.

[The Rev. James Gillman was the eldest son of Coleridge's physician and friend. He was born in 1808 and ordained in 1831. He thought in 1833 of standing as candidate for the lectureship of Enfield, but did not obtain it. After acting as under master of Highgate grammar school he became in 1836 rector of Barfreston, in Kent. In 1847 he became vicar of Holy Trinity, Lambeth. He died in 1877.

The Lambs had suddenly decided to move to Mr. Walden's house at Edmonton, where Mary Lamb, when ill, was now always taken. The house, known as Lamb Cottage, still stands (1934), very much as it was.

The dislike of Enfield was, I think, much more dislike of the Westwoods. Dr. Cresswell seems to have ceased to be vicar.]

948. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

DR. T.,

[P.M. 8th May 1933.]

after 8 weary years at Enfield I have emancipated myself and am, with my sister ill, at Mr. Walden's, Church St. Edmonton. I feel happier than I have been for all those years. A fortnight or so hence, if you ask me, I will come to sup with you, and take a bed—not *dine* certainly.

In haste, rather flurried, but not much so, not very happy, nor at all miserable.

Your grateful

Saturday.

C. LAMB.

Walden and wife had the charge of Mary in her last illness. Now we need move no more—with love to Mrs. T—

Should I address you as I do, or should it be Serg.<sup>t</sup> T. Esq.<sup>r</sup> Write me a word. Enlighten me on this etiquette.

N.B. Emma and Moxon are about to make a match, with my thorough approval.

## 949. TO JOHN TUFF

[Edmonton 1833.]

DEAR SIR,

I learn that Covent Garden, from its thin houses every night, is likely to be shut up after Saturday; so that no time is to be lost in using the orders.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Mr. T. [i.e. John] Tuff published *Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Notices of Enfield*, 1858.

'*The Wife* was transferred to the Olympic on 9th May.']

## 950. TO JOHN FORSTER

[No date: May 1833.]

DR. F.,

Can you oblige me by sending 4 Box orders undated for the Olympic Theatre? I suppose Knowles can get 'em. It is for the Waldens, with whom I live. The sooner, the better, that they may not miss the 'Wife'—I meet you at the Talfourds Saturday week, and if they can't, perhaps you can, give me a bed.

Your ratherish unwell

C. LAMB.

Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

Or write immediately to say if you can't get em.

## 951. TO JOHN FORSTER

[P.M. 12th May 1833.]

DEAR BOY,

I send you the original Elias, complete.

When I am a little composed, I shall hope to see you and Proctor here; may be, may see you first in London.

C. L.

[In the Dyce and Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington will be found a mass of material relating to Lamb. The *Elia* MSS. consist of 'The Child Angel,' 'Poor Relations,' and portions of 'Mackery End,' 'A Quakers' Meeting,' and the essay on the 'Barrenness of Imagination.']

## 952. TO MISS RICKMAN

May 23, 1833.  
Thursday.

DEAR MISS RICKMAN,

My being a day in town, and my being moved from Enfield, made your letter late, and my reply in consequence. I am glad you like *Elia*. Perhaps, as Miss Kelly is just now in notoriety, it may amuse you to know that 'Barbara S.' is *all* of it true of *her*, being all communicated to me from her own mouth. The 'Wedding' of course you found out to be Sally Burney's. As to Mrs. G[odwin] I know no reason why your dear mother should not call upon her. I remember Rickman and she did *not* return Mr. and Mrs. G.'s congratulatory visit on their wedding. No fresh reason has occurred since to prevent any civilities on their side. By a sudden illness of my Sister (they now last half the year, in violence first, and a succeeding dreadful depression) I have come to the resolution of living with her under it at a place where she is under regular treatment, and am at Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton. In a few weeks, I should like one quiet day among you, but not before. With loves to father and mother, and your kind-hearted Sister, whose Christian name I am an heathen if I just now can remember,

Yours sincerely,

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Godwin is a second wife. Mary Wolstoncroft has been dead thirty years!

[Mary Wollstonecraft, the first wife of Godwin, died in 1797.]

## 953. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

*End of May nearly, [1833].*

Your letter, save in what respects your dear Sister's health, cheer'd me in my new solitude. Mary is ill again. Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing. Nice little durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration—shocking as they were to me

then. In short, half her life she is dead to me, and the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings forward to the next shock. With such prospects, it seem'd to me necessary that she should no longer live with me, and be fluttered with continual removals, so I am come to live with her, at a Mr. Walden's and his wife, who take in patients, and have arranged to lodge and board us only. They have had the care of her before. I see little of her; alas! I too often hear her. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*—and you and I must bear it—

To lay a little more load on it, a circumstance has happen'd, *cujus pars magna fui*, and which at another crisis I should have more rejoiced in. I am about to lose my old and only walk-companion, whose mirthful spirits were the 'youth of our house,' Emma Isola. I have her here now for a little while, but she is too nervous properly to be under such a roof, so she will make short visits, be no more an inmate. With my perfect approval, and more than concurrence, she is to be wedded to Moxon at the end of Aug<sup>t</sup>. So 'perish the roses and the flowers'—how is it?

Now to the brighter side, I am emancipated from most *bated* and *detestable* people, the Westwoods. I am with attentive people, and younger—I am 3 or 4 miles nearer the Great City, Coaches half-price less, and going always, of which I will avail myself. I have few friends left there, one or two tho' most beloved. But London Streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, tho' of the latter not one known one were remaining.

Thank you for your cordial reception of Elia. Inter nos the Ariadne is not a darling with me, several incongruous things are in it, but in the composition it served me as illustrative.

I want you in the popular fallacies to like the 'Home that is no home' and 'rising with the lark.'

I am feeble, but chearful in this my genial hot weather,—walk'd 16 miles yesterdy. I can't read much in Summer time.

With very kindest love to all and prayers for dear Dorothy,

I remain

most attachedly yours

C. LAMB.

at mr. walden's, church street, *edmonton*, middlesex.

Moxon has introduced Emma to Rogers, and he smiles upon

the project. I have given E. my MILTON—will you pardon me?—in part of a *portion*. It hangs famously in his Murray-like shop.

[*On the wrapper is written :*]

Dr M<sup>[oxon]</sup>, inclose this in a better-looking paper, and get it frank'd, and good by'e till Sundy. Come early—

C. L.

['Sunt lachrymae rerum': There are tears for human fortune.—*Æneid*, i. 462.

'*Cujus pars magna fui*': In which I played a great part. From *Æneid*, ii. 5: 'Quorum pars magna fui.'

'So "perish the roses," etc.' A reference to a poem by Wordsworth of 1824, *To —*, which includes the lines:

If human life do pass away,  
Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower.

'The Ariadne.' See the essay on 'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty,' where Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery is highly praised. Wordsworth's favourite essays in this volume were 'The Wedding' and 'Old China.'

'My Milton.' Against the reference to the portrait of Milton, in the postscript, some one, possibly Wordsworth, has pencilled a note, now only partially legible. It runs thus: 'It had been proposed by L. that W. W. should be the Possessor of the portrait if he outlived his friend, and that afterwards it was to be bequeathed to Christ's Coll. Cambridge.' The portrait now hangs in the Public Library of New York.

Lamb had given Wordsworth in 1820 a copy of *Paradise Regained*, 1671, with this inscription: 'C. Lamb to the best Knower of Milton, and therefore the worthiest occupant of this pleasant Edition. June 2<sup>d</sup> 1820.'

#### 954. TO JOHN FORSTER

[P.M. ? *Night of 30th May 1833.*]

Come down tomorrow or Saturday be here by two or half after coaches from Snow Hill.

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This is in two bits at South Kensington. The note (a mere scrap) forms No. 1 of the collection, and the address, with postmark, is No. 5. Both are in the same handwriting (not Lamb's, possibly Mrs. Walden's), and as the note was obviously written on a Thursday, and 30th May was a Thursday, I feel sure they belong together.']

## 955. TO JOHN FORSTER

DEAR F.,

*Sunday [2nd June 1833.]*

I was disappointed in not seeing you yesterday or the day before. I named a silly hour, but it was in a flurry. I used a curt style, because my amanuensis is no great scribe. I made use of him, because my hand shook so. My hand shook, because I had been trying to write very neatly an Album Acrostic, in which the Initial letters require unusual Fair Writing. A coach from Snow Hill at 2 brings you to Walden's door before 4. After that hour I shall not expect you. Strive & come tomorrow.\* Thanks for the Orders, & pray make my acknowledgm<sup>ts</sup> to the Players.

Yours truly

C LAMB

Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

\* N.B. Tomorrow is Today with you. Set off—

## 956. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR MRS. HAZLITT,

*[Dated at end: 31st May 1833.]*

I will assuredly come, and find you out, when I am better. I am driven from house and home by Mary's illness. I took a sudden resolution to take my sister to Edmonton, where she was under medical treatment last time, and have arranged to board and lodge with the people. Thank God, I have repudiated Enfield. I have got out of hell, despair of heaven, and must sit down contented in a half-way purgatory. Thus ends this strange eventful history—

But I am nearer town, and will get up to you somehow before long—

I repent not of my resolution.

'Tis late, and my hand unsteady, so good b'ye till we meet.

Your old

C. L.

Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

## 957. TO MARY BETHAM

June 5, 1833.

DEAR MARY BETHAM,

I remember You all, and tears come out when I think on the years that have separated us. That dear Anne should so long have remembered us affects me. My dear Mary, my poor sister is not, nor will be for two months perhaps capable of appreciating the *kind old long memory* of dear Anne.

But not a penny will I take, and I can answer for my Mary when she recovers, if the sum left can contribute in any way to the comfort of Matilda.

We will halve it, or we will take a bit of it, as a token, rather than wrong her. So pray consider it as an amicable arrangement. I write in great haste, or you won't get it before you go.

*We do not want the money*; but if dear Matilda does not much want it, why, we will take our thirds. God bless you.

C. LAMB.

[Miss Betham's sister, Anne, who had just died, had left thirty pounds to Mary Lamb. See *A House of Letters*, by Ernest Betham.]

## 958. TO MATILDA BETHAM

[5th June 1833.]

DEAR MISS BETHAM,

I sit down, very poorly, to write to you, being come to Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton, to be altogether with poor Mary, who is very ill, as usual, only that her illnesses are now as many months as they used to be weeks in duration—the reason your letter only just found me. I am saddened with the havoc death has made in your family. I do not know how to appreciate the kind regard of dear Anne; Mary will understand it two months hence, I hope; but neither she nor I would rob you, if the legacy will be of use to, or comfort to you. My hand shakes so I can hardly write. On Saturday week I must come to town, and will call on you in the morning before one o'clock. Till when I take kindest leave.

Your old Friend,

C. LAMB.

## 959. TO MRS. RANDAL NORRIS

[P.M. 10th July 1833.]

DEAR MRS. NORRIS,

I wrote to Jekyll, and sent him an *Elia*. This is his kind answer. So you see that he will be glad to see *any of you* that shall be in town, and will arrange, if you prefer it, to accompany you. If you are at Brighton, Betsey will forward this. I have cut off the name at the bottom to give to a foolish autograph fancier. Love to you all. Emma sends her very kindest.

C. LAMB.

[Enclosure]

MY DEAR SIR,—I must not lose a moment in thanking you for another volume of your delightful pen, which reached me this Morning, but I hope not the last Essays of *Elia*.

For Faint I had much Regard, and it delights me to hear he has manifested such good Feelings towards Mrs. Norris and her Daughters. On their Visit to London, it would afford me much pleasure to see them, and, still more, if you could contrive to accompany them.

Poor George Dyer, blind, but as usual chearful and content, often gives, on my Enquiry, good accounts of you. With my Regards to Mrs. Norris,

[Signature cut off.]

Spring Garden, Thursday, June 27, 1833. C. Lamb, Esq.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Joseph Faint, Mrs. Norris's brother, had died 15th March previously; he was chief butler of the Hall Society of the Inner Temple.']

## 960. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 14th July 1833.]

DEAR M.,

The Hogarths are *delicate*. Perhaps it will amuse Emma to tell her, that, a day or two since, Miss Norris (Betsy) call'd to me on the road from London from a gig conveying her to Widford, and engaged me to come down this afternoon. I think I shall stay only one night; she would have been glad of E.'s accompaniment, but I would not disturb her, and Mrs. N. is coming to town on Monday, so it would not have suited. Also, C. V. Le Grice gave me a dinner at Johnny Gilpin's yesterday,



where we talk'd of what old friends were taken or left in the 30 years since we had met.

I shall hope to see her on Tuesdy.

To Bless you both

Friday.

C. L.

[Le Grice we have met. 'Johnny Gilpin's' was The Bell at Edmonton.

Carew Hazlitt records that a letter from Lamb to Miss Norris was in existence in which the writer gave 'minute and humorous instructions for his own funeral, even specifying the number of nails which he desired to be inserted in his coffin.']

961. TO MRS. RANDAL NORRIS

[18th July 1833.]

DEAR MRS. NORRIS,

I got home safe. Pray accept these little books, and some of you *give me a line to say you received them*. Love to all, and thanks for three agreeable days. I send them this afternoon (Tuesday) by Canter's coach. Are the little girls packed safe? They can come in straw, and have eggs under them. Ask them to lie soft, 'cause eggs smash.

ELIA.

Mrs. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

[An account of one of Lamb's visits to the Norrises at Widford—probably this one—will be found in my *Life of Lamb*, as taken from the memory of Mrs. Coe, *née* Hunt, a pupil at the 'Miss Norris's' school at that time. The books were the Lambs' *Poetry for Children*. See notes to letter to Crabb Robinson, 20th January 1827.

I add another letter, undated, to Mrs. Norris, also bearing upon a visit to Widford followed by a gift of books—this time *Mrs. Leicester's School*.]

962. TO MRS. RANDAL NORRIS

DEAR MRS. NORRIS,

I found Mary on my return not worse, and she is now no better. I send all my nonsense I could scrape together, and wish your young ladies well thro' them. I hope they will like 'Amwell.'

Be in no hurry to return them. Six months hence will do. Remember me kindly to them and to Richard. Also to Mary and her cousin.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Pray give me a line to say you received 'em. I send 'em Wednesday 19th, from the Roebuck.

[I append an undated letter to Miss Norris, who probably had charge of the French department of Goddard House School. Richard Norris lived with the family.]

### 963. TO MISS NORRIS

Hypochondriac. We can't reckon avec any certainty for une heure . . . as follows:

#### ENGLAND

I like the Taxes when they're not too many,  
 I like a sea-coal fire when not too dear;  
 I like the beefsteak, too, as well as any,  
 Have no objection to a pot of beer;  
 I like the *weather when it's not too rainy*,  
 That is, I like two months of every year.

#### ITALY

I also like to dine on becaficas,  
 To see the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,  
 Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as  
 A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,  
 But with all heaven t'himself; the day will break as  
 Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow  
 That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers  
 Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

Kind regards to Mama and remembrances to Frere Richard. Dieu remercie mon frere can't lizer Fransay. I have written this letter with a most villainous pen—called a Patent one.

En finis je remarque I was not offensè a votre fransay et I was not embarrassè to make it out. Adieu.

I have not quite done that — instead of your company in

Miss Norris; epistle has determined me to come if heaven, earth, and myself can compass it. Amen.

[Mrs. Anderson says: 'By examining the photograph of the last part of this letter, we can put a meaning to the puzzling last paragraph. Lamb has evidently received an invitation from the elder Miss Norris—a printed form, "Miss N. requests the pleasure of      company on such and such a date." She forgot to fill in the blank when sending Lamb's, and this tickled him.'

The verses are from Byron's *Beppo*.]

## 964. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 24th July 1833.]

For god's sake, give Emma no more watches. *One* has turn'd her head. She is arrogant, and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old Clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment-hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you 'Pray, Sir, can you tell us what's a Clock,' and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking 'what the time is.' I overheard her whispering, 'Just so many hours, minutes, &c. to Tuesday—I think St. George's goes too slow'— This little present of Time, why, 'tis Eternity to her—

What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch?

She has spoil'd some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away 'half past 12,' which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Sq.

Well, if 'love me, love my watch,' answers, she will keep time to you—

It goes right by the Horse Guards—

[*On the next page:*]

Emma hast kist this yellow wafer—a hint.

DEAREST M.

Never mind opposite nonsense. She does not love you for the watch, but the watch for you.

I will be at the wedding, and keep the 30 July as long as my poor months last me, as a festival gloriously.

Your ever

ELLA.

We have not heard from Cambridge. I will write the moment we do.

Edmonton, 24th July, 3.20 post mer. minutes 4 instants by Emma's watch.

[The following two letters refer to another escapade of Martin Burney.]

965. TO MATILDA BETHAM

[DEAR MISS] B.,

[P.M. ? July 1833.]

I cannot interfere. I am too ill. [*Torn*] much in my spirits at home to look into the world for misery. M. B.'s sister lives at James Street, Pimlico. Her husband is a [*torn*] second hand bookseller. Payne in Pall Mall, Payne & Foss. I fear the Paynes are abroad. I am sending a statement to both P. & F.

I sent your Poems back on Tuesday.

I am very poorly; too much so to read M [*torn*] with any judgment. Thank you for your [*torn*] concern for poor M.

Yours ever,

C. L.

966. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MOXON,

[P.M. 28th July 1833.]

I am nothing but a trouble to my friends. But I have a dreadful letter from Miss Betham, which I should not attend to, but that the situation she describes is what I foresaw was inevitable. I can do nothing in it. It is troubling you sadly. But will you communicate the enclosed to Payne, M. B.'s brother in law in Pall Mall, if he is abroad, make his partner FOSS read it, & ask him what can be done; if it is possible to recover M B to a state of respectability. Payne & Foss, Pall Mall—it shakes me to pieces. Beg Emma's pardon for my keeping her so late, it was her goodness not to quit me till I was safe coached. I am nursing myself well to present myself to her aunt as one not unworthy of her acquaint<sup>ce</sup>

Yours (both) affectionately

C L.

[The following was written immediately after the wedding of Moxon and Emma Isola: on 30th July 1833.]

967. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO EDWARD AND EMMA MOXON

DEAR MR. AND MRS. MOXON—

Time very short. I wrote to Miss Fryer, and had the sweetest letter about you, Emma, that ever friendship dictated. 'I am full of good wishes, I am crying with good wishes,' she says; but you shall see it.—

Dear Moxon, I take your writing most kindly and shall most kindly your writing from Paris—

I want to crowd another letter to Miss Fry[er] into the little time after dinner before Post time.

So with 20000 congratulations,

Yours,

C. L.

I am calm, sober, happy. Turn over for the reason.

I got home from Dover St., by Evens, *half as sober as a judge*. I am turning over a new leaf, as I hope you will now.

[*On the next leaf Mary Lamb wrote :*]

MY DEAR EMMA AND EDWARD MOXON,

Accept my sincere congratulations, and imagine more good wishes than my weak nerves will let me put into good set words. The dreary blank of *unanswered questions* which I ventured to ask in vain was cleared up on the wedding-day by Mrs. W. taking a glass of wine, and, with a total change of countenance, begged leave to drink Mr. and Mrs. Moxon's health. It restored me, from that moment: as if by an electrical stroke: to the entire possession of my senses—I never felt so calm and quiet after a similar illness as I do now. I feel as if all tears were wiped from my eyes, and all care from my heart.

MARY LAMB.

[*At the foot of this letter Charles Lamb added :*]

Wednesday.

DEARS AGAIN,

Your letter interrupted a seventh game at Picquet which we were having, after walking to *Wright's* and purchasing shoes.

We pass our time in cards, walks, and reading. We attack Tasso soon.

C. L.

Never was such a calm, or such a recovery. 'Tis her own words, undictated.

968. CHARLES LAMB TO MISS LACHLAN

[No date: *August 1833.*]

DEAR MISS LACKLAND,

I shall trouble you in future to let the Westwoods have the papers after you. They are to return them to you, and you will return them here. But if not ready next Saturday, keep them till the following. Are they worth these troublesome directions? but they will amuse old W.—Well, I was father at the wedding on Tuesday 30th July. Emma performed her responses nobly. We heard from them since from Brighton; they set out for Paris this day. Mary is well and comfortable and unites in kind regards to you both. Do you understand the above cumbrous arrangements?

C. LAMB.

[Miss Lachlan was an Enfield neighbour, as we have seen. See page 367.]

969. TO LOUISA BADAMS

[P.M. 20th *August 1833.*]

DEAR MRS. BADAMS,

I was at church, as the grave Father, and behaved tolerably well, except at first entrance, when Emma in a whisper repressed a nascent giggle. I am not fit for weddings or burials. Both incite a chuckle. Emma look'd as pretty as Pamela, and made her responses delicately and firmly. I tripped a little at the altar, was engaged in admiring the altar-piece; but, recalled seasonably by a Parsonic rebuke, 'Who gives this woman?' was in time resolutely to reply, 'I do.' Upon the whole the thing went off decently & devoutly.—Your dodging post is excellent; I take it, it was at Wilsdon—.

We shall this week or next dine at Islington,—I am writing to know the day—& in that case see you the next day, & talk of beds. My lodging may be on the cold floor. I long for a *hard fought game* with Badams. With haste & thanks for your *unusually* entertaining letter,

Yours truly,

CHAS. & MARY LAMB.

I will write to Miss Jas. soon, was meditating it.

['Dodging post.' I cannot explain this. The hard-fought game would be at whist, which, it will be remembered, Lamb had taught Louisa by letter.

'The cold floor.' A reference to the old ballad, 'My lodging is on the cold ground.'

'Miss Jas.' Mary Lamb's old nurse.]

970. TO MATILDA BETHAM

[Dated at end: 23rd August 1833.]

DEAR MISS B.,

Your Bridal verses are very beautiful. Emma shall have them, as here corrected, when they return. They are in France. The verses, I repeat, are sweetly pretty. I know nobody in these parts that wants a servant; indeed, I have no acquaintance in this new place, and rarely come to town. The rule of Christ's Hospital is rigorous, that the marriage certificate of the parents be produced, previous to the presentation of a boy, so that your renowned Protégè has no chance. Never trouble yourself about Dyer's neighbour. He will only tell you a parcel of fibs, and is impracticable to any advice. He has been long married and parted, and has to pay his wife a weekly allowance to this day, besides other incumbrances.

In haste and headake,

Yours,

[*A House of Letters* gives also an undated scrap which probably refers to the same verses: 'I return you, by a careful hand, the MSS. The domestic half will be a sweet heir-loom to leave in the family. 'Tis fragrant with cordiality. . . . Did I not love your verses, have I ever failed to see that you had the most feminine soul of all our poet- or prose-esses?']

## 971. TO CHARLES RYLE

August 26 1833

Sunday

DEAR RYLE,

We want to come and see you, and gay Islington. Now if it will suit Mrs. Ryle and you, we will dine, and take a bed, at your house any day this or next week—*Saturdays or Sundays excepted*. We will be with you by five. We will not wait for the Moxons, for they are staying at Paris; & when they return, they will be encumber'd for a month or more longer with a troublesome Aunt and Sister of dear Emma's. So our full meeting may be adjourned *sine die*. I have unriddled the charge against me at Basinghall St. When I saw the particulars, I knew it. A foolish friend of mine, & of *mines* (you'll guess him) forced upon me against my express will, that poisonous cheap wine, & took my money for it. It made us all ill; & now I shall, I suppose, have to pay for the sickness twice over. I never knew who it came from, or where it was order'd, but now it stares me in the face, & I must confess to taking in, & swallowing, the rot-gut dose. I have written to A—to know, if he has the receipt. He is out of town. I suspect it was some management between him and the beggarly bankrupt, or his agent. I hope to hear soon, & that I may have grace 'till I do, for I don't want to be imprisoned for contempt of Court! Joint loves to you both.

C. LAMB.

[I fancy that Allsop must be hinted at. We know that he dabbled in mines.]

## 972. TO HENRY FRANCIS CARY

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 9th, 1833.

Your packet I have only just received, owing, I suppose, to the absence of Moxon, who is flaunting it about *à la Parisienne* with his new bride, our Emma, much to his satisfaction and not a little to our dulness. We shall be quite well by the time you return from Worcestershire and most most (observe the repetition) glad to see you here or anywhere.

I will take my time with Darley's act. I wish poets would



write a little plainer; he begins some of his words with a letter which is unknown to the English typography.

Yours, most truly,

C. LAMB.

P.S. Pray let me know when you return. We are at Mr. Walden's, Church-street, Edmonton; no longer at Enfield. You will be amused to hear that my sister and I have, with the aid of Emma, scrambled through the 'Inferno' by the blessed furtherance of your polar-star translation. I think we scarce left anything unmade out. But our partner has left us, and we have not yet resumed. Mary's chief pride in it was that she should some day brag of it to you. Your Dante and Sandys' Ovid are the only helpmates of translations. Neither of you shirk a word.

Fairfax's Tasso is no translation at all. It's better in some places; but it merely observes the number of stanzas; as for images, similes, &c., he finds 'em himself, and never 'troubles Peter for the matter.'

In haste, dear Cary, yours ever,

C. LAMB.

Has Moxon sent you 'Elia,' second volume? if not, he shall. Taylor and we are at law about it.

['Darley's act.' Not now identifiable, I think.

'Taylor and we.' The case had apparently not yet been settled by Procter. I have not found any report of a law-suit.

'Never troubles Peter.' Possibly a reference to Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. The lordly Peter fobbed off dry crusts on his brothers as beef and wine, after which they paid no attention to his help or orders.

The following letter bears upon a difference between Emma and Miss Humphreys. It shows Lamb in a new light, paternally solicitous and understanding.]

973. TO EDWARD MOXON

September 13 1833

Mary, who has more sense, and worse spirits, than *all three of us*, says, it *must* be a quarrel. After that letter to your Sister, which is absurd to the brink of insanity, I see no hope. I see no middle way—I wish to God I did—between poor Emma's breaking off with her, and her riding triumphant over you. 'Tis a sad alternative. But let me witness, and to the whole world I

am ready to do it, that in point of gratitude & obligation Emma has never, never failed in one instance. I have been scolded again & again by her, when I have whispered against the other. She has repaid, on my conscience I believe, more (tho' that is much) than she is indebted. Why, a mother, a real mother, had no right to write such a letter. What I possibly can do in it, I see not. I have no communication with her, even by Letter. But I can only say; express your joint pleasures to me, and, at the hazard of losing all her good opinions, and all her friends' in the bargain, I will write or speak any thing. But can I do it, Dearests, *now*, without it's being palpable to come from you? I fear, Dearest Emma, that you cannot keep the love of your Aunt with your love of our dear M——. 'Tis a terrible conflict. You have been a good Neice, I would tell any body. But she had no right, whatever her feelings were, to write such a damnable letter to Miss M——. She must be too insane (I will call it) to make it necessary for you to consult her feelings at all. I will answer that you have had for her every feeling that a Neice, or adopted Daughter, ought to have. But when She, or when a real Mother even, intrudes upon the sacredness of married life, the bonds of daughtership are snapt asunder. You must cleave to your husband. Moxon, excuse me for schooling your Emma thus. And, Emma, think not I set light by the obligations you acknowledge to your ancient friend, all that you can remember of a Parent. But divided Duties cannot stand. I see, as plain as prophecy, that unless She can get a perfect ascendancy over you, there is no peace for your dear mind. I do not believe that if you invited her one, two, or three months, to your house, she would be satisfy'd. I think, Emma, you understand me. I mean, that she would plant herself in your way, & be a thorn endlessly—

Pray, pray, Emma, don't quarrel with me for expressing harsh notions of one, to whom [*sic*] you ought (& do) to venerate. But I see no hope on her side, nothing that can appease her, short of your absolute subjection to her will—which now would be wickedness.—

Dont think, M, I meant to shirk interfering—for what to me is She & all her friends?, but tell me how I can do it without involving you both. Mary and I *long* to see you. Bring my

Pindar. Tell Emma (I hope she will always like news of *dear Enfield*) that Mrs. Gough, who was only a name to her, is dead; & poor old Grover, who was a reality—

Take my Loves both of you—

C LAMB

Come on Tuesday if you can, but write first, if you come to dinner

E. Moxon Esq—, Dover Street, Piccadilly.

['To whom,' etc. Lamb begins the clause as if he meant to end with some words like 'pay respect.']

974. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON

*Thursday.* [P.M. 26th September 1833.]

We shall be most happy to see Emma, dear to every body. Mary's spirits are much better, and she longs to see again our twelve years' friend. You shall after noon sip with me a bottle of superexcellent Port, after deducting a dinner-glass for them. We rejoyce to have E. come, the *first Visit*, without Miss —, who, I trust, will yet behave well; but she might perplex Mary with questions. Pindar sadly wants Preface and notes. Pray, E., get to Snow Hill before 12, for we dine before 2. We will make it 2. By mistake I gave you Miss Betham's letter, with the exquisite verses, which pray return to me, or if it be an improved copy, give me the other, and Albumize mine, keeping the signature. It is too pretty a family portrait, for you not to cherish.

Your loving friends

C. LAMB.

M. LAMB.

[Pindar was Cary's edition, which Moxon had just published.

Miss — was, I think, Miss Humphreys, Emma's aunt.

Lamb's verses to Moxon follow, as in a version which probably accompanied this letter:]

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE

What makes a happy wedlock? What has fate  
Not given to thee in thy well-chosen mate?  
Good sense—good humour;—these are trivial things,  
Dear M—, that each trite encomiast sings.

But she hath these, and more. A mind exempt  
 From every low-bred passion, where contempt,  
 Nor envy, nor detraction, ever found  
 A harbour yet, an understanding sound;  
 Just views of right and wrong; perception full  
 Of the deform'd, and of the beautiful,  
 In life and manners; wit above her sex,  
 Which, as a gem, her sprightly converse decks;  
 Exuberant fancies, prodigal of mirth,  
 To gladden woodland walk, or winter hearth;  
 A noble nature, conqueror in the strife  
 Of conflict with a hard discouraging life,  
 Strengthening \* the veins of virtue, past the power  
 Of those whose days have been one silken hour,  
 Spoil'd fortune's pamper'd offspring; a keen sense  
 Alike of benefit, and of offence,  
 With reconciliation quick, that instant springs  
 From the charged heart with nimble angel wings;  
 With grateful feelings, like a signet sign'd  
 By a strong hand, seem burnt into her mind.  
 If these, dear friend, a dowry can confer  
 Richer than land, thou hast them all in her;  
 And beauty, which some hold the chiefest boon,  
 Is in thy bargain for a make-weight thrown.

C. LAMB.

\* I see no objection to the word strengthening; & I sh<sup>d</sup> like the last line to stand as it does.

Thanks for your attentions

C. L.

We both desire to be reminded to Mrs. D.

[Lamb's poem was printed in the *Athenæum*.  
 Mrs. D. is probably Mrs. Dilke.]

## 975. CHARLES LAMB TO CHARLES RYLE

Edmonton, Oct. 11th, 1833.

Remember Sunday, you & Mrs. L. [? R.] come before 2.  
 Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmontn. just nearly opposite

Charity School where the figure of a good little girl stands.  
Yours ever C. L. Write if anything hinders. Mary is in  
tolerable spirit.

[Actually Ryle and Lowe dined with the Lambs that day.  
The good little Charity girl is still opposite the house (1935).]

## 976. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 17th October 1833.]

Get me Shirley (there's a dear fellow) and send it soon. We sadly want books, and this will be readable again and again, and pay itself. Tell Emma I grieve for the poor self-punishing self-baffling Lady; with all our hearts we grieve for the pain and vexation she has encounterd; but we do not swerve a pin's-thought from the propriety of your measures. God comfort her, and there's an end of a painful necessity. But I am glad she goes to see her. Let her keep up all the kindness she can between them. In a week or two I hope Mary will be stout enough to come among ye, but she is not now, and I have scruples of coming alone, as she has no pleasant friend to sit with her in my absence. We are lonely. I fear the visits must be mostly from you. By the way omnibuses are 1s/3<sup>d</sup> and coach *insides* sunk to 1/6 — a hint. Without disturbance to yourselves, or upsetting the economy of the dear new mistress of a family, come and see us as often as ever you can. We are so out of the world, that a letter from either of you now and then, detailing any thing, Book or Town news, is as good as a newspaper. I have desperate colds, cramps, megrims &c., but do not despond. My fingers are numb'd, as you see by my writing. Tell E. I am *very good* also. But we are poor devils, that's the truth of it. I won't apply to Dilke—just now at least—I sincerely hope the pastoral air of Dover St. will recruit poor Harriet. With best loves to all.

Yours ever

C. L.

Ryle and Lowe dined here on Sunday; the manners of the latter, so gentlemanly! have attracted the special admiration of our Landlady. She guest R. to be nearly of my age. He always *had* an old head on young shoulders. I fear I shall always have the opposite. Tell me any thing of Foster or any body. Write

any thing you think will amuse me. I do dearly hope in a week or two to surprise you with our appearance in Dover St. . . .

[Shirley would be Dyce's edition of James Shirley, the dramatist, in six volumes, 1833.]

Harriet was Harriet Isola.

I place here the following undated trifle:]

## 977. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MOXON,

My friend Wilson, the Defoe Historian, calls on you. He is one of my oldest friends left. Pray ask him to receive an Elia, and introduce him to Emma, if she be with you. You cannot be too civil to my old friend.

C. LAMB.

## 978. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR COLERIDGE,

Sunday [End of October 1833.]

Mr. Finden, an artist of some celebrity, is desirous of publishing an Engraving of you, as he has done of Southey—can you lend him your head?

I daresay 'tis better than his own—but I say this at a venture—

We want to come & see—you—

Mary's love to you all

She was never better—

We are going to dine with Cary this day, with Mr. & (*cidevant* Emma) Mrs. Moxon

Adieu

C. L.

(May be opened by Mr. or Mrs. Gilman.)

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The portrait engraved by Finden was painted by T. Phillips, R.A. See frontispiece to *Specimens of Table Talk*.']

## 979. TO CHARLES RYLE

DEAR RYLE,

[5th November 1833.]

Please to pay the Bearer *five shillings* on my account.

Yours ever with loves at home,

C. LAMB.

## 980. TO MISS FRANCES BROWN

DEAR FRANCES,

Will you accept these poor lines, and curl them into your album, clipping the corners? They will cost you threepence, which your aunt Mary will pay you, & *then* she will owe me ninepence, from the old shilling she lost, as she says, in the sawpit. My sister joins me in remembrance to you all.

C. LAMB.

I hope your sweetheart's name is WHITE. Else it will spoil all. May be 'tis Black. Then we must alter it.

And may your fortunes BLACKEN with your name.

Well-pleased, dear Frances, in your looks I trace  
 Memorials of the loved old BARROW face.—  
 I knew your Mother, Frances, from a child,  
 Upright, sincere, affectionate, and mild.  
 Be you *the same*! and, wheresoe'er you go,  
 In climes remote by your behaviour show  
 The honest stock you sprang from. May your fame,  
 And fortunes, Frances, *Whiten*, with your *name*.  
 These plain, and unpoetic lines I send,  
 Not from a POET, but a humble friend.—

C. LAMB.

[See next letter for explanation.]

## 981. TO EDWARD AND EMMA MOXON

Nov. 29th, 1833.

Mary is of opinion with me, that two of these Sonnets are of a higher grade than any poetry you have done yet. The one to Emma is so pretty! I have only allowed myself to transpose a word in the third line. Sacred shall it be for any intermeddling of mine. But we jointly beg that you will make four lines in the room of the four last. Read 'Darby and Joan,' in Mrs. Moxon's first album. There you'll see how beautiful in age the looking back to youthful years in an old couple is. But it is a violence to the feelings to anticipate that time in youth. I hope you and Emma will have many a quarrel and many a make-up (and she is beautiful in reconciliation!) before the dark days shall come, in which ye shall say 'there is small comfort in them.'

You have begun a sort of character of Emma in them very sweetly; carry it on, if you can, through the last lines.

I love the sonnet to my heart, and you *shall* finish it, and I'll be damn'd if I furnish a line towards it. So much for that. The next best is

#### TO THE OCEAN

Ye gallant winds, if e'er your LUSTY CHEEKS  
Blew longing lover to his mistress' side,  
O, puff your loudest, spread the canvas wide,

is spirited. The last line I altered, and have re-altered it as it stood. It is closer. These two are your best. But take a good deal of time in finishing the first. How proud should Emma be of her poets!

Perhaps 'O Ocean' (though I like it) is too much of the open vowels, which Pope objects to. 'Great Ocean!' is obvious. 'To save sad thoughts' I think is better (though not good) than for the mind to save herself. But 'tis a noble Sonnet. 'St. Cloud' I have no fault to find with.

If I return the Sonnets, think it no disrespect; for I look for a printed copy. You have done better than ever. And now for a reason I did not notice 'em earlier. On Wednesday they came, and on Wednesday I was a-gadding. Mary gave me a holyday, and I set off to Snow Hill. From Snow Hill I deliberately was marching down, with noble Holborn before me, framing in mental cogitation a map of the dear London in prospect, thinking to traverse Wardour-street, &c., when diabolically I was interrupted by

Heigh-ho!  
Little Barrow!—

Emma knows him,—and prevailed on to spend the day (infinite loss) at his sister's, a pawnbrokeress in Gray's Inn Lane, where was an album, and (O march of intellect!) plenty of literary conversation, and more acquaintance with the state of modern poetry than I could keep up with. I was positively distanced. Knowles's play, which, epilogued by me, lay on the PIANO, alone made me hold up my head. When I came home I read your letter, and glimpsed at your beautiful sonnet,

Fair art thou as the morning, my young bride,



and dwelt upon it in a confused brain, but determined not to open them till next day, being in a state not to be told of at Chatteris. Tell it not in Gath, Emma, lest the daughters triumph! I am at the end of my tether. I wish you could come on Tuesday with your fair bride. Why can't you? Do. We are thankful to your sister for being of the party. Come, and *bring* a sonnet on Mary's birthday. Love to the whole Moxonry, and tell E. I every day love her more, and miss her less. Tell her so from her loving uncle, as she has let me call her. I bought a fine embossed card yesterday, and wrote for the Pawnbrokeress's album. She is a Miss Brown, engaged to a Mr. White. One of the lines was (I forget the rest—but she had them at twenty-four hours' notice; she is going out to India with her husband):—

May your fame  
And fortune, Frances, WHITEN with your name!

Not bad as a pun. I *will* expect you before two on Tuesday. I am well and happy, tell E.

[Moxon subsequently published or republished his *Sonnets*, about which there was some mystery, in two parts, one of which was dedicated to his brother and one to Wordsworth. Mrs. Moxon's first album was an extract book in which Lamb had copied a number of old ballads and other poems.

I quote the 'beautiful sonnet' to Emma Moxon:

Fair art thou as the morning, my young Bride!  
Her freshness is about thee; like a river  
To the sea gliding with sweet murmur ever  
Thou sportest; and, wherever thou dost glide,  
Humanity a livelier aspect wears.  
Fair art thou as the morning of that land  
Where Tuscan breezes in his youth have fanned  
Thy grandsire oft. Thou hast not many tears,  
Save such as pity from the heart will wring,  
And then there is a smile in thy distress!  
Meeker thou art than lily of the spring,  
Yet is thy nature full of nobleness!  
And gentle ways, that soothe and raise me so,  
That henceforth I no worldly sorrow know!

'Heigh-ho! Little Barrow!' Miss Brown's mother, I assume, had been a Miss Barrow, and had married a pawnbroker.

'Knowles's play.' *The Wife*. Prologued by Lamb too.

'At Chatteris.' This is where Emma's schoolfellow, Maria Fryer, lived.

'Mary's birthday.' Mary Lamb would be sixty-nine on 3rd December 1833.]

## 982. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: *Middle December 1833.*]

Moxon has some verses of mine to Stothard for you; pray forgive the trouble, if I beg you to return them to me immediately, for correction, and you shall have them back without delay, if you shall desire it.

## 983. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: *Middle December 1833.*]

I hoped R. would like his Sonnet, but I fear'd S., that *fine old man*, might not quite like the turn of it. This last was penn'd almost literally extempore.

YOUR LAUREAT.

Is S.'s Christian name Thomas? if not, correct it.

['R.' Samuel Rogers; 'S.' Thomas Stothard. See next letter for the lines to him in the *Athenæum*.]

## 984. TO SAMUEL ROGERS

[No date: Probably *Saturday, 21st December 1833.*]

MY DEAR SIR,

Your book, by the unremitting punctuality of your publisher, has reached me thus early. I have not opened it, nor will till to-morrow, when I promise myself a thorough reading of it. 'The Pleasures of Memory' was the first school present I made to Mrs. Moxon, it had those nice wood-cuts! and I believe she keeps it still. Believe me, that all the kindness you have shown to the husband of that excellent person seems done unto myself. I have tried my hand at a sonnet in 'The Times.' But the turn I gave it, though I hoped it would not displease you, I thought might not be equally agreeable to your artist. I met that dear

old man at poor Henry's—with you—and again at Cary's—and it was sublime to see him sit deaf and enjoy all that was going on in mirth with the company. He reposed upon the many graceful, many fantastic images he had created; with them he dined and took wine.

I have ventured at an antagonist copy of verses in 'The Athenæum' to *him*, in which he is as everything and you as nothing. He is no lawyer who cannot take two sides. But I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle apart. What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's 'Shakespeare Gallery' do me with Shakespeare?—to have Opie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-headed West's Shakespeare (though he did the best in 'Lear'), deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakespeare, instead of my, and everybody's Shakespeare. To be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! To have Imogen's portrait! To confine the illimitable! I like you and Stothard (you best), but 'out upon this half-faced fellowship.' Sir, when I have read the book I may trouble you, through Moxon, with some faint criticisms. It is not the flatteringest compliment, in a letter to an author, to say you have not read his book yet. But the devil of a reader he must be who prances through it in five minutes, and no longer have I received the parcel. It was a little tantalizing to me to receive a letter from Landor, *Gebir* Landor, from Florence, to say he was just sitting down to read my 'Elia,' just received, but the letter was to go out before the reading. There are calamities in authorship which only authors know. I am going to call on Moxon on Monday, if the throng of carriages in Dover Street on the morn of publication do not barricade me out.

With many thanks, and most respectful remembrances to your sister,

Yours,

C. LAMB.

Have you seen Coleridge's happy exemplification in English of the Ovidian elegiac metre?—

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery current,  
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody down.

My sister is papering up the book—careful soul!

[Moxon published a superb edition of Rogers's *Poems* illustrated by Turner and Stothard. Lamb had received an advance copy. The sonnet to Rogers in *The Times* was printed on 13th December 1833. It ran thus:

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq., ON THE NEW EDITION OF HIS  
'PLEASURES OF MEMORY'

When thy gay book hath paid its proud devoirs,  
Poetic friend, and fed with luxury  
The eye of pampered aristocracy  
In glittering drawing-rooms and gilt boudoirs,  
O'erlaid with comments of pictorial art,  
However rich and rare, yet nothing leaving  
Of healthful action to the soul-conceiving  
Of the true reader—yet a nobler part  
Awaits thy work, already classic styled.  
Cheap-clad, accessible, in homeliest show  
The modest beauty through the land shall go  
From year to year, and render life more mild;  
Refinement to the poor man's hearth shall give,  
And in the moral heart of England live.

C. LAMB.

Thomas Stothard, then in his seventy-ninth year, Lamb had met at Henry Rogers's, who had died at Christmas 1832. The following was the copy of verses printed in the *Athenæum*, 21st December 1833 ('that most romantic tale' was *Peter Wilkins*):

TO T. STOTHARD, Esq.

*On his Illustrations of the Poems of Mr. Rogers*

Consummate Artist, whose undying name  
With classic Rogers shall go down to fame,  
Be this thy crowning work! In my young days  
How often have I with a child's fond gaze  
Pored on the pictured wonders thou hadst done:  
Clarissa mournful, and prim Grandison!  
All Fielding's, Smollett's heroes, rose to view;  
I saw, and I believed the phantoms true.  
But, above all, that most romantic tale  
Did o'er my raw credulity prevail,  
Where Glums and Gawries wear mysterious things,  
That serve at once for jackets and for wings.  
Age, that enfeebles other men's designs,  
But heightens thine, and thy free draught refines.  
In several ways distinct you make us feel—  
Graceful as Raphael, as Watteau genteel.  
Your lights and shades, as Titianesque, we praise;  
And warmly wish you Titian's length of days.

'Short of the theatres.' The injury done by the theatres is of course the subject of Lamb's *Reflector* essay on Shakespeare's Tragedies.

'Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery."' The series of 170 illustrations to Shakespeare by leading artists of the day projected by Alderman Boydell in 1786.

'Out upon this half-faced fellowship.' Hotspur's phrase in *1 Henry IV*, i. iii. 208.

'Coleridge's . . . exemplification.' Lamb quoted incorrectly. The lines, written in 1799, had just appeared in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834:

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;

In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Coleridge took the lines from Schiller.

'Calamities in authorship.' Playing on Cowper's

There is a pleasure in poetic pains

Which only poets know,

and D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*.

At Dr. Williams's Library is a note from Thos. Robinson to Crabb Robinson, dated 22nd December 1833, concerning Lamb's Christmas turkey, which went first to Crabb Robinson at the Temple and was then sent on to Lamb, presumably with the note in the hamper. Lamb adds at the foot of the note:

The parcel coming thro' you, I open'd this note, but find no treason in it.

With thanks

C. LAMB.]

#### 985. TO FRANCIS STEPHEN CARY

DEAR F—

[P.M. 21st December 1833.]

A neighbour has purchased a Hogarth, as he believes it; it is a capital picture. Now you, or your father, will oblige us by enquiring of Mr. Ottley, whether he knows of such a subject being engraved, and whom it purports to be from. 'Tis Doctor Rock; and an Oyster Girl, opening Oysters for the Doctor. The picture is from a Nobleman's Collection.

My sister sends rememb<sup>ers</sup> but of course if we receive no *note* from one of you, we shall not think of coming up to the Museum next month.

C. LAMB.

Francis Cary Esq., Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Cary, British Museum, Bloomsbury.

[Francis Stephen Cary (1808–80), younger son of the translator of Dante, was an artist and the painter of the portrait of Lamb and his sister which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, and was executed in 1834.

William Ottley (1771–1836) was an authority on engraving.

In *The Translator of Dante* . . . Henry Francis Cary, 1772–1844, R. W. King says that Lamb's description of the picture corresponds closely enough to that

entitled *St. James's Day ; or The First Day of Oysters*, which is to be found in the *Anecdotes of W. H.*, written by himself, with essays selected from Walpole, Gilpin, etc., to which are added a catalogue of his prints : account of their variations, etc., edited and published by J. R. Nichols, in 1833. The description runs:

This painting was said by its possessor, Mr. G. Weller, when exhibited about 1830 at Mr. Forest's in Piccadilly, to have been presented by Hogarth to his friend Brent, and from the executors of that gentleman came into the hands of its present proprietor [Lamb's neighbour]. It was thus described: The scene lies at the Spiller's Head in Clare Market. The Duke of Wharton [mistaken by Lamb for Dr. Rock] is represented sampling an oyster, served by the well-known Bab Selby, the oyster wench, a constant attendant at the Spiller's Head. Spiller himself is standing at her back, patting her upon her shoulder humorously. The seated figure smoking is Motley, author of *Joe Miller*, and the man standing behind is the well-known attendant on the Duke's frolics, Figg, the brother of Figg the boxer. The person drinking at the bar is Corins, the attorney, who generally dressed in clerical attire. The persons seated at the table are Dr. Garth (died 1719) and Betterton the actor. The dog, the property of Betterton, is a portrait. He was called Lanthorn, from carrying a lanthorn in his mouth to light his master home. The two figures in the closet are Walker, the celebrated Macheath, and Lavinia Fenton, the highly respected Polly, afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

But a footnote on page 245 of *The Translator of Dante . . . Henry Francis Cary* says that:

Some of the details in Nichols's description of the picture seem to be open to question; thus Betterton, the actor, and Lavinia Fenton, of *The Beggars' Opera* fame, are named as two of the minor figures; but Betterton died in 1710, when the future Polly was only two years old—and when the Duke of Wharton himself was only 12.]

#### 986. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

DEAR T—

[No date: About 2nd January 1834.]

Mary is ill—B. Field is in town. Can I meet him & the party we proposed, at your house at SUPPER (pray, pray, not at dinner) any night next week, you or Forster giving me a bed?

C. LAMB.

#### 987. TO FRANCIS FIELD

DEAR FRANK,

Jan. 6. 1834

This is for Mrs. Barron Field; did you ever think I should be such a Dandy, as to write upon a card? I am to meet the Barron on Thursdy, & possibly my pension next day, when I shall see you.

C. LAMB.

[The point of this letter is that, so far from being written on a card, it is on the largest sheet of paper Lamb could find.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Macready says in his diary for 9th January that he went to Talfourd's to supper to meet Charles Lamb. "Met there Price, Forster, Mr. and Mrs. Field, . . . Moxon, the publisher, and *not* Mrs. Moxon, whose absence was noted by those present as a most ungrateful omission of respect and duty. . . . I noted one odd saying of Lamb's, that 'the last breath he drew in he wished might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun.'"]

## 988. TO MARY BETHAM

*January 24, 1834,*  
Church Street, Edmonton.

DEAR MARY BETHAM,

I received the Bill, and when it is payable, some ten or twelve days hence, will punctually do with the overplus as you direct: I thought you would like to know it came to hand, so I have not waited for the uncertainty of when your nephew sets out. I suppose my receipt will serve, for poor Mary is not in a capacity to sign it. After being well from the end of July to the end of December, she was taken ill almost on the first day of the New Year, and is as bad as poor creature can be. I expect her fever to last 14 or 15 weeks—if she gets well at all, which every successive illness puts me in fear of. She has less and less strength to throw it off, and they leave a dreadful depression after them. She was quite comfortable a few weeks since, when Matilda came down here to see us.

You shall excuse a short letter, for my hand is unsteady. Indeed, the situation I am in with her shakes me sadly. She was quite able to appreciate the kind legacy while she was well. Imagine her kindest love to you, which is but buried awhile, and believe all the good wishes for your restoration to health from

C. LAMB.

[This letter refers to the legacy mentioned above. It had now been paid.]

## 989. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 28th January 1834.]

I met with a man at my half way house, who told me many anecdotes of Kean's younger life. He knew him thoroughly. His name is Wyatt, living near the Bell, Edmonton. Also he

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EDWARD MOXON

referred me to West, a publican, opposite St. Georges Church, Southwark, who knew him *more* intimately. Is it worth Forster's while to enquire after them?

C. L.

[Edmund Kean had died in the previous May. Forster, who was at this time theatrical critic of the *Examiner*, was probably at work upon a biographical article.]

990. TO MATILDA BETHAM

[29th January 1834.]

DEAR MISS M.,

I have had a letter from your sister Mary, and come to town on Monday next in consequence. I shall take an early chop in town, and will call upon you about 2 or 3 in the afternoon. My poor Mary is terribly ill again.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

991. TO MARY BETHAM

5 feb 1834

DEAR MISS BETHAM,

As you desired, I paid to Small & Co £21.18.11, and send you their acknowledgement, together with my receipt for £27 which I hope I have worded to your satisfaction. I saw Matilda on Monday, she was well, and chearful. My Sister keeps very bad, but I save up your Letter to please her when she recovers. A gentleman waits to frank this, so excuse my hurrying to thank you for your punctuality, tho' it seems a robbery almost to take it. Hoping to see you one day in London, & well, God bless you. Small & Co (who, you see, live in the old Jewry) have no Russian connexions, but recommend transmitting thro' some Russian House. I know none, but can enquire—

In haste

Yours most truly

C LAMB



992. TO WILLIAM HONE

Church Street, Edmonton,  
7th Feb. 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

I compassionate very much your failure and your infirmities. I am in affliction. I am come to Edmonton to live altogether with Mary, at the house where she is nursed, and where we see nobody while she is ill, which is alas! the greater part of the year now. I cannot but think your application, with a full statement, to the Literary Fund, must succeed. Your little political heats many years are past. You are now remember'd but as the Editor of the *Every Day & Table Books*. To *them* appeal. You have Southey's testimony to their meritoriousness. He must be blind indeed who sees ought in them but what is good hearted, void of offence to God and Man. I know not a single Member of the Fund, but to whomsoever you may refer to me I am ready to affirm that your speech and actions since I have known you—ten or eleven years I think—have been the most opposite to any thing profane or irreligious, and that in your domestic relations a kinder husband or father, as it seemed to me, could not be. Suppose you transmitted your case, or petition, to Mr Dilke, Editor of the *Athenæum*, with this note of mine—he knows me—and he may know some of the Literary Society. I am totally unacquainted with them.

With best wishes to you & Mrs Hone,  
Yours faithfully

C. LAMB.

To Mr Wm. Hone,  
Peckham Rye Common.

[The formality of the letter (Hone was usually addressed as 'Dear H.' by Lamb) is due to the fact of its being written for Dilke's eye, as well as Hone's.

I find that in response to his appeal the Royal Literary Fund gave Hone £30 in February 1834, £40 in December 1840 and, to his widow, £50 in December 1842.

'Your little political heats.' Hone's political satires on the Government made some stir. *John Wilkes's Catechism* and *The Sinecurist's Creed* were illustrated by Cruikshank, and he was prosecuted in 1817 for his *Political Litany*.]

993. TO MARIA FRYER

*Feb. 14, 1834.*

DEAR MISS FRYER,

Your letter found me just returned from keeping my birthday (pretty innocent!) at Dover-street. I see them pretty often. I have since had letters of business to write, or should have replied earlier. In one word, be less uneasy about me; I bear my privations very well; I am not in the depths of desolation, as heretofore. Your admonitions are not lost upon me. Your kindness has sunk into my heart. Have faith in me! It is no new thing for me to be left to my sister. When she is not violent her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her heart is obscured, not buried; it breaks out occasionally; and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her. Her memory is unnaturally strong; and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of names and things that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me. What took place from early girlhood to her coming of age principally lives again (every important thing and every trifle) in her brain with the vividness of real presence. For twelve hours incessantly she will pour out without intermission all her past life, forgetting nothing, pouring out name after name to the Waldens as a dream; sense and nonsense; truths and errors huddled together; a medley between inspiration and possession. What things we are! I know you will bear with me, talking of these things. It seems to ease me; for I have nobody to tell these things to now. Emma, I see, has got a harp! and is learning to play. She has framed her three Walton pictures, and pretty they look. That is a book you should read; such sweet religion in it—next to Woolman's! though the subject be baits and hooks, and worms, and fishes. She has my copy at present to do two more from.

Very, very tired, I began this epistle, having been epistolising all the morning, and very kindly would I end it, could I find adequate expressions to your kindness. We did set our minds on seeing you in spring. One of us will indubitably. But I am not skilled in almanac learning, to know when spring precisely

begins and ends. Pardon my blots; I am glad you like your book. I wish it had been half as worthy of your acceptance as 'John Woolman.' But 'tis a good-natured book.

[Lamb had already commended Walton's *Compleat Angler* to readers. See vol. i, pages 21 and 51.]

## 994. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

DEAR SIR,

14 Feb. [1834.]

I beg to enclose you a card of Mr. W. Moxon's, who is just beginning business as a Solicitor. Should it lie in your power to serve him in his line, you would find him most Moxon-like, exact, punctual, and of great despatch in business.

Yours very Truly

C. LAMB.

Table Talk, No 2, next week.

[William Moxon was Edward's brother, and one of the witnesses at his wedding.

No. 2 of 'Table Talks,' a new series of Lamb in the *Athenæum*, did not appear till 31st May.]

## 995. TO JOHN KENYON

DEAR SIR,

14 Feb. [1834.]

I am ashamed to find you took my jesting advertisement in more sincerity than I mean it. *The verse was their best sauce.* Moxon, who betrayed you, has a brother commencing business as a solicitor; he has sent me a few cards for distribution.

May I venture, so little known & so recently obliged, to inclose you one—Should extreme chance find you unengaged that way, I can answer for his habits of business, that he is in accuracy, punctuality, & dispatch the counterpart of his brother.

I am Sir

With great respect

Yours truly

C LAMB

[In Kenyon's hand:] Referring to some verses I sent him.

[John Kenyon (1784-1856) was a poet and philanthropist among whose many

friends were Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Procter, Crabb Robinson, and Landor, and later the Brownings, with whom he was closely associated.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'In H. C. R.'s diary, 18th November 1820, we find, "I dined with the Wordsworths, and Lambs, and Mr. Kenyon, at Monk-house's"; so he was not a very recent acquaintance. His *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance* was published by Moxon in 1833.

'See the chapter on John Kenyon and his friends in *Red Letter Days* by Mrs. Andrew Crosse. She says K. met Southey at Tom Poole's, and through S. "came to know Charles Lamb." There are some published lines of Kenyon's to Lamb with a tributary hamper:

Elia! Thro' irony of hearts the mender,  
May this pig prove like thine own pathos—tender;  
Bear of thy sageness, in its sage the zest;  
And quaintly cackle, like the crackling jest;  
And—dry without—rich inly—as thy wit,  
Be worthy thee—as thou art worthy it.']

#### 996. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Church St., Edmonton,  
22 feb. [1834].

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

I write from a house of mourning. The oldest and best friends I have left, are in trouble. A branch of them (and they of the best stock of God's creatures, I believe) is establishing a school at Carlisle. Her name is Louisa Martin, her address 75 Castle Street, Carlisle; her qualities (and her motives for this exertion) are the most amiable, most upright. For thirty years she has been tried by me, and on her behaviour I would stake my soul. O if you can recommend her, how would I love you—if I could love you better. Pray, pray, recommend her. She is as good a human creature,—next to my Sister, perhaps the most exemplary female I ever knew. Moxon tells me, you would like a Letter from me. You shall have one. *This* I cannot mingle up with any nonsense which you usually tolerate from, C. LAMB. Need he add loves to Wife, Sister, and all? Poor Mary is ill again, after a short lucid interval of 4 or 5 months. In short, I may call her half dead to me.

Good you are to me. Yours with fervor of friendship; for ever

turn over

If you want references, the Bishop of Carlisle may be one.

Louisa's Sister, (as good as she, she cannot be better tho' she tries,) educated the daughters of the late Earl of Carnarvon, and he settled a handsome Annuity on her for life. In short all the family are a sound rock. The present Lord Carnarvon married Howard of Graystock's Sister.

[Wordsworth has written on the wrapper, 'Lamb's last letter.'

We met the Martins in the early correspondence. It was Louisa whom, many years before, Lamb used to call 'Monkey.']

## 997. TO MISS MATILDA BETHAM

DEAR MISS B.,

April 14, 1834.

I think you have obviated my objection as to the Ghost. In fact, so much *to me* it wanted explanation, that till the last act I took the phantom to be real, and the oracles to be true; particularly as in the *dramatis personæ* is the 'Shade of Amphiareus' not the 'counterfeit apparition of him.' This helped on the mistake. I am satisfied about *Hermodon*. I wish you success with it. My sister at now fifteen weeks is violent as ever.

Yours truly,

C. L.

[I do not find the work among Miss Betham's published writings.]

## 998. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[No date: Probably 14th April 1834.]

DEAR R.,

If you have forgot the breakfast on Thursday, namport, as the French say. But I shall try your door at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past nine. We talk'd of adjourning to Miss Rogers's, but a very particular business calls me elsewhere, so we will postpone that.

Yours ever (your better indeed at Picquet)

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson thinks that the particular business was sitting to F. S. Cary for his portrait.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Consulting Crabb Robinson's diary for 1834 I find four Thursday mornings on which Lamb had breakfast with him, viz:

'March 20. Barron Field and Shutt present. Lamb had slept at Southampton Buildings, and turned up unexpectedly, wanted brandy and milk and made

H. C. R. rather uncomfortable about him. It was then arranged that he should come on Thursday, April 17, after his next dinner at Cary's. I am pretty sure Lamb's note refers to this particular breakfast, and no other.

'April 17. Barron Field and Warren there—Warren did the talking. C. L. in better health than last time.

'In May apparently there was no breakfast.

'June 19. Both Charles and Mary, with N. P. Willis.

'July 17. I [Robinson] had an agreeable breakfast. Lamb was with me, quiet and cheerful. I had asked to meet him Sam Naylor Jun. and Poynter and Dr. Tiarks. Ayrtton promised to come but did not.'

N. P. Willis, the American author, wrote a circumstantial and rather pathetic account of his meeting with the Lambs at Robinson's on 19th June. It will be found in my *Life of Lamb*.

I place here the following undated letter, which may be compared with that to Dr. Asbury on page 263.]

#### 999. TO HENRY FRANCIS CARY

I protest I know not in what words to invest my sense of the shameful violation of hospitality, which I was guilty of on that fatal Wednesday. Let it be blotted from the calendar. Had it been committed at a layman's house, say a merchant's or manufacturer's, a cheesemonger's or greengrocer's, or, to go higher, a barrister's, a member of Parliament's, a rich banker's, I should have felt alleviation, a drop of self-pity. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman drunk! a clergyman of the Church of England too! not that alone, but of an expounder of that dark Italian Hierophant, an exposition little short of *his* who dared unfold the Apocalypse: divine riddles both and (without supernal grace vouchsafed) Arks not to be fingered without present blasting to the touchers. And, then, from what house! Not a common glebe or vicarage (which yet had been shameful), but from a kingly repository of sciences, human and divine, with the primate of England for its guardian, arrayed in public majesty, from which the profane vulgar are bid fly. Could all those volumes have taught me nothing better!

With feverish eyes on the succeeding dawn I opened upon the faint light, enough to distinguish, in a strange chamber not immediately to be recognised, garters, hose, waistcoat, necker-

## LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

chief, arranged in dreadful order and proportion, which I knew was not mine own. 'Tis the common symptom, on awaking, I judge my last night's condition from. A tolerable scattering on the floor I hail as being too probably my own, and if the candlestick be not removed, I assoil myself. But this finical arrangement, this finding everything in the morning in exact diametrical rectitude, torments me. By whom was I divested? Burning blushes! not by the fair hands of nymphs, the Buffam Graces? Remote whispers suggested that I *coached* it home in triumph—far be that from working pride in me, for I was unconscious of the locomotion; that a young Mentor accompanied a reprobate old Telemachus; that, the Trojan like, he bore his charge upon his shoulders, while the wretched incubus, in glimmering sense, hiccuped drunken snatches of flying on the bar's wings after unset. An aged servitor was also hinted at, to make disgrace more complete: one, to whom my ignominy may offer further occasions of revolt (to which he was before too fondly inclining) from the true faith; for, at a sight of my helplessness, what more was needed to drive him to the advocacy of independency?

Occasion led me through Great Russell Street yesterday. I gazed at the great knocker. My feeble hands in vain essayed to lift it. I dreaded that Argus Portitor, who doubtless lanterned me out on that prodigious night. I called the Elginian marbles. They were cold to my suit. I shall never again, I said, on the wide gates unfolding, say without fear of thrusting back, in a light but a peremptory air, 'I am going to Mr. Cary's.' I passed by the walls of Balclutha. I had imaged to myself a zodiac of third Wednesdays irradiating by glimpses the Edmonton dulness. I dreamed of Highmore! I am de-vited to come on Wednesdays.

Villanous old age that, with second childhood, brings linked hand in hand her inseparable twin, new inexperience, which knows not effects of liquor. Where I was to have sate for a sober, middle-aged-and-a-half gentleman, literary too, the neat-fingered artist can educe no notions but of a dissolute Silenus, lecturing natural philosophy to a jeering Chromius or a Mnasilus. Pudet. From the context gather the lost name of —.

['That fatal Wednesday.' See the letter by F. S. Cary, below.

'The Trojan like.' Æneas took his father on his shoulders. *Æneid*, ii, end.

'Argus Portitor.' The gate-keeper seemed to have a hundred eyes, as Argus had, in charge of Io.

'The Buffam Graces.' Lamb's landladies at Southampton Buildings.

'I passed by the walls of Balclutha.' From Ossian. Lamb used this quotation in his *Elia* essay on the South-Sea House.

'Highmore.' I cannot explain this reference.

'Chromius.' It should be Chromis, who appears with Mnasilus as a companion of Silenus in Virgil's Sixth Eclogue.

Francis Cary took each sitter singly; for Mary Lamb obviously was not with her brother. In fact, I feel sure she was then ill.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Letter from Mrs. Moxon (Emma Isola) to F. S. Cary, who painted the Lambs' portraits in 1834:

DEAR MR. CARY,

I cannot refrain from expressing to you my sincere pleasure at seeing my dear old friend so truly portrayed in your painting. It is indeed full of interest to me, being so perfectly characteristic of Charles Lamb and his sister. I am sure anyone who at all knew them would at once see how exactly you have pictured them.

Yours

EMMA MOXON.

'In an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for March 1881, entitled "Charles and Mary Lamb," the following letter is given:

Abinger, Dorking,  
7th Dec 1878.

DEAR BATEMAN,

I commenced the portraits of Charles & Mary Lamb, which were painted entirely from life, at my studio in Hart St., Bloomsbury, in the summer of 1834. There had been for some time an engagement that they should dine with us at my father's residence, in the British Museum, on the third *Wednesday* of each month. My father wishing me to paint their portraits, it was arranged that one or other of them should give me a sitting every *Thursday*, before their return to Edmonton, where they then resided, and this continued up to the date of his death in December 1834. I suppose you are aware that H. C. Robinson mentions in his diary having gone, with Mr. Scharf, the director of the National Portrait Gallery, to look at a portrait by me of C. Lamb, and that he condemns it as being not the least like. I do not know what picture that was or where he saw it; he certainly did not see the picture of C. Lamb and his sister which Mr. Hughes possesses, it not having been out of my studio until many years after he wrote his criticism.

I can only suppose it was a copy of the figure of C. Lamb which I commenced after his death, my father wishing me not to touch the original portraits, although they were, as you see, not finished. I was unsuccessful in this attempt, and the canvas was sent away as useless. Probably this is what Robinson saw. It would be well if Mr. Hughes would call on Mr. Scharf and ask him what picture he saw.



Until H. C. Robinson's diary was published, nobody doubted the resemblance of my portraits of C. Lamb & his sister.

You will find a very good description of the personal appearance of C. Lamb in Fitzgerald's work, vol. i, pages 7, 75, 282. My health has been so bad the last four years that I seldom leave home, or I should have had much pleasure in calling to see you and the 'Lambs' and Mr. Hughes.

Yours very truly,

F. S. CARY.

'The following is the entry in Crabb Robinson's diary referred to by Cary:

1858. March 16th. At the request of Scharf, I looked at a painting by Cary of dear Charles Lamb. In no one respect a likeness—thoroughly bad—complexion, figure, expression unlike. But for *Elia* on a paper, I should not have thought it possible that it could be meant for Charles Lamb.'

The following letter of 2nd May 1834 is a reply to one which fell out of a clear sky from Manning, then lodging at Puckeridge. I quote a little of its rambling facetiousness:

Apropos of this I was sitting at the Blossoms public-house not many months ago, talking with the landlady, when her Daughter Bet brought me a very so-so glass of Gin & W<sup>r</sup>. 'Why, this won't do at all,' says I to the old Lady, 'I have a good mind to pull her ears.' 'Her ears? whose ears?', says the mother, abstracting her attention a moment from certain chalk marks on the Chimney board (I am sorry to say the Carpenter of the village does not pay so regularly as he ought—he has good business too—turned me this table I am writing at). 'Whose? Why Bet's. Would not it be a good deed?' 'Bet? her let alone,' retorted the mother slowly & with emphasis. I thought it not a bad hit for a country Alewife, though whether *she* meant it for better or worse, I don't know. I meant no harm.

How do you do? & how does Mary. If she is well enough to be pleased with the enquiries of an old Friend, remember me most kindly to Her. . . .

Lamb replied within a very few days, or possibly at once, for it would be like Manning to have delayed posting.]

#### 1000. TO THOMAS MANNING

[P.M. 10th May 1834.]

You made me feel so funny, so happy-like, it was as if I was reading one of your old letters taken out of hazard any time between the last twenty years, twas so the same. The Unity of place, a Garden! the old Dramatis personae, a Landlady and Daughter. The puns the same in mold. Will nothing change

you? 'Tis but a short week since honest Ryle & I were lamenting the gone by days of Manning and Whist. How savourily did he remember them! Might some Great Year but bring them back again! This was my exclaim, and R. did not ask for an explanation.

I have had a scurvy nine years of it, and am now in the sorry fifth act. Twenty weeks nigh has she been now violent, with but a few sound months before, and those in such dejection that her fever might seem a relief to it. I tried to bring her down in the winter once or twice, but it failed. Tuthill led me to expect that this illness would lengthen with her years, & it has cruelly, with that new feature of despondency after. I am with her alone now in a proper house. She is I hope recovering. We play picquet, and it is like the old times a while, then goes off—I struggle up town rarely, and then to see London with little other motive, for what is left there hardly! The streets and shops entertaining ever, else I feel as in a desert, & get me home to my cave. Save that once a month I pass a day, a gleam in my life, with Cary at the Museum. (He is the flower of Clergymen) & breakfast next morn with Robinson. I look to this as a treat. It sustains me. C is a dear fellow, with but two vices, which in any less good than himself would be crimes, past redemption. He has no relish for Parson Adams—hints that he might not be a very great Greek Scholar after all, (does Fielding hint that he was a Porson?) and prefers 'Ye Shepherds so cheerful & gay' & 'my banks they are furnished with bees' to the 'School-mistress.' I have not seen Wright's—but the faithfulness of C— Mary & I can attest. For last year in a good interval, I giving some lessons to Emma, now Mrs. Moxon, in the sense part of her Italian (I knew no words) Mary pertinaciously undertook, being 69, to read the Inferno all thro' with the help of his translation, and we got thro' it with Dictionaries & Grammars of course to our satisfaction. Her perseverance was gigantic, almost painful. Her head was over her task like a sticking bee, morn to night. We were beginning the Purgatory, but got on less rapidly, our great authority for Grammar, Emma, being fled, but should have proceeded but for this misfortune. Do not come to town without apprising me. We must all 3 meet somehow, & 'drink a cup.' Yours ever C. L.

Mary strives & struggles to be content, when she *is* well. Last year when we talk'd of being dull (we had just lost our 7 years nearly inmate) & Carys invitation came, she said 'Did not I say something or other would turn up?' In her first walk *out* of the house, she would read every Auction Advertisement along the road, and when I would stop her, she said 'These are *my* playbills.' She felt glad to get into the world again, but then follows lowness.—

She is getting about tho' I very much hope. She is rising, & will claim her morning picquet. I go to put this in the post first—

I walk 9 or 10 miles a day alway up the road, dear Londonwards. Fields, flowers, birds, & green lanes I have no heart for. The Ware road is chearful, & almost good as a street. I saunter to the Red Lion duly, as you used to the Peacock!

[Manning was now sixty-two, and living in retirement, among Chinese books, with the reputation of a hermit. In 1838 he had a paralytic stroke, and moved to Bath, where he died in 1840.

'Get me . . . to my cave.' 'Go to my cave.'—*As You Like It*, II. vii. 197.

'Ye Shepherds,' etc. Poems by Shenstone.

'Drink a cup.'

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.]

## 1001. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[P.M. May 1834.]

Pray alter that in Parson W. as I now have it. There is no inconsistency in concealment & frequents public receptacles. Besides it is now more decent & less profane.

I think *none* in No 3 is right; *no* before *or* reads gapingly.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This refers to "Table Talk," No. 3, which appeared in the *Athenæum* on 7th June. Lamb's second remark refers to the sentence: "Again, to *despise* a person is properly to *look down* upon him with none, or the least possible emotion."'']

## 1002. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

DEAR SIR,

[No date: *Spring 1834.*]

I return 44 volumes by Tate. If they are not all your own, and some of mine have slipt in, I do not think you will lose much. Shall I go on with the Table talk? I will, if you like it, when the Culinary article has appear'd.

*Robins*, the Carrier, from the *Swan*, Snow Hill, will bring any more contributions, thankfully to be receiv'd—I pay backwards and forwards.

C. LAMB.

[The Culinary article is the paragraph that closes the 'Table Talk,' printed in the issue of the *Athenæum* for 19th July 1834.]

## 1003. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: *Summer 1834.*]

May I now claim of you the benefit of the loan of some books. Do not fear sending too many. But do not if it be irksome to yourself,—such as shall make you say, 'damn it, here's Lamb's box come again.' Dog's leaves ensured! Any light stuff: no natural history or useful learning, such as *Pyramids*, *Catacombs*, *Giraffes*, *Adventures in Southern Africa*, &c. &c.

With our joint compliments, yours,

C. LAMB.

Church Street, Edmonton.

Novels for the last two years, or further back—nonsense of any period.

## 1004. TO JOHN FORSTER

DR. F.,

[P.M. 25th June 1834.]

I simply sent for the *Miltons* because *Alsop* has some *Books* of mine, and I thought they might travel with them. But keep

'em as much longer as you like. I never trouble my head with other people's quarrels, I do not always understand my own. I seldom see them in Dover Street. I know as little as the Man in the Moon about your joint transactions, and care as little. If you have lost a little portion of my 'good will,' it is that you do not come and see me. Arrange with Procter, when you have done with your moving accidents.

Yours, ambulaturus,

C. L.

['Ambulaturus': About to take a walk.]

1005. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

(Fragment)

[No date: *End of June 1834.*]

We heard the Music in the Abbey at Winchmore Hill! and the notes were incomparably soften'd by the distance. Novello's chromatics were distinctly audible. Clara was faulty in B flat. Otherwise she sang like an angel. The trombone, and Beethoven's waltzes, were the best. Who played the oboe?

[The letter refers to the performance of Haydon's *Creation* at the Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey on 24th June 1834, when Novello and Atwood were the organists, and Clara Novello one of the singers.]

'The notes were . . . soften'd.' 'In notes by distance made more sweet.' Collins, *The Passions*, line 60.

The communications that follow (with trifling omissions) were printed in *Notes and Queries* on 17th September and 5th November, 1881, by the late J. Fuller Russell, F.S.A., with this explanation:

'I was residing at Enfield in the Cambridge Long Vacation, 1834, and—perhaps to the neglect of more improving pursuits—composed a metrical novel, named *Emily de Wilton*, in three parts. When the first of them was completed, I ventured to introduce myself to Charles Lamb (who was living at Edmonton at the time), and telling him what I had done, and that I had "scarcely heart to proceed until I had obtained the opinion of a competent judge respecting my verses," I asked him to "while away an idle hour in their perusal," adding, "I fear you will think me very rude and very intrusive, but I am one of the most nervous souls in Christendom." Moved, possibly, by this diffident (not to say unusual) confession, Elia speedily gave his consent.'

The poem was never printed. Lamb's pains in this matter serve to show how kindly disposed he was in these later years to all young men; and how exact a sense of words he had.]

1006. TO J. FULLER RUSSELL

[Summer 1834.]

Mr Lamb's compts and shall be happy to look over the lines as soon as ever Mr. Russell shall send them. He is at Mr. Walden's, Church, *not Bury*—St, Edma.

[The author follows with Lamb's notes on the first part of his poem.]

'Ween,' and 'wist,' and 'wot,' and 'eke' are antiquated frippery, and unmodernize a poem rather than give it an antique air, as some strong old words may do. 'I guess,' 'I know,' 'I knew,' are quite as significant.

Why 'ee'—barbarous Scoticism!—when 'eye' is much better and chimes to 'cavalry'? A sprinkling of disused words where all the style else is after the approved recent fashion teases and puzzles.

[Anon the storm begins to slake,  
The sullen clouds to melt away,  
The moon becalmed in a blue lake  
Looks down with melancholy ray.]

The moon becalmed in a blue lake would be more apt to *look up*. I see my error—the sky is the lake—and beg you to laugh at it.

What is a maiden's 'een,' south of the Tweed? You may as well call her prettily turned ears her 'lugs.'

On the maiden's lugs they fall (verse 79).

'A coy young Miss' will never do. For though you are presumed to be a modern, writing only of days of old, yet you should not write a word purely unintelligible to your heroine. Some understanding should be kept up between you. 'Miss' is a nickname not two centuries old; came in at about the Restoration. The 'King's Misses' is the oldest use of it I can remember. It is Mistress Anne Page, not Miss Page. Modern names and usages should be kept out of sight in an old subject. W. Scott was sadly faulty in this respect.

[Tear of sympathy.] Pity's sacred dew. Sympathy is a young lady's word, rife in modern novels, and is almost always wrongly applied. To sympathize is to feel *with*, not simply *for* another.

I write verses and *sympathize* with you. You have the tooth ache, I have *not* ; I feel for you, I cannot sympathize.

'The full flush of *ripe nineteen*' I fear is vulgarish. A youth whose years had told nineteen—then there is 'een' and 'sheen.'

What is 'sheen'? Has it more significance than 'bright'? Richmond in its old name was Shene. Would you call an omnibus to take you to Shene? How the 'all's right' man would stare!

[The violet nestled in the shade,  
Which fills with perfume all the glade,  
Yet bashful as a timid maid  
Thinks to elude the searching eye  
Of every stranger passing by,  
Might well compare with Emily.]

A strangely involved simile. The maiden is likend to a *violet* which has been just before likened to a *maid*. Yet it reads prettily, and I would not have it alter'd.

Is not guess'd as significant as ween'd?

Surely CROSIERS was never used as *Crusaders*? they are PASTORAL STAFFS. If you have met with it, by all means retain it.

'Een' come again? In line 407 you speak it out 'eye,' bravely like an Englishman.

Sorceresses do not entice by wrinkles, but, being essentially aged, appear in assumed beauty.

[Later, the author prints this encouraging letter, followed by Lamb's criticisms of the second and third parts of his poem.]

1007. TO J. FULLER RUSSELL

SIR,

[*Summer 1834.*]

I hope you will finish 'Emily.' The story I cannot at this stage anticipate. Some looseness of diction I have taken liberty to advert to. It wants a little more severity of style. There are too many prettinesses, but parts of the Poem are better than pretty, and I thank you for the perusal.

Your humble Servt.

C. LAMB.

Perhaps you will favour me with a call while you stay.

'The old abbaye' (if abbey *was* so spelt) I do not object to, because it does not seem your own language, but humoursomely adapted to the 'how folks called it in those times.'

'Flares'! Think of the vulgarism 'flare up;' let it be 'burns.'

Deeming or supposition, is of a reality, not a contingency. The enthusiast does not deem that a thing may be, but that it *is*.

'Deemed'! This word is just repeated above; say 'thought' or 'held.' 'Deem' is half-cousin to 'ween' and 'wot.'

What is *sooth*? *Truth* is just as good, & chimes to it.

A father's 'sneer'? Would a high-born man in those days *sneer* at a daughter's disgrace—would he *only* sneer?

Reproach, and biting shame, and—worse  
Than all—the estranged father's curse.

I only throw this hint out in a hurry.

Stern & *sear*? I see a meaning in it, but no word is good that startles one at first, and then you have to make it out: 'drear,' perhaps. Then why 'to minstrel's glance'? 'To fancy's eye,' you would say, not 'to fiddler's eye.'

Gone & scorn are hardly rhyme.

A knight thinks, he don't 'trow.'

'Mayhap' is vulgarish. Perchance.

'Sensation' is a philosophic prose word. Feeling.

Dawn & scorn are cockney rhyme.

[The hill, where ne'er rang woodman's stroke,  
Was clothed with elm and spreading oak,  
Through whose black boughs the moon's mild ray  
As hardly strove to win a way,  
As pity to a miser's heart.]

Natural illustrations come more naturally when by *them* we expound mental operations than when we deduce from natural objects similes of the mind's workings. The miser's struggle thus compared is a beautiful image. But the storm and clouds do not inversely so readily suggest the miser.

[Havock and Wrath, his maniac bride,  
Wheel o'er the conflict, &c.]

These personified gentry I think are not in taste. Besides, Fear has been pallid any time these 2,000 years. It is mixing the style of Æschylus and the *Last Minstrel*.



Bracy is a good rough vocative. No better suggests itself, unless Grim, Baron Grimm, or Grimoald, which is Saxon, or Grimbald! Tracy would obviate your objection [that the name Bracy occurs in *Ivanhoe*] but Bracy is stronger.

[The frown of night  
Conceals him, and bewrays their sight.]

Betrays. The other has an *unlucky association*.

[The glinting moon's half-shrouded ray.]

Why 'glinting,' Scotch, when 'glancing' is English?

*Real* you use improperly as one syllable.

Armour & arm'd too near. Call the 1st harness.

I think there is so much of this kind of poetry, that it would not be *very taking*, but it is well worthy of pleasing a private circle. One blemish runs thro', the perpetual accompaniment of natural images. Seasons of year, times of day, phases of the moon, phenomena of flowers, are quite as much your *Dramatis Personæ* as the warriors & Ladies.

Sep 4th, 1834

# 1008. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

DEAR SIR,

[No date: *End of July 1834.*]

I am totally incapable of doing what you suggest at present, and think it right to tell you so *without delay*. It would shock me, who am shocked enough already, to sit down to *write* about it. I have no letters of poor C. By and bye what scraps I have shall be yours. Pray excuse me. It is not for want of obliging you, I assure you. For your Box we most cordially feel thankful. I shall be your debtor in my poor way. I do assure you I am incapable.

Again, excuse me

Yours sincerely

C. L.

[Coleridge's death had occurred on 25th July, in his sixty-second year; and Dilke had written to Lamb asking for some words on that event, for the *Athenæum*. A little while later a request was made by John Forster that Lamb would write something for the album of a Mr. Keymer. It was then that Lamb wrote the few words that stand under the title *On the Death of Coleridge* (see my edition of the *Works*).

Forster wrote thus of the effect of Coleridge's death upon Lamb:

He thought of little else (his sister was but another portion of himself) until his own great spirit joined his friend. He had a habit of venting his melancholy in a sort of mirth. He would, with nothing graver than a pun, 'cleanse his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed' upon it. In a jest, or a few light phrases, he would lay open the last recesses of his heart. So in respect of the death of Coleridge. Some old friends of his saw him two or three weeks ago, and remarked the constant turning and reference of his mind. He interrupted himself and them almost every instant with some play of affected wonder, or astonishment, or humorous melancholy, on the words, '*Coleridge is dead.*' Nothing could divert him from that, for the thought of it never left him.

Wordsworth said that Coleridge's death hastened Lamb's.]

1009. TO THE REV. JAMES GILLMAN

Mr. Walden's, Church Street,  
Edmonton, *August 5, 1834.*

MY DEAR SIR,

The sad week being over, I must write to you to say, that I was glad of being spared from attending; I have no words to express my feeling with you all. I can only say that when you think a short visit from me would be acceptable, when your father and mother shall be able to see me *with comfort*, I will come to the bereaved house. Express to them my tenderest regards and hopes that they will continue our friends still. We both love and respect them as much as a human being can, and finally thank them with our hearts for what they have been to the poor departed.

God bless you all,

C. LAMB.

[Talfourd writes: 'Shortly after, assured that his presence would be welcome, Lamb went to Highgate. There he asked leave to see the nurse who had attended upon Coleridge; and being struck and affected by the feeling she manifested towards his friend, insisted on her receiving five guineas from him.']

1010. TO JOSEPH HENRY GREEN

*Aug. 26, 1834.*

I thank you deeply for a copy of the Will (Coleridge's) which I had seen, but without the codicil at Highgate. My sister and myself are highly gratified at the affectionate remembrance from our dear old friend. I will endeavour to collect and send all

the fragments we possess of his handwriting from leaves of good old books etc. Letters I fear I have none, having been long improvident of preserving any. Accept our gratitude for your reverential care of his memory and wishes.

C. LAMB.

[Joseph Henry Green, a disciple, was the author of *Spiritual Philosophy founded on the Teaching of the late S. T. Coleridge*, 1865.

Coleridge's will contained this clause:

And further, as a relief to my own feelings by the opportunity of mentioning their names, that I request of my executor, that a small plain gold mourning ring, with my hair, may be presented to the following persons, namely: To my close friend and ever-beloved schoolfellow Charles Lamb—and in the deep and almost life-long affection of which this is the slender record; his equally-beloved sister, Mary Lamb, will know herself to be included. . . .

I should like to quote here what Coleridge once wrote in a letter to Allsop concerning Mary Lamb's share of *Mrs. Leicester's School*:

It at once soothes and amuses me to think—nay, to know, that the time will come when this little volume of my dear, and well nigh oldest friend, dear Mary Lamb, will be not only enjoyed but acknowledged as a rich jewel in the treasury of our permanent English Literature; and I cannot help running over in my mind the long list of celebrated writers, astonishing Geniuses! Novels, Romances, Poems, Histories, and dense Political Economy quartos, which, compared with *Mrs. Leicester's School*, will be remembered as often and prized as highly as Wilkie's and Glover's Epics, and Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophics compared with Robinson Crusoe!]

#### 1011. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO H. F. CARY

Sept. 12, 1834.

'By Cot's plessing we will not be absence at the grace.'

DEAR C.,

We long to see you, and hear account of your peregrinations, of the Tun at Heidleburg, the Clock at Strasburg, the statue at Rotterdam, the dainty Rhenish and poignant Moselle wines, Westphalian hams, and Botargoes of Altona. But perhaps you have seen, not tasted any of these things.

Yours, very glad to claim you back again to your proper centre,  
books and Bibliothecæ,

C. AND M. LAMB.

I have only got your note just now *per negligentiam periniqui Moxoni*.

[Cary had just returned from a Continental tour.

At this time Charles and Mary Lamb were supposed to dine with him on the third Wednesday in every month. When the plan was suggested by Cary, Lamb was for declining, but Mary Lamb said, 'Ah, when we went to Edmonton, I told Charles that something would turn up, and so it did, you see.'

'By Cot's plessing, etc.' *Merry Wives*, I. i. 275.

'Westphalian hams.' Fat hams of Westphalia' appeared in the letter or Theses for Coleridge, i. 121.

'Botargoes.' Cakes made of salted roes.

'Bibliothecæ.' Cary was an assistant in the Reading Room of the British Museum.]

## 1012. TO HENRY FRANCIS CARY

[18th October 1834.]

DEAR SIR,

The unbounded range of munificence presented to my choice staggers me. What can twenty votes do for one hundred and two widows? I cast my eyes hopeless among the viduage. N.B.—Southey might be ashamed of himself to let his aged mother stand at the top of the list, with his £100 a year and butt of sack. Sometimes I sigh over No. 12, Mrs. Carve-ill, some poor relation of mine, no doubt. No. 15 has my wishes; but then she is a Welsh one. I have Ruth upon No. 21. I'd tug hard for No. 24. No. 25 is an anomaly: there can be no Mrs. Hogg. No. 34 ensnares me. No. 73 should not have met so foolish a person. No. 92 may bob it as she likes; but she catches no cherry of me. So I have even fixed at hap-hazard, as you'll see.

Yours, every third Wednesday,

C. L.

[Talfourd states that the note is in answer to a letter enclosing a list of candidates for a Widows' Fund Society, for which he was entitled to vote. A Mrs. Southey headed the list.]

## 1013. CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: After 20th October 1834.]

DR. H—,

I have been infinitely amused with Tylney Hall. Tis a medley, without confusion, of farce, melodrama, pantomime, comedy, tragedy, punchery, what not? if not the best sort of novel, the

best of its sort; as how could it fail, being the only one? The Fete is as good as H[ogarth]'s Strollers in the Barn.

For the serious part, the warning Piece shot over Raby's head is most impressive. Only Luckless Joe should not have been killed; his Fates were teasers, not inexorable Clothos; and the Creole should have been hang'd.

With kind rememb<sup>ces</sup> to Mrs. Hood

Yours,

turn over

C. LAMB.

The puns are so neat, that the most inveterate foe to that sort of joke, not being expectant of 'em, might read it all thro' and not find you out.

My sister I hope will relish it by and by; as it is, she tries to make it out, and laughs heartily, but it puzzles her to read it above a page or so a day.

[Hood's novel, *Tylney Hall*, was published on 20th October 1834.]

1014. TO W. P. SHERLOCK

SIR,

[P.M. 15th November 1834.]

The picture you allude to is not in my possession. It was painted for Dr Stoddart, now in Malta.

C. LAMB.

[Carew Hazlitt adds: 'Note in another, probably one of the Sherlocks' hand: "From C. Lamb [Elia] to W. P. Sherlock, who had applied to him for his portrait painted by Hazlitt."' This may refer to the picture now in the National Portrait Gallery or to the slightly different replica.]

1015. TO JOHN CHILDS

*Monday.* Church Street, Edmonton (not Enfield,  
as you erroneously direct yours).

DEAR SIR,

[No date: *Late 1834.*]

The volume which you seem to want is not to be had for love or money. I with difficulty procured a copy for myself. Yours is gone to enlighten the tawny Hindoos. What a supreme

felicity to the author (only he is no traveller) on the Ganges or Hydaspes (Indian streams) to meet a smutty Gentoo ready to burst with laughing at the tale of Bo-Bo! for doubtless it hath been translated into all the dialects of the East. I grieve the less, that Europe should want it. I cannot gather from your letter whether you are aware that a second series of the Essays is published by Moxon, in Dover Street, Piccadilly, called 'The Last Essays of Elia,' and, I am told, is not inferior to the former. Shall I order a copy for you? and will you accept it? Shall I *lend* you, at the same time, my sole copy of the former volume (Oh! return it) for a month or two? In return, you shall favour me with the loan of one of those Norfolk-bred grunTERS that you laud so highly; I promise not to keep it above a day. What a funny name Bungay is! I never dreamt of a correspondent thence. I used to think of it as some Utopian town, or borough in Gotham land. I now believe in its existence, as part of Merry England!

[*Here are some lines scratched out.*]

The part I have scratched out is the best of the letter. Let me have your commands.

CH. LAMB, *alias* ELIA.

[John Childs, of Bungay, died in 1853 in his seventieth year. Of him, an obituary notice said, Mrs. Anderson notes, that his 'enterprise as a printer, his invasion of the monopoly of the Scriptures, and his efforts to put down the system of church rates, were evidences of the boldness of his character.'

'Ganges or Hydaspes.' *Paradise Lost*, iii. 436.

'Gentoo.' Archaic for Hindoo.

'Bo-Bo!' In the *Dissertation on Roast Pig*.

This letter practically disposes of the suggestion made more than once that a second edition of *Elia* was published in 1833.]

# 1016. TO JOHN CHILDS

(*From the Author*)

[No date: *Late 1834.*]

In great haste, the Pig was *faultless*,—we got decently merry after it and chirpt and sang 'Heigh! Bessy Bungay!' in honour of the Sender. Pray let me have a line to say you got the Books; keep the 1st vol.—two or three months, so long as it comes home at last.

1017. TO MRS. GEORGE DYER

Dec. 22nd, 1834.

DEAR MRS. DYER,

I am very uneasy about a *Book* which I either have lost or left at your house on Thursday. It was the book I went out to fetch from Miss Buffam's, while the tripe was frying. It is called Phillip's *Theatrum Poetarum*; but it is an English book. I think I left it in the parlour. It is Mr. Cary's book, and I would not lose it for the world. Pray, if you find it, book it at the Swan, Snow Hill, by an Edmonton stage immediately, directed to Mr. Lamb, Church-street, Edmonton, or write to say you cannot find it. I am quite anxious about it. If it is lost, I shall never like tripe again.

With kindest love to Mr. Dyer and all,  
Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[This is the last letter of Charles Lamb, who tripped and fell in Church Street, Edmonton, on 22nd December, and died of erysipelas on 27th December. At the time of his death he was nearly sixty. His birthday was 10th February.

In the memoir of H. F. Cary by his son we read: 'He [Lamb] had borrowed of my father Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*, which was returned by Lamb's friend, Mr. Moxon, with the leaf folded down at the account of Sir Philip Sydney.' Mr. Cary acknowledged the receipt of the book by the following:

## LINES TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES LAMB

So should it be, my gentle friend;  
Thy leaf last closed at Sydney's end.  
Thou too, like Sydney, wouldst have given  
The water, thirsting and near heaven;  
Nay were it wine, fill'd to the brim,  
Thou hadst look'd hard, but given, like him.

And art thou mingled then among  
Those famous sons of ancient song?  
And do they gather round, and praise  
Thy relish of their nobler lays?  
Waxing in mirth to hear thee tell  
With what strange mortals thou didst dwell!  
At thy quaint sallies more delighted,  
Than any's long among them lighted!

'Tis done: and thou hast join'd a crew,  
 To whom thy soul was justly due;  
 And yet I think, where'er thou be,  
 They'll scarcely love thee more than we.

Mary Lamb, with occasional lapses into sound health, survived him until 20th May 1847. At first she continued to live at Edmonton, but a few years later moved to the house of Mrs. Parsons, sister of her old nurse, Miss James, in St. John's Wood. I append three letters, two written and one inspired, by her, to Miss Jane Norris, one of the daughters of Randal Norris. Of the friends mentioned therein I might add that Edward Moxon lived until 1858; Mrs. Edward Moxon until 1891; James Kenney until 1849; Thomas Hood until 1845; and Barron Field until 1846.]

## 1018. MARY LAMB TO JANE NORRIS

[41 Alpha Road, Regent's Park]  
*Christmas Day* [1841].

MY DEAR JANE,

Many thanks for your kind presents—your Michalmas goose. I thought Mr. Moxon had written to thank you—the turkeys and nice apples came yesterday.

Give my love to your dear Mother. I was unhappy to find your note in the basket, for I am always thinking of you all, and wondering when I shall ever see any of you again.

I long to shew you what a nice snug place I have got into—in the midst of a pleasant little garden. I have a room for myself and my old books on the ground floor, and a little bedroom up two pairs of stairs. When you come to town, if you have not time to go [to] the Moxons, an Omnibus from the Bell and Crown in Holborn would [bring] you to our door in [a] quarter of an hour. If your dear Mother does not venture so far, I will contrive to pop down to see [her]. Love and all seasonable wishes to your sister and Mary, &c. I am in the midst of many friends—Mr. & Mrs. Kenney, Mr. & Mrs. Hood, Bar[r]on Field & his brother Frank, & their wives &c., all within a short walk.

If the lodger is gone, I shall have a bedroom will hold two! Heaven bless & preserve you all in health and happiness many a long year.

Yours affectionately,

M. A. LAMB.



## 1019. MARY LAMB TO JANE NORRIS

Oct<sup>r</sup> 3 1842

MY DEAR JANE NORRIS,

Thanks, many thanks my dear friends for your kind remembrance. What a nice Goose,—that and all its accompaniments in the basket are all devoured, the two legs fell to my share!!!—

Your chearful, my Jane, made me feel 'Almost as good as new.'

Your Mother and I, *must meet again*. Do not be surprized if I pop in upon for a *half hour's call* some fine frosty morning.

Thank you, dear Jane for the happy tidings that my *old* friend Miss Bangham is alive, an[d] that Mary is still with you unmarried. Heaven bless you all.

Love to Mother, *Betsy* Mary &c How I do long to see you. I am always your affecate & grateful friend

MARY ANN LAMB

No 41 Alpha Road

## 1020. MARY LAMB TO MRS. EDWARD MOXON

Oct<sup>r</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> Monday [2 1842].

MY DEAR EMMA,

My cold is quite well. I enclose a pleasant letter from Jane Norris.—I have written a few lines to thank her for it.

Can you write me a line to say how you all are.—I have not been out, except a ride in the rain with Mrs. Talfourd, since I saw you, and I shall keep in the house as much as I can this week.

Love to your husband, children, & sister *Mary*.

Yours Ever,

M. LAMB.

[3rd October fell on a Monday in 1836 and in 1842, and I assume the later year to be more probable. Evidently a particularly lucid day. By this time Moxon was well established as a publisher, chiefly of poetry. He now had all of Wordsworth's books, Tennyson's *Poems*, 1833, and Browning's *Sordello*, 1840. In 1839 he projected his famous series of the poets, beginning with Shelley, edited by Mrs. Shelley. The Moxons had five daughters and one son, from whom Mr. J. M. Dent bought the residuary rights in Lamb's estate.]

## LAST LETTER

1021. SARAH JAMES TO JANE NORRIS

41 Alpha Road, Regent's Park,  
London, *July 25, 1843.*

MADAM,

Miss Lamb, having seen the Death of your dear Mother in the Times News Paper, is most anxious to hear from or to see one of you, as she wishes to know how you intend settling yourselves, and to have a full account of your dear Mother's last illness. She was much shocked on reading of her death, and appeared very vexed that she had not been to see her, [and] wanted very much to come down and see you both; but we were really afraid to let her take the journey. If either of you are coming up to town, she would be glad if you would call upon her, but should you not be likely to come soon, she would be very much pleased if one of you would have the goodness to write a few lines to her, as she is most anxious about you. She begs you to excuse her writing to you herself, as she don't feel equal to it; she asked me yesterday to write for her. I am happy to say she is at present pretty well, although your dear Mother's death appears to dwell much upon her mind. She desires her kindest love to you both, and hopes to hear from you very soon, if you are equal to writing. I sincerely hope you will oblige her, and am, .

Madam,

Your obedient, &amp;c.,

SARAH JAMES.

Pray don't invite her to come down to see you.



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In the headings letters are noted first, Lamb's being followed by his sister's and letters to him, if any. Where there are no letters to be recorded the figures indicate mentions in the text, details being added which seem interesting. After the long list of points in Lamb's letters, a special summary has been added concerning him, his character, and his eulogists.

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